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John Nicholson

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL PAPERS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

ELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,

ETC.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. VI.

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1844.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY AIRD AND BURSTALL, TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

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MEMOIR OF

JOHN NICHOLSON,

THE YORKSHIRE POET.

Among those who, wanting the advantages of a regular education, and easy circumstances, have by the force of natural genius raised themselves to eminence in the literary world, few can be named more entitled to notice—none whose brief story is more replete with interest and moral instruction, than John Nicholson. A sketch of his life and writings has been furnished by Mr. John James, author of the "History of Bradford," in which, while his merits are forcibly displayed, the weaknesses of the man, though tenderly handled, are not foolishly veiled from observation. They offer an affecting and a solemn lesson, not only to the votaries of the Muses, but to mankind in general.

Nicholson was born on the 20th of November, 1790, at Weardley, in Yorkshire. His father was a wool-sorter, and young Nicholson, after being with a country schoolmaster, was sent to Bingley Free Grammar School, where he remained under Dr. Hartley for about a year. He was then put by his father to wool-sorting, but to that employment he never willingly turned his attention. A love of reading had taken possession of his mind, which nothing would subdue. This interfered with his daily occupation, as sitting up late to study made him slow to resume his labour in the morning. To prevent his so employing his nights his mother concealed her candles, that he might be forced to go to bed. He was not thus to be foiled; for having access to the olive oil used by the combers in their work, he, by dipping a twisted cotton rag into an old mustard pot filled with oil, contrived to make a lamp which enabled him to pay his nocturnal addresses to the Muses as before.

The romantic scenery which surrounded him continued from time to time to stimulate his genius. Many poetical trifles of merit fell from him here.

Nicholson, we learn from Mr. James, "was an enthusiastic admirer of sweet sounds, and early in life learned to perform on the hautboy. With characteristic enthusiasm he has often been known to travel to Leeds, a distance of sixteen miles, for the sole purpose of purchasing a reed for his favourite instrument. One of his amusements was to proceed on a Sunday morning to the heath and play some divine melody. His performances, however, on the hautboy were not always so harmless in their tendency, but sometimes led him into riotous company, and awkward scrapes. To music he was indebted for his first

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wife. Being engaged in playing at a wedding party, he met her there, and before he was twenty years of age, or had any experience in the world, married. She died soon after, leaving him a child. He now became religious even to austerity, and as an earnest of his intention to cast away the vanities of the world, buried on Romalds Moor the hautboy, where it remains. Nicholson's parents were of the persuasion of Wesleyans, and having joined their society, and possessing considerable fluency of speeeh, he was soon enrolled amongst the Methodist local preachers. His 'outpourings,' are still well remembered for their energy, and the number of poetical translations from Blair and Young with which they were interspersed. It is to be hoped that his hearers still have impressed upon their memory the tremendous sentences whieh he had culled from the 'Last Judgment' of Young. Nicholson's union with the Methodists was not of long continuance, and the cause of separation from them leaves no stain upon his memory. He left their society never to return. In the meantime he had taken to himself another wife. He married Martha Wild, of Bingley, in 1813. Through all the changes of his fitful and unhappy life, in evil report and good report, in sickness and in health, 'Pat,' as he was wont familiarly to call her, continued the comforter of his adversity, and the cheerer of his desponding moments."

His story proceeds:—

"In 1818, he came to reside, at Red Beck, and worked at Shipley Fields mill, and while here he wrote the first piece which has escaped forgetfulness. It was a sarcastic composition relating to a pyhsician in Bradford; and as the subject was a popular one, brought the author into repute in this neighbourhood.... The period during which he dwelt at Red Beck (five years) was, indeed, the summer day of his life, for he was in the receipt of good wages, had only a small family, and was surrounded by intellectual and staunch friends. Among his particular acquaintance, he could boast of several artists resident in Bradford, who have since greatly distingnished themselves in the fine arts. One of these friends, Mr. Geller, has not forgotten, after long separation—nay, the separation of death—his intimacy with the poet at this time, but has many delightful reminiscenses of hours spent with him. His poetical ability also brought him into contact with a party of players, who were, under the management of Mr. Thompson, performing at Bradford old theatre. At their urgent entreaty, he was induced, though a stranger to dramatic composition, or the laws on which it is based, to write a piece of three acts, termed the 'Robber of the Alps.' It was so well received that he was prevailed upon to try his powers in the same department again, and produced the 'Siege of Bradford,' founded on the events of the Civil War, which was acted for the benefit of Mr. Macaulay, one of the players, and yielded the sum of £47. Nicholson had been led to believe that he would share in the profits of this last piece, bnt never received a farthing from its being acted. It was, however, printed, and ran through two editions. This was the first of his printed pieces. The fame of Nicholson was now in this locality great. He had fairly launched into poetic pursuits, and henceforward his whole mind was devoted to them. In the year 1822, he removed to Harden Beck, a small knot of

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houses near Bingley. Elated with the success of his first publication, he began to contemplate another work, and finally fixed upon 'Airedale.' While engaged in this task, a circumstance happened which, doubtless, determined his lot as a poet. He had ever been remarkable for impromptu verse making, and, one day, J. G. Horsfall, Esq., who resided in the vicinity, passing the poet's house, requested a drink of beer, when he was obligingly handed a draught of beer. Mr. Horsfall, in a jocose manner, said, 'Nicholson, they state you are a poet; let us hear what you can say about this pot of beer,' when, without premeditation, he improvised the following:—

'O for an everlasting spring
Of home-brewed ale like this!
Then with my friends I'd laugh and sing,
And spend the hours in bliss;
Then come old Care, link'd with Despair,
For I, with thee made strong,
Would plunge them over head in beer,
And make them lead the song.'

Mr. Horsfall was so much pleased with this prompt effusion, that from that time encouraged Nicholson to pursue his poetical labours, and bestowed on him many substantial marks of favour."

By the kind notice of Mr. Horsfall he was encouraged to undertake his poem of "Airedale." His mode of studying was to walk at night by the side of a stream near his dwelling, while the moonlight rested on the subject of his song.

Shortly after this we find he became acquainted with some poachers. His biographer says:—

"After the completion of 'Airedale,' he removed to Hewenden Mill (about a mile distant from his former residence,) and was there employed three years, as a woolsorter, by Mr. Stephen Skirrow. While at this place, he wrote the 'Poacher.' All the incidents in the piece, with exception of one, in which the principal hero is at last drowned, were faithfully drawn from real life. At that time, a daring and desperate band of poachers resided in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Horsfall having suggested the subject of 'The Poacher,' he commenced obtaining materials for the work by frequenting the company of poachers. Upon treating them liberally with liquor, they furnished him with full particulars of their modes of catching game and poaching exploits. He was accustomed to sit up whole nights with them for this purpose; and they have been known to dispatch at one sitting a couple of gallons of the poet's home-brewed beer. Two persons of the names of Jack Moore and Dan Ingham stood for the pictures of Ignotas and Desparo. I lately met the latter near Hewenden Mill, aad casually asked him how much game he had bagged as a poacher in his life; he answered with the most innocent simplicity, 'As much as that mill,' pointing to it, 'would hold if well packed.' He had been fined some forty times for poaching, and been several times in the House of Correction for not paying the fines imposed upon him. From these men Nicholson readily obtained materials for the composition of 'The Poacher.' He wrote the Poacher's Song previous to the other parts, and in the intervals of their narration of poaching adventures and stratagems, it was sung by Des-

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paro and Ignotus, with great glee over the poet's thin home-brewed or the more potent liquor of the neighbouring public house."

The facility with which he wrote verses applicable to the moment caused his company to be much desired, though sometimes he indulged a vein of impudent satire which good humour could hardly treat as a joke. On one occasion a person of indifferent character for veracity, having asked him for an epitaph, was treated with the following off-handed slap in the face :—

"Old Beelzebub sent his best servant on earth,
To fetch him a wonderful liar;
Hah, hah! how the devils burst out into mirth,
When back he returned with old Fryar."

His "Airedale and other Poems" had a large sale, and he might have known prosperity, but unhappily—

"He who such charming lays so well could form,
Was passion's slave—was indiscretion's child;
Now earth-enamoured, grovelling with the worm,
Now seraph plumed, the wonderful, the wild."

His habits became dissipated, and what he received for his writings was thoughtlessly spent. In 1827 he visited London. Here he was in a new scene, in which he is very graphically described by Mr. James :—

"The Yorkshire poet, no doubt, cut a picturesque figure in London society; he was dressed in a blue coat, corduroy breeches, and grey yarn stockings, with a head of hair that had not been touched with a comb for a twelvemonth. During his stay in London, a period of three weeks, he sold a large number of his books, and was treated generously by many friends. Through their kindness he was enabled to visit every place in the metropolis worthy of note. He was particularly gratified by a visit to Chantrey's works, at Pimlico. Not knowing Chantrey's person, he observed to a bystander, while viewing the bust of his Majesty George the Fourth, 'What merit does: the artist is not now selling milk at Sheffield.' It turned out afterwards that the person he so addressed was Chantrey himself. After enjoying a long conversation with Allan Cunningham, Nicholson departed, not knowing that he had been in company with the great sculptor. Upon being informed, he sent to Chantrey an apology in verse for the error. While in London, a bust of the poet, in plaster of Paris, was taken by one of Chantrey's workmen, which is in the possession of the poet's family, and conveys an admirable likeness of him. His stay in London was at last shortened by an untoward, but laughable affair. Having gained the acquaintance of a barrister from Yorkshire, he was introduced to a number of gay gentlemen of gay habits, who lounged away their time in the cloisters of the Inner Temple. They were delighted with the rustic uncouth appearance, eccentric conduct, and witty sayings of the Yorkshire poet; and he was induced, morning by morning, to partake of refreshment in their chambers. On the 15th of November, the refreshment of the morning was prolonged the whole day, which was spent by these gentlemen of the bar, well assisted by the poet, riotously drinking wine. In the evening they proposed that he should proceed with them to Drury-lane Theatre, to

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witness the performance of the opera of Artaxerxes. His friends paid for him at the dress-boxes, and then took him into the saloon, where, either intentionally or through inadvertence, they left him. His odd dress, uncouth gesticulations, and apostrophes to Shakespeare, soon collected around him a number of cyprians and their beaux, who, having never seen such a grotesque figure before in the place, were inclined to extreme merriment at his expense. A great uproar was the consequence, and Bond, the officer on duty at the theatre, took Nicholson, after a severe struggle, to Covent-Garden watchhouse. As he had committed no offence, except apostrophising a bust of Shakespeare, the officer after a while offered to set him at large; he would not, however, be so released, but demanded a hearing before the magistrate, Accordingly, in the morning, he was brought before Sir Richard Birnie, who, on hearing all the circumstances, and laughing heartily, discharged him, but not before the poet, in showing the magistrate how rudely he was treated by the officer on dragging him from the theatre, had shaked Bond very roughly and pulled him round the office. When he had just quitted Bow-street office he met his friend the barrister, who, having been informed of the misadventure, was coming to his aid. As will readily be supposed, the scene at Bow-street was graphically sketched by the ready pen of the short-hand writers, and reports of it, dressed up with the usual condiments, appeared in all the daily papers, duly headed 'The Yorkshire Poet in trouble.' Knowing well that his wife, upon hearing through the newspapers that he had been imprisoned, would instantly proceed to the metropolis, without further delay he quitted it for home. On arriving at Bingley, a single halfpenny was the sole remnant of the £17, and the money he had obtained by book-selling in London."

Like Cooke and Kean, and other victims of intemperance, his works show that he had most painful reflections on the subject of his failing.

His talents were much admired by Montgomery the poet. Recommended by his praise he sold many of his books, but, unfortunately, "the person who had printed and published for him became insolvent, and on an execution being levied on his goods, a large stock of Nicholson's publications were seized. In vain he remonstrated against this proceeding, and showed that he had purchased the paper on which these publications were printed. During several days they were offered for sale by the hammer—realising about half their value. Nicholson did not quietly submit to the injustice; he came to Bradford, and pulled the auctioneer from his stand while selling the works. The sale, however, was so great that compositors were employed to set some of them in type, and they were sold wet from the press. Henceforward the demand for them in this quarter was glutted, and the source whence Nicholson had for some years drawn the main portion of his supplies, cut off."

He was twice assisted by the Literary Fund; but his imprudence continuing, his sufferings must frequently have been severe. They were terminated mournfully. The tale is thus told by his biographer:

"On holidays he almost invariably retraced the footsteps of youth, on the wilds of Eldwick. It was a common saying of his on such occasions, 'Ill be off to Eldwick, to breathe a little mountain air, and

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get my throat cleansed from the smoke of Bradford,' and he usually started thither the night previous to the holiday. The evening before Good-Friday, April 13, 1843, he left Bradford for the purpose of visiting his aunt at Eldwick, and called at several places on the road. When he left Shipley, time was fast approaching midnight. He was observed to proceed up the bank of the canal in the direction of Dixon Hill, and at this place it seems attempted to cross the river Aire, by means of the stepping-stones there, so as to take the most direct course to Eldwick. The night was dark and stormy, and the river swollen. It is conjectured that in endeavouring to cross the stepping-stones, and on reaching the farther part of the river, he missed his footing, and fell into the current, which runs deep and impetuously at that point. From the appearance of the place next morning, he had been carried away eight or ten yards, when he caught hold of some hazel boughs, and by a great effort got out of the water. The marks of the wool-sorter's brat he wore, were visible on the side of the bank, which is steep. It must have required great presence of mind and physical strength to enable him to extricate himself out of the river. Afterwards he had crept on his hands and knees through a hole in the hedge which fences off the river, a part of his coat being found in the hole. Exhausted and benumbed he lay here until about six in the morning, when a half-witted fellow passing near heard him groan, and saw him rise into a sitting posture. The man was terrified, and without rendering any assistance hastened to the farm-house whither he was going for milk—did not mention the circumstance there, and returned another way home. Two hours after the poor fellow was seen by a farm labourer, who was proceeding to his work. Upon calling out, and receiving no answer, he, without further investigation, ran to inform his master at Baildon, who instantly returned with him to the place, where they found Nicholson dead; but life had only been extinct a short time, as he was warm. The dead man being removed to the Bay-Horse-Tun, Baildon, a medical gentleman quickly attended, who pronounced death to have been caused by apoplexy, owing to the body having been long exposed to water and cold. The coroner at his inquest on the body, recorded a verdict in conformity with the opinion of the surgeon. On Tuesday, the 18th, Nicholson's remains were deposited in Bingley church-yard. A large concourse of people out of respect to his memory met the corpse on the way, and at the burial a thousand persons at the least were present; a full choir joined in the funeral service of the church of England, and a mourning peal was rung. He left his wife and eight children, two of them of tender age.

The portrait given with this memoir was painted and engraved by his faithful friend Mr. Geller, who generously presented it to the poet's family, to accompany a posthumous publication. It was done when he was forty years of age, and is an admirable likeness.

Many of Nicholson's poems are distinguished by sweetness and extraordinary energy. Some of his descriptions are exquisitely beautiful. We shall take an opportunity of gratifying the readers of THE MIRROR with some specimens.

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PREFACE.

These are not ordinary times for literay enterprise. Not as in days of yore, do publications come forth, expecting in future years, from approved worth, to gain favour and remunerating returns. Now, a caravan, with a band of fiddlers, an enormous moving edifice on wheels, an army of placard bearers, or a series of grotesque representations on every wall in London, vouch for the unprecedented, unsurpassable merit of the unheard of periodical. It is by such means that the editors of modern miscellanies expect to get their talents appreciated. The music, the travelling houses, the human advertisements, and the placarded walls, carry all before them, and the public beaten into buying the new candidate for public applause goes up, in some cases like a skyrocket—but, frequently, descends with almost equal velocity, like the stick.

While methods as extraordinary as those we have noticed, and some more ridiculous than we choose to particularise, have been adopted with various success by different aspirants to popular favour, the little *Mirror* has kept on "the even tenor of its way" content with that portion of favour which won by its original merit, its unfailing utility and interest might be expected to retain. It has sought by no startling extravagance rudely to arrest public attention, but by ceaseless variety; by attending to every thing interesting connected with public morals and national taste, by frequent glances at antiquities and history; with anecdotes, poems, and original tales, it has presented to the public an agreeable olio, to which not the most fastidious could object, but which might gratify the general reader for the passing hour, and furnish a diversified repository of curious information which in many respects the most costly encyclopædia could hardly rival.

The honourable and disinterested testimonials of the public press, have recently proclaimed that "*The Mirror*, though it is now called old, presents no appearance of decay. On the contrary, its columns contain much more important matter than formerly, and its widely spread and constantly increasing connection, gives it greater capacaty for diffusing valuable intelligence than it ever possessed before.

And not yet is its course run. It has within the last few months been distinguished by the opportunity it had of introducing to the public a striking novelty connected with the pictorial art. It would be premature to say much on the subject at present; but the proprietors expect in a very few weeks their periodical will be the medium of bringing f[illegible] matters still more surprising, and illustrations of a most singu[illegible]haracter than have yet been produced, will appear in *The Mirro*

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New Tales and Original Essays are forthcoming, and with these the astounding continuation of "The Wandering Jew," which is translated expressly for them, and which has embodied more of the genuine spirit of the author than any version that has yet appeared in England, will give value to its pages. In every respect they will endeavour to keep pace with the advancing spirit of the times. Though its price continues small, its contents will not be found trivial or scanty; they will yet be increased in extent and merit, till it is confessed that the *Mirror* is second to no periodical of the day.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

THE WANDERING JEW.

MOROK, THE PROPHET.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

A few years ago, under the head, "Spirit of Foreign Literature," we introduced translations from the French of Hugo, Soulié, Paul de Kock, and of many other talented continental writers.

This feature was highly appreciated by our readers, and by the press in general, who frequently expressed their conviction of the "close manner in which the articles were translated, and their freedom from that grievous fault which characterises translations in general—French phrases strung together by English words." With these tales pains were taken to omit such passages and expressions as were not deemed in accordance with the taste of our readers; and to keep up the thread of the story, and to prevent its flagging in interest, more appropriate passages were substituted.

"The Wandering Jew," the appearance of which we advertised several months ago, will be translated by the same author, with equal care and judiciousness.

In order to keep pace with our more gigantic adversaries, who have since advertised the "Wandering Jew," and whose translations we refrain from criti-

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cising,—an occasional supplement will be presented gratuitously to our subscribers.

Our readers, we doubt not, after perusing the first four chapters of this number, will acknowledge that the "Wandering Jew," in English, bids fair to become a popular moral tale, written with a praiseworthy end in view.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

To C. P.

My dear friend, favour me by accepting the dedication of this work. It is a testimony of my sincere friendship, a token of my heartfelt gratitude. I shall never forget the benefit which I derived from your excellent works—the fruit of long experience—for they have enabled me (in my modest sphere of story-teller) to relate certain facts upon that important question—a question which will soon bear the sway over all others, because to the labouring classes—the mass of our population—it is a question of life and death—*the organization of labour.*

If, in any portion of this work, I succeed in showing the beneficial influence a noble, good-hearted man has upon the labouring classes, thanks are due to you. If, on the contrary, I depict the fearful consequences of the want of justice, of charity, and all sympathy towards those who, for a length of time, have been subjected to the greatest privations, to the greatest miseries, suffering in silence, asking only that they may have labour—that is, the wherewith to satisfy their absolute wants—thanks are still due to you.

O, my friend, the touching affection which you testify for the mass of labourers you employ, whose physical and moral condition you are daily ameliorating, is one of those rare and glorious exceptions, that render still more deplorable the unaccountable selfishness to which an honest and industrious class of men is too often sacrificed with impunity.

Farewell, my friend. In dedicating this book to you—an eminent artist with one of the best of hearts—I can only say, that if the work lacks in talent, you will at least find in it a true sense of generosity—an inward desire to benefit my fellow-men.

PROLOGUE.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The polar ocean surrounds with a girdle of eternal ice the confines of Siberia and North America—those extreme limits of the two hemispheres which are divided by Behring's Straits. The month of September is drawing to a close; the equinox, with its gloom and storm, has returned; night will soon succeed one of those polar days, so short and sad. The sombre blue sky is faintly illumined by a cheerless sun, whose dim disc, scarcely seen above the horizon, pales before the dazzling snow which covers those immense wastes. On the north, this desert is bounded by black gigantic rocks, at the base of which lies a petrified ocean, whose waves are now converted into vast chains of icy mountains, their blue summits disappearing in the snowy mist. On the east, between the two points of Cape Oulikine, is seen a line of dark green, along which enormous blocks of ice are slowly borne. It is Behring's Straits. On the other side of the straits stand the granite masses of Cape Wales, that form the extreme point of North America. These desolate wastes belong not to the habitable world: no human being can dwell in these regions of solitude, of frost and tempest, of famine and death. Yet, strange! traces of footsteps are seen on the snow. On the American side are those of a small foot, indicative of the passage of a female; she has directed her steps towards the rocks, from which are perceived the snowy wastes of Siberia. On the Asiatic side the imprint of a larger foot-step bespeaks the passage of a man. He also has directed his steps towards the strait. It might be thought that this man and woman, arriving at the globe's extremities, from opposite directions, had hoped to catch a glance of each other across the strait, which separates the two worlds. Stranger still, this man and woman traverses these solitudes during a fearful tempest. A few black trees, the growth of centuries, had lately been rooted up, and carried away by the tempest. Amidst this dreadful hurricane, which uprooted trees, shook mountains of ice, hurling mass upon mass with the noise of thunder, the travellers continue

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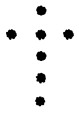
their way, without deviating one moment from the line they are pursuing.

Who are these two beings who travel calmly amid the convulsions and revolutions of nature?

Chance, design, or fate places under the shoe of the man seven nails, in the form of a cross, and wherever he goes he leaves its impress behind him:—



To see these deep imprints upon the hard and polished snow, one would deem they were imprinted by a brass foot on a soil of marble. A dark night without twilight succeeds the day. By means of the brilliant refraction of the snow, the spotless waste is seen to unfold itself under a dark blue sky. Pale stars disappear in the depths of this icy vault; the silence is solemn. Towards Behring's Straits, a faint gleam appears in the horizon; it is a soft blue light, like that which precedes the rising of the moon; it increases, beams, and assumes a roseate tint. In all the other points of the heaven's darkness increases. The white extent of the desert, lately so visible, is scarcely to be distinguished from the blackness of the firmament. In the midst of this obscurity a strange and confused noise is heard. It might proceed from the winging of bewildered night-birds, skimming along the surface of the snow, ere they alighted on it; but not a cry is heard. This fearful silence announces the approach of one of those imposing phenomena which strike all animated beings with awe, from the most savage to the most inoffensive. An aurora borealis, a frequent and magnificent sight in the polar regions, suddenly appears. On the horizon a semi-globe of dazzling light is formed, from the centre of which issue immense columns of light, that ascend high in the air, and illumine the heavens, the earth, and the sea; these brilliant refractions of light, like those of a conflagration, glide over the snowy desert, crimson the blue tops of the icy mountains, and colour, with a deep red, the dark lofty rocks of the two continents.

After this magnificent spectacle, the aurora borealis becomes gradually pale, and at length loses itself in a luminous mist. Then, owing to a singular illusion, the two continents seem to be so near, that we might imagine it possible to connect them by a bridge. Amidst the transparent vapour which extends from shore to shore, two human forms appear. On the Siberian cape, a man on his knees is extending his arms towards America, with an expression of indescribable despair; on the American promontory, a young and beautiful woman, in reply to the desponding gesture of the man, points up to heaven.

During a few seconds these two forms are seen, pale and vapoury, in the last gleams of the aurora borealis.

The mist gradually becomes thicker, and all disappears.

From whence come those two beings who meet in the polar regions, at the extremities of the two worlds? Who are these two creatures, brought together for an instant by an optical illusion, who seem separated for eternity.

PART I.

THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER I.—MOROK.

It was near the end of October, 1831, and although it was still daylight, a lamp with four burners shed its dim rays around the walls of a granary, the only window of which was closed, in order to shut out the light of the receding day. A ladder, whose end extended beyond the trap-door, served as a staircase. Here and there, thrown helter-skelter on the floor, were iron chains, spikes, saw-teeth, shackles, long-tubes of steel fixed into wooden handles, and, in one corner, was a small portable stove, piled up with dried wood and charcoal, which, from its combustible nature, a spark would suffice to set in a blaze.

Near this assemblage of strange implements, that resembled the paraphernalia of a hangman, were a coat of mail, a battle-axe, two long pikes, on which were stains of blood; and of a more modern date, were two Tyrolean carabines, apparently cocked and loaded. Intermixed with these barbarous and murderous instruments, was a collection of objects of a very different nature. Rosaries, chaplets, medals, *agnus dei*, founts for holy water, images of saints, and a number of pamphlets printed at Friburgh, in which divers modern miracles are related; also an autograph title of J. C., addressed to one of the faithful, and one with horrible predictions on impious and revolutionary France, for the years 1831 and 1832. On a canvass painting that hung from one of the beams of the roof, was the following inscription:

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"The memorable conversion of Ignace Morok, surnamed the Prophet, who arrived at Fribourg, in the year 1822."

This picture is divided into three compartments, and represents three phases in the life of the convert.

The first represents a man, clad like the savage tribes of Northern Siberia, in deer-skin, with a fierce countenance, a long white beard, and on his head, a black fox cap. Leaning forward on his sledge, he is urging on six large dogs, to effect his escape from a herd of foxes, wolves, and bears. Beneath the picture, are the words:

"In 1810, Morok was an idolater, and fled from the pursuit of ferocious beasts."

The second compartment represents a man robed as a cathecuman, and kneeling before another, habited in a long black gown. In a corner of the picture, an angel with a forbidding mien, is holding a trumpet in one hand, in the other a flaming sword, and is uttering these words:—

"Morok, the idolater, fled from the pursuit of wild beasts, but ferocious beasts will now fly before Ignace Morok, who was converted and baptized at Friburgh."

The third represents the convert, with a proud and haughty air, his head uplifted, his left hand resting on his side, his right outstretched, while tigers, hyænas, and bears, crouch at his feet in fearful submission.

Underneath are these words, as a moral conclusion of the power that mind exerts over physical strength:

"Ignace Morok is converted: ferocious beasts crouch at his feet."

To the left of the picture, are several pamphlets, which detail the astonishing power that the converted Morok acquired over animals, that the subduer of beasts performed wonders daily, not to exhibit his own courage, but to glorify the Lord.

An offensive odour forced its way through the trap-door of the granary. Every now and then a deep groan was heard. It came from Morok, who was alone in the loft. He was about forty years of age, his stature of the middle height, with limbs extremely slender. A long red pelisse, furred with sable, enwrapped him; his complexion, naturally fair, was bronzed from exposure to the sun, which his wandering life, from childhood had subjected him. His hair was of a yellowish hue, hanging, peculiar to the tribes of the Polar regions, straight and matted upon his shoulders; and his nose aquiline.

That which aided to render the physiognomy of this man so wonderfully striking, and so commanding, was a keen eagle eye, displaying an iris surrounded with a white circle.

Seated before a table, he had just opened a casket filled with crosses and other relics of a devout nature. Secured by a secret lock, were several sealed packages, having a letter of the alphabet and a figure for the address. The prophet took one of the packets, put it into the pocket of his robe, and shutting the secret drawer, placed the casket on a shelf.

This scene took place about four in the afternoon, at the "White Falcon," the only *auberge* of the little village of Mockern, situated near Leipsic.

A few minutes had scarcely expired, when a hoarse roaring shook the walls of the loft.

"Judas, be quiet!" said the prophet, in a menacing tone.

A noise, like thunder in the distance, disturbed the prophet, who, starting to his feet, shouted, "Cain, be still!"

A third ferocious howling caused the prophet to advance towards the trap-door, and, addressing an animal by the fearful appellation of *Death*, commanded it to be still, but in spite of the angry and menacing tone of the prophet, he could not obtain silence; on the contrary, the barking of several dogs began to mingle with the roarings of the wild beasts.

Morok seized a spike, and was about to descend the ladder, when a man suddenly made his appearance. The face of the new-comer was bronzed from exposure to the sun. He wore a white broad-brimmed hat, a jacket, and green trousers. His gaiters, covered with dust, and a bag fastened to his back, indicated that he had travelled a long way.

"May the devil take these animals," he cried, on entering. "Three days' absence seem to have caused them to forget me."

This was spoken in German.

Morok demanded, in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and with apparent anxiety, "Good or bad news, Karl."

"Good news."

"You met them."

"Yes, yesterday, about two leagues from Wittemburg."

"God be praised!" cried Morok, clasping his hands, with an expression of satisfaction. "Was the description correct?"

"Yes, faithful to the letter. The two young ladies are in mourning, the old man wore moustaches, and a blue bonnet."

"Where did you leave them?"

"About a league off. They will be here in half an hour."

"Did you enter into conversation."

"I tried it, but failed."

"How!"

"Listen. I followed them yesterday till nightfall; then pretending to meet them by chance, I accosted the old gentleman, in German, 'Good day, and a happy journey, comrade.' In lieu of a reply, he fixed his eyes sternly upon me, then raising his

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stick, pointed to the other side of the road."

"Probably he is French, and does not understand German."

"He speaks it as well as you, for I heard him give orders to the waiter for all that he and the young ladies required."

"But before going to bed, did you not make another attempt."

"Yes, once; but he answered me in such an uncouth manner that I thought it prudent not to reply. Between you and me, and to put you on your guard, that man has the very look of a devil. Notwithstanding his grey moustaches, he appears vigorous and resolute, and he who has to do with him will find his match; therefore, master, take care of yourself; take warning."

"Java, my black panther," said Morok, with a sinister smile, "is powerful, and never fails to do his work."

"True—Death is still as vigorous and as spiteful as ever. With you only, it is peaceable."

"It is thus, notwithstanding, the brute strength of the old man that I shall manage him."

"Then, take care of yourself, master," you are active, you are as brave as any one, but believe me, you will never convert into a lamb, that old wolf who will shortly be here."

"My lion, Cain, and my tiger, Judas, do they not crouch before me, and roll in terror at my feet."

"Yes, they do, because you possess means which——"

"Because I have *faith*—that is all," interrupted Morok, in an imperious tone, and casting a look at Karl, which caused him to hang his head, and to remain silent.

"The Lord gives me power to subdue the most ferocious animals; wherefore, then, should he not sustain me in my attack on men, who are perverted and impious."

Karl, either from a belief in the conviction of his master, or from his incapacity to enter upon so delicate a controversy, humbly replied, "You are wiser than I, master. What you do, is always well done."

"Did you follow the old man and the two young girls all the way."

"Yes; but at a distance. I know the country, so I took a short cut across to the mountain, but seldom losing sight of them. As they approached the highway, and as night was coming on, I doubled my pace, in order that I might arrive before them, and be the bearer of what you term good news."

"Very well. You shall be rewarded; for, if these people had escaped me—" the prophet shuddered, while the expression of his face, and the tone of his voice, evinced the importance which he attached to the intelligence he had just received.

"By-the-bye," said Karl, "a Russian courier, who rode all the way from St. Petersburg to Leipsic, without slacking his pace, to see you; perhaps, it was for——"

"Who told you," interrupted Morok, "that the courier had anything to do with these travellers. You are wrong; besides, you ought to know nothing but that which I tell you."

"Very well, master, excuse me, and I shall say no more about the matter. I shall go and help Goliah to feed the beasts, for it is near their supper time; you know, master, I must not forget the worthy giant."

"Goliah has gone out; besides, he must not be acquainted with your arrival. Neither must the old man nor the young ladies see you—suspicion would be excited if they did."

"Where do you wish me to go, then?"

"To the stable, and there wait my orders, for it is possible that you may have to set out to-night for Leipsic."

"As you like. I have still a sufficiency of provisions in my bag; but, master, remember what I told you about the old man with the grey moustaches. He is a resolute old devil, and I am afraid would turn out an awkward customer. Take care of him."

"Be easy on that matter. I am always wary."

"Good luck to you, master," said Karl, and a moment afterwards disappeared.

After having waved his hand to his servant, the Prophet walked in meditation, up and down for some time; then opening the casket containing the papers, he took up a long letter, which he read several times with the greatest attention. Every now and then he bent his steps towards the closed shutter, and listened with intense anxiety: he was waiting with impatience the arrival of the three persons that so much interested him.

CHAPTER II.—THE TRAVELLERS.

Whilst the foregoing scene was passing at the "White Falcon," the three individuals whose arrival the Prophet so anxiously expected, were peaceably pursuing their way in the midst of verdant meadows, bounded on one side by the high-road which led to the village of Mockern. The heavens were clear and serene; the gurgling of the river, with the splashing noise of a water-mill, alone interrupted the silence of the evening; the willows, drooping into the stream, shaded the transparent waters; further on, the streamlet reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun; the tall reeds on the banks of the stream were waved by the soft

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breeze of the evening; the sun slowly sank under a mass of purple clouds; whilst the tinkling of the bells of a distant flock of sheep at times mingled with the rippling of the waters.

In a pathway cut through the meadows, two young ladies, perhaps not older than fifteen, were seated on a white horse, which was led by a man of tall stature, sun-burnt face, and grey moustaches, who ever and anon gazed at the two delicate young ladies, with an air of paternal solicitude. Behind him was one of those dogs which the tribes of northern Siberia use to draw their sledges, and which, in point of size and shape, resemble the wolf.

Nothing could be more affecting, nor more interesting, than this little group. One of the young ladies held the loose reins in her left hand, while her right encircled the tender waist of her sleeping sister, whose head was reclining on her shoulder, and whose form yielded gracefully to each movement of the horse.

These two sisters, who were twins, and orphans, were called Rose and Blanche. They were so like in form and in features, that it was difficult at first, to distinguish the one from the other, therefore, a description of one will suffice. Rose was that day, —according to the plan of the guide, a veteran soldier—discharging the duty, which was taken in turns, of elder sister. Their sweet faces were partly hid by black velvet bonnets, under which a profusion of ringlets of a light chesuut hue, streamed gracefully upon their delicate shoulders, framing, as it were, their plump, rosy cheeks. Their lips were like the coral; their large bright blue eyes, from which gentleness and innocence beamed, bespoke the sweetness of their disposition; while a brow, pure and white, a small nose, a dimpled chin, gave to the countenance, an air of candour and amiability.

When a storm assailed this little group, the old soldier would carefully wrap his lovely charge in a mantle made of the skin of rein-deer, and pulled over their faces a hood made from the same impervious material.

But the evening was lovely and calm, the mantle loosely encircled the knees of the orphans, while the hood hung behind the saddle. Rose, with her right hand, encircled the waist of her sleeping sister, and was gazing upon her with an expression of tenderness almost motherly. That day Rose was the eldest, and with them, the *eldest sister* was all but a mother.

Not only did these orphans love each other, but by a psychological phenomenon, common with twins, the emotions felt by one, instantaneously shows itself in the countenance of the other. The same cause makes them startle or blush, so much do their hearts beat in unison — therefore, grief and joy is mutually felt, and instantaneously shared. In their infancy, a cruel disease attacked these lovely flowers of one stem. Together they drooped and became languid; together they reared their heads, assumed their natural colour, and became well and healthy.

Need it be said that the mysterious links which united the orphans—these little birds called *inseparables*—could not be severed without fatally affecting their existence: need it be said that should a villain succeed in separating them, grief would lay siege to their hearts, despair would follow, and death would sum up their earthly career.

The guide, who was an old republican soldier of the Imperial Guard, was about fifty years of age—his countenance grave and morose, his limbs powerful, and a a heart known only for its lion-like nature. Despite the severity of the countenance of Dagobert, who was so nicknamed, he showed the greatest tenderness for the orphans—a tenderness almost maternal,—yes, maternal. There is heroism in affection. The old soldier possessed at once the heart of a mother and that of a hero.

Dagobert, at times, would turn round to the horse, which bore the orphans, and, patting it on the back, cheer the mute animal by kind expressions. Two scars, one on the side, the other on the neck, showed that it had been his companion in the battle field. Although six months had expired since they began their travels, this gallant old animal proceeded on its way as lightly as when it first started. Jovial, whose extreme length of teeth at once told its age, indulged in a singular trick that amused all who witnessed it. For the sake of contrast, the dog was called Rabat Joie (Mar-joy), and being constantly at his master's heels, occasionally came within reach of Jovial, who unceremoniously seized it by the back, and carried it several paces. The dog, protected by its thick hair, and accustomed to the jocular ways of its companion, submitted stoically to the joke; but when it seemed to Rabat Joie that he was suspended for too long a time, he turned his head grumblingly away. The hint was taken by Jovial, who instantly placed him on the ground.

These details will serve to show the amicability that existed between the twin sisters, the old soldier, the horse, and the dog.

On drawing near the village of Mockern, Dagobert looked round in apparent astonishment; and when the sound of the water-mill struck his ear, a cloud overspread his countenance; he passed his fingers several times through his bushy whiskers; then stood still, silent and motionless.

The movement of Jovial, who stopped

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abruptly behind his master, awoke Blanche, who raised her head, looked at her sister, kissed her, then casting her eyes upon Dagobert, placed her white hand upon his shoulder, uttering, in a soft and gentle tone, "Is there anything the matter with you, Dagobert?"

The veteran turned round, a large tear rolled down his furrowed cheek, and lost itself in his thick moustache.

"You weep," the orphans cried; "do tell us the cause."

"It will make you sad, my sweet children. Well, eighteen years ago, on the eve of the battle of Leipsic, I bore your father who was shot in the shoulder, and who had received two sabre wounds on the head, to this tree; I also was wounded in two places. We were taken prisoners by a renegado. Yes, by a Frenchman—a marquis who had espoused the Russian cause, and who afterwards . . . bye-and-bye, you shall know all."

After a short pause, the soldier, pointing with the end of his stick to the village of Mockern, added:—

"Yes, yes; well do I recollect the spot. On these heights, your brave father, who commanded us, overthrew the Russian cuirassiers. Had you but seen him at the head of our brigade, charging in front amidst a shower of bombs. He was a gallant commander!"

While the veteran was giving vent to his sad *souvenirs*, the orphans glided from the horse, and knelt at the foot of the old oak.

"Come, come, do not be sad," Dagobert said, on seeing the tears rushing down the crimson cheeks of the orphans. "Perhaps," he added, "we shall see General Simon at Paris. This is like an anniversary, I therefore intend telling you a great many things respecting your father."

"O, my mother—my dear mother—we shall never see her more!" muttered Rose.

The old soldier took them by the hand, and looking with an expression of extreme attachment, said, "Do not cry. It is true that your mother was one of the best of women. When she lived in Poland she was called the 'Pearl of Warsaw,' but she ought to have been named the pearl of the world, for it would be difficult to find her equal."

"But my children," he added, after overcoming his emotion, "do you remember your mother's dying words. They were, 'To think of her often, but not to lament her.'"

"Well, Dagobert, we will not weep," Rose said; and the orphans wiped off the tears that trinkled down their cheeks.

"That's right, my children," the soldier said, on seeing them less dejected. "I like to see you chatting and laughing, as you have been doing these last three days; so much so, indeed, that you could not hear me when I asked a question."

The sisters blushed, looked at each other, then exchanged a half smile.

"Come along, my children; we must now push on to Mockern, in order that we may be there before night-fall. I must secure a place for you to sleep in. As for myself, now that our purse is light, I am contented to lie at your door on a straw mattrass, with Rabat Joie at my feet."

"Yes, Dagobert," Rose said, "and to save more, you tell us that you must attend to our domestic affairs yourself, and when we reach our resting place, you begin washing as if it were not——"

"You?" interrupted the soldier; "I allow you to chap your pretty little hands? Do you not know that a soldier in campaign always washes his own linen? and at both washing and ironing I was always considered *au fait*. Till we reach Paris I will continue as I have begun; when there, our papers and the medal which you wear will do the rest."

"Our mother, on her death-bed, gave us it;" said Blanche, taking from her bosom a small bronze medal, on which were the following inscriptions:—

"Victim of L. C. D. J. Pray for me. Paris, 13th February, 1682."	"Paris, 3, St. Francis-street. In a century and a half will be the 13th February, 1835. PRAY FOR ME."

"What's the meaning of this, Dagobert? Mother could not tell us."

"We shall speak of it to-night. Come, my poor children: another look at the spot where your father fell, and then to horse."

The orphans cast a sad look at the spot, and with the assistance of the soldier, remounted Jovial.

On reaching Mockern, Dagobert asked a man to tell him which was the cheapest inn in the village, and he was directed to the "White Falcon."

CHAPTER III.—THE ARRIVAL.

Morok opened impatiently the aperture in the loft, which commanded a view of the "White Falcon." He gazed anxiously around for the two orphans and the soldier, but not perceiving them, he walked restlessly backwards and forwards, with his hands crossed upon his bosom.

Born in the north of Siberia, Morok had been in his youth exceedingly intrepid, and one of the most daring bear-hunters.

In 1810, he abandoned that calling, and became the guide of a Russian engineer engaged in exploring the polar regions. Afterwards he was employed as an imperial courier, subject to the caprice of a despot, who would send him on a frail sledge from Persia to the Frozen Ocean.

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After walking several times up and down the loft, he suddenly stopped, leant his head towards the window, and listened. This man had the exquisite sense of hearing of a savage. "They come — they come," he cried; and his fierce eye gleamed with joy.

The night was dark, and the wind blew so strong, that the lamp which served to light the new comers into the inn, was nearly extinguished.

Sure of his prey, Morok withdrew from the window, and began to reflect how he should put his projects into execution; then approaching the ladder, called out, "Goliah."

"Yes, master," was answered in a hoarse voice.

"Come hither."

"I have just returned from the slaughter-house, and have brought the meat."

This man, who was appropriately named Goliah, was upwards of six feet high, with the frame of a Hercules. His sunken eyes and low forehead, his bristly hair, and matted beard, gave him the aspect of a savage. Between his teeth, he held a piece of meat, which weighed at least ten or twelve pounds. He adopted this mode of holding the meat, that he might use his hands in climbing the ladder, which shook beneath his weight. When he reached the loft, he opened his mouth, dropped the quarter of beef, and began to lick the blood from off his moustaches.

"Were you below when the travellers arrived at the inn?"

"Yes, master, I was coming from the slaughter-house."

"What are they?"

"There are two young girls upon a white horse, and an old man with large moustaches. But where is the cleaver; the beasts are hungry, and I am hungry—the—"

"Did you observe into which apartment they were conducted?"

"Into the building that looks into the fields. But the cleaver, where is—"

A horrible roaring interrupted Goliah, shaking the walls of the loft.

"Do you hear that," Goliah cried, "hunger will drive them mad; they ought to have had their supper two hours ago."

Morok, without heeding him, said— "And the young girls are in the building, at the bottom of the court."

Goliah, thinking only of the beasts' and his own supper, remained silent, looking in amazement at the prophet.

"Reply, brute."

"If I am a brute, I have the strength of brutes," Goliah retorted, in a gruff tone; "and when fighting with brutes, I always play my part."

After a moment's pause, the prophet said, 'Goliah, you must not give the animals any food this evening. Mark me well. Obey, and hold your tongue." Then walking pensively up and down the loft, he continued, "You remember the burgomaster's house, where I was this morning. Go and ask the servant, if I shall be sure to find her master if I call early to-morrow?"

"By the horns of the devil," cried Goliah, "must I go there before feeding the beasts? I wish Karl were here; he would tell me how it is that you will not allow me to feed them. The eyes of Death are already like two candles; allow me to give it only a mouthful."

"The panther must not be fed; if you are hungry, there," pointing to the raw meat that lay at his feet, "is plenty of meat—eat"

"I never eat without my beasts, nor they without me."

Morok tapped the shoulder of Goliah, and said in a milder tone, "There are florins to be gained to-night."

"Tell me how," demanded the giant, with an air of satisfaction.

"By going to the burgomaster's; but before setting out, light the fire, put the end of this iron-rod into it; return speedily, and wait for me here."

The prophet then descended the ladder, and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV. — MOROK AND DAGOBERT.

No sooner had Dagobert arrived at the inn, and seen to the comfort of his little charge, than he began, with an imperturbable gravity peculiar to himself, to wash the different articles that would be required for his next day's journey. All the old soldier thought of was to economise the light purse of the orphans, to be attentive to them, and to spare them trouble. Feminine occupations form part of the duty of a soldier; a day of battle brings into use needles, thread, buttons, and scissors; a wound in the body is always accompanied by a rent in the garment.

Perhaps it would be impossible to tell a better anecdote than the following, in explanation of the *soubriquet* of Dagobert, bestowed on Francis Baudoin, the guardian of the two orphans, one of the bravest of the Imperial Guard.

The battle continued all day, and when evening came on, no decisive advantage had been gained by either party. The company to which Baudoin belonged was sent to guard the ruins of a deserted village. During the day, our cavalier had fought valiantly without being wounded, for he looked upon a deep scratch which an awkward *kaiserlitz* gave him in the thigh with his bayonet, as a mere *token* to remember the battle. If Baudoin cared little about his skin, he was otherwise with regard to

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his habiliments: no sooner had he received the wound, than, looking at the rent which the bayonet had made, he shouted out, "Scoundrel, my new trousers," and revenged himself by dealing out a blow which disabled the Austrian.

In the evening, at bivouac, Baudoin took his mending apparatus from his knapsack, picked out the best needle and thread, armed his finger with a thimble, took off his trousers, and began to perform the duties of a tailor. His partial dress was somewhat against discipline, but when the captain made his rounds, he could not prevent himself from bursting into a fit of laughter at the old soldier, who—seated on his haunches, by the light of the fire,—his large cap on his head, his coat on his back, his boots on one side of him, his torn trousers over his knees—was sewing with the *sang-froid* of a tailor seated in his own workshop.

Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, and the captain, with a voice like thunder, shouted out, "To arms." In an instant every soldier was in his saddle, but the unfortunate Baudoin, baffled for time, thrust his legs into his trousers, the inside out, and without putting on his boots, jumped into his saddle.

A party of Cossacks taking advantage of a neighbouring wood, attempted to surprise the detachment. The skirmish was a bloody one, and Baudoin, fired with rage about his lost boots and his torn trousers, fought like a fury. With his own hand he hewed down two Cossacks, and made prisoner of an officer, which gave great satisfaction to his commandant, who, seeing the whole affair by the light of the moon, could not but admire the valour of the grenadier.

After the skirmish was over, the captain ranged his soldiers in battle array, and ordered the mender of trousers to approach, as it was his intention to congratulate him before the company for his bravery.

Judge of the surprise of the officer and the soldiery when they saw the gaunt figure of the grenadier, his head bent downwards, his bare feet in the stirrups, with the reins of his horse hanging between his naked legs.

The captain advanced towards him in astonishment, but suddenly recollecting the position in which the soldier was, when the cry "To arms" was given, he understood the whole.

"Ah! oh! old fox," the captain said, "you wish to imitate King Dagobert, by putting on your trousers inside out."

In spite of the most rigid discipline, shouts of laughter burst forth from the soldiery, while the disconsolate Baudoin seated upright in his saddle, his left thumb on the button of his well adjusted reins, the handle of his sword hanging by his right side, in perfect coolness, and without changing a muscle of his countenance, took a half-round, and reached the ranks, after having received the congratulations of his captain.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RIVAL CLANS.

"'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons, but not to the hall."
Waverley.

Most readers must be familiar with the details of that terrific judicial combat which took place on the North Inch of Perth, between thirty men of the clan Chattan, and the same number of the clan Kay, as it forms the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's charming romance, "The Fair Maid of Perth." Scotland, at this time, seems to have been a prey to family feuds, which were often productive of great bloodshed. In 1398, the earl of Crawford had a new commission for suppressing insurrections in different parts of the Highlands, and a singular expedient was adopted to extinguish one between the two tribes just spoken of. This was by thirty on each side engaging as champions for their respective clans, whose differences were to be decided by the event. The North Inch of Perth (the Scottish *Campus Martius*), was fixed upon as the scene of action, and galleries were constructed for the spectators, among whom were Robert III and all his court. On the day appointed, one of the clan Chattan was missing, but none of the opposite clan would retire to equalise the number. At last, a spectator, Henry Wynd (the hero of the romance, and the successful suitor of the Fair Maid), a smith or armourer, agreed to supply the deficiency upon condition of receiving a French crown for his services, which was accordingly paid. After a most dreadful slaughter, victory declared in favour of the clan Chattan, chiefly through the valour and superior swordsmanship of the "gow chrom," or smith. The combatants of the clan Kay were all cut off but one, who is described in the tale as "Conachar," or "Eachin," who threw himself into the Tay, and escaped; this point, however, is disputed. Such is the foundation upon which Scott raised the splendid superstructure before-mentioned. It is a creation of singular beauty, brilliant variety, and lively interest; abounding with vivid descriptions and exquisite pathos, with more of the picturesque than is to be found in many of his other productions. It also possesses this singular characteristic: the hero is a blacksmith, and he leaves him a blacksmith still—an experiment which none but a novelist of the first order would have attempted. The "glee-maiden," also, is quite original, a "gem of purest ray serene," and alone superior to half the heroines of many of our present fashionable novels. A brief

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illustration of this dire event may interest many admirers of the Waverley Novels. The clan Chattan was very numerous and powerful, and was early divided into two principal branches; one of which acknowledged MacPherson of Cluny, and the other MacIntosh of that Ilk, as its chief; and this division had given rise to a keen dispute between these two "rival clans," respecting the chiefship. Without entering into the disputes of the claimants, it is allowed that MacPhersons are the lineal and feudal representatives of the ancient chiefs of the clan Chattan; whereas the right alleged by the MacIntoshes is but collateral. It is very difficult to decide on these points, from the obscurity in which the early history of this clan is involved. Major, the historian, after mentioning the defection of the clans Chattan and Cameron from Alexander of the Isles, in 1429, when he was defeated by James I, states that these tribes were of the same stock, and that they followed one head of the race as chief; whereas, it is certain that nearly forty years before that time, these tribes had separated, and had been engaged in mutual hostilities. The cause of this disunion among the different branches of the clan Chattan is unknown; it was, doubtless, a question of precedency. Two hostile leagues were formed, and it was at length resolved, as already stated, that their disputed claims should be decided by a judicial combat of thirty men on each side. The description of this barbarous and sanguinary encounter has been given by Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather," in a more simple and unadorned style than in his romance, as being better suited to the capacity of the youth to whom they were addressed; although both narrations are given with wonderful truth and spirit. Except the fact that it took place in 1396, that the warriors were

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

and armed with sword, axe, and dagger. We are ignorant of the precise nature of the quarrel, and nearly so as the precise clans who had agreed to settle it in so unusual a manner. The clans called Kay or Quhele, and Chattan, by Scott and others, were, by the ancient authorities, called Yha and Quhele; and from this circumstance, some authors have erroneously concluded that the MacPhersons were the clan Yha, and the MacIntoshes the clan Quhele. Buchanan disdains to pollute the pages of his classical history with such uncouth and barbarous names. It is, however, beyond dispute, that the clan Chattan was victorious in the conflict, and the point may be thus settled; the MacIntoshes are acknowledged as the chiefs of the clan Chattan, though under a different denomination; but, as before stated, *both* clans at the present day assert their claims to the chiefship. A painful and melancholy interest is attached to the MacPhersons from the very active part which they took in the rebellion of 1715; and in 1745, a powerful body of them was advancing rapidly to join the standard of Prince Charles, when the disastrous battle of Culloden destroyed the hopes of Cluny's family, and involved all his adherents in one common ruin.

"'Tis finish'd! then thunders are hush'd on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair!"

After this defeat, the situation of the clan became peculiarly distressing. The very same year, Cluny had been appointed to a company in lord Loudon's Highlanders, and had taken the oaths to the government; but his clan was impatient to join the descendant of their ancient kings, and though he hesitated for a time between duty and inclination, the latter finally prevailed, and he was ruined. His life was thus forfeited to the laws, and much diligence was used to capture and bring him to justice. But neither the fear of danger nor the hope of reward could induce any of his clan to betray him. He lived nine years in a cave at a short distance from his own house, which had been burnt to the ground by the government troops.

"Heaven's fire is around to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

Such was their unwearied vigilance during that long period, that no trace of him could be discovered, although a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension. He was the agent by whose means Charles Edward long endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with his "faithful mountaineers," as he always styled them. At length, wearied out with his monotonous and hopeless state of existence, and despairing of pardon, the chief escaped to France, where he died the following year. Some time after his death, the estate was restored to his family, through the intercession of James MacPherson, the celebrated translator of the "Poems of Ossian," to whom it was offered, but who had sufficient disinterestedness to decline the proffered gift. It is *still* in the possession of one of the worthy descendants of the clan Chattan.

C. P. J.

REMARKABLE GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

A most invaluable discovery has just been made by a Board of Crown Commissioners—a discovery which promises to be

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as important for the people of England as that which first taught how apples fall, or how they get into the dumpling; and second only in novelty to that memorable one of Sir Joseph Banks, that "fleas are not lobsters." We refer to the sudden appearance of a large Island to the west of England—not a hundred miles from Holyhead; an Island, green and fertile, and full of undeveloped resources, and which has been hitherto most unaccountably overlooked by British geographers and economists, in their too eager search for distant colonies and continents. In outline this new Island curiously resembles a fat pig, and has accordingly received the name of "Young Monster." The natives live principally upon roots, but are acquainted with the use of coins and other symbols of civilisation. The log-huts in which they reside are said to be more wretched than those of the North American Indians—one shovel-full of earth heaped upon another, with some field-stones mixed up in it, till the walls are sufficiently high, form the sides, the roof being sods taken from a bog; not even the semblance of a window is to be seen, and only one square hole in the front, which serves at once for window, chimney, house-door, and stable-door—light, smoke, pigs, men, women, and children, all passing in and out of this hole. In some parts of the country—although known to abound in coal, lime, marble, granite, and other valuable minerals, and requiring but a moderate outlay, according to the report, to return from ten to twenty per cent under judicious management—there are tracts where one might suppose himself in a wilderness, deserted by God and man, where all around is but rock, morass, and ruggedness, and where every object appears clad, not in a green and yellow but in a thorough brown melancholy. The traveller thinks himself in a land given up by man to wild beasts. But when he looks more narrowly between the rocks and bogs, he perceives to his astonishment something green, like potato plants. His curiosity induces him to approach the spot: he steps unexpectedly on a soft yielding sod, and plunges into a hut, a man's dwelling, whose existence he had not remarked, because the roof was at one side as low as the ground, and appeared to the eye just as black, turfy, and heathy as the ground around it. Yet in this very wilderness there are immense fields now lying unproductive, which not only possess a surface of great vegetative power, but immediately beneath this surface conceal the inexhaustible materials of reclamation and improvement; and if the natural resources of the land were brought into operation, one district would furnish employment not only to its native popmlation but to those of other districts to an incalculable extent. One portion bounded by an immense lake, which a short canal of a quarter of a mile would connect with the ocean and the finest harbour in the world, including a surface of 200,000 acres, possesses within itself such unbounded natural resources, that the outlay of capital required for the purpose of reclamation and improvement would be quite inconsiderable when compared with the certain and great return which would inevitably arise from a judicious expenditure and good management. Sir Robert Peel himself has been already forcibly struck with the valuable promise of this district, and has had special correspondendence with the Marquis of Clanricarde and other noblemen on the subject, promising the assistance of government to the extent of several pounds and odd shillings in reclaiming it, and agreeing that "something must be done."

There is a large portion of this barbarous country covered with bogs, but the water-power of the Island is amply sufficient to submerge all those, and destroy the vegetative principle of the morass, according to the mode so successfully adopted by Napoleon to reclaim the country round Ghent, which now exhibits the finest cornfields in Europe. Limestone gravel, also, another means to the same end, as well as coral sand, is equally abundant, and would be equally efficacious; and, apart from all speculation, there are thousands of rich acres, which a very little expense and trouble would rescue from periodical river flood. But such is the desperate ignorance of the poor aborigines of this savage Island, and such the inertness of their chiefs (who are said to belong to another race, like the Tartars in China), that kelp and sea-weed, and other valuable manures, are left to rot upon the shore, not more from want of roads than from want of appreciation of their value to agricultnre.

It is thought that it would be good policy to offer a compensation to the natives and to their chiefs, in the same manner as has been done with the aborigines of New Zealand, and to hand over the lands to civilised Englishmen, to improve and cultivate for mutual and general benefit: by which no doubt all parties might be the better. But it is feared that the chiefs, as has been the case, indeed, in New Zealand, and other similar cases, might become aware, by contact with civilisation, of the value of the lands to those who can make use of them, and, like the dog in the manger, refuse to deliver up what must be a burden to them to take charge of. The commissioners content themselves with observing on this head:—that palpable as are both the evil and the remedy, the latter could not hertofore be applied, either from want of co-operation amongst the proprietors of land. or from want of a compulsory power to purchase

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their interests." (We are informed on good authority that the chiefs themselves are beginning to exhibit not a little pluck and generosity of themselves, and are determined to render all foreign interference unnecessary. We shall be glad to have this confirmed). The committee which is now sitting on New Zealand land titles will doubtless establish some sound precedent here, and may probably consider the propriety of adopting the New Zealand system of *native reserves*, in lieu of all preliminary compensation in the shape of beads or tobacco, for lands which are worthless in their present owners' hands.

The chiefs, however, although, like the Chinese Tartars, seldom resident amongst the savage natives, are not altogether unmindful of them, but supply large quantities of religious books as well as priests for their spiritual necessities, and have, indeed (such is their great generosity), in addition to the national church, which is supported by the people, afforded the benighted natives the benefit of a Tartar establishment, which it is the pride and privilege of all the inhabitants to pay for, even though they do not go near it.

Nor is this all—although neither native guides nor the absent chiefs put much faith in the systematic reclamation of the soil, or the supply of physical comforts, the chiefs are not less anxious for other means of amelioration, than the great leader of their native tribe called Raupero-dan, whom the inhabitants have voluntarily chosen. While Raupero-dan inculcates that the only means of salvation is to pay him as much money as they can, and to have nothing to do with their Tartar chiefs, the latter propose to cure every evil by giving every savage a right to vote for a deputy to go up to the great council of the nation, and make speeches for the people, which (the speeches, of course, and not the people) are to be bought very cheaply, and are distributed all over the country; and these votes are considered so valuable that the possessors find no difficulty in disposing of them at a good price, and so eke out their scanty supply of potatoes.

The chiefs are, moreover, about to lay down grand railways on all sides to connect one bog with another, and in order to facilitate the registration and canvassing of their voters: and, perhaps, too, in the prospect that by planting beautiful stations and railroads in all directions, they will probably see Birminghams and Lancashires spring up out of the bogs, just as the Yorkshire boy helped himself to salt in case any one should offer him an egg. We, of course, say nothing as to the wisdom of this, though some cavillers will have it that it would be nearly as wise a speculation to establish an Italian Opera in the Rookery of St. Giles'; and they insist that common tramways of timber would probably leave a balance for the creation of useful markets at the ends of them.

We need not here speculate on what would have been the conduct of our own enlightened government had the discovery of this Island been made at an earlier period. We need not insist how eagerly they would have hailed the means of providing new homes for our wretched fellow-countrymen: with what spirit and energy they would have set about systematically to reclaim and promote the cultivation of those fertile lands of which there are now known (by the report) to be millions of acres: how our aristocracy would have blessed their stars (and garters) at the opportunity afforded them, by Providence, of planting a bold yeomanry on those shores out of our present harassed and anxiously competing farmers, who, in their turn, would soon have created a noble "estate" of peasantry, with *their own* maypoles to dance round, and their own winter firesides. How would our Peels and Russells have devoted themselves to the location of those lands, and the requisite investment in their reclamation at the prime cost of this wealthy nation, seeing that even our barbarous and natural enemies the French, promote national works at the national expense: seeing, moreover, that as ten per cent. would be safely realised on the investment, they would have the opportunity of giving to English yeomen the chance of becoming freeholders by repaying the state its investment in the course of ten or twelve years. But it is useless to speculate on what might have been done. Let us rather consider what we now can do, or rather what our rulers will hasten to do with this kind godsend.

Of one district, very near that we have already referred to, and to the improvement of which the only obstacle is its present liability to flood, which the savage natives do not know how to prevent, it is said:—

"To the consideration of this case we have given much attention from the particular nature of the district, and the great degree of improvement which will be effected by its successful drainage. To remove the barriers to the free discharge of these floods will not only confer great advantages upon the lands in the basins referred to, but affords the means for the successful drainage of large tracts above them. The drainage of one large portion will be sufficiently simple, and will be amply remunerative (First Report, p. 3)." How lamentable to think that such a country should so long have remained unknown to our beneficent bishops and pious and philanthropic statesmen, to say nothing of lord Brougham, and that ocean of the milk of human kindness which, from Exeter Hall,

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disperses its streams to distant lands, as from an inexhaustible dairy.

The commissioners, are wisely determined on no half-measures. "To many," say they, "it appears that the adoption of partial, or, as we deem them, half-measures, would be sufficient, and because they would alleviate, in a degree, for the present, the evils complained of, that they should be employed. But experience has shown, particularly in this class of works, that half-measures are ultimately the most expensive, as in a few years the lands revert to their original state, and that, in order to effect a permanent good as far as practicable, a full and complete measure of improvement must be adopted." Doubtless, the commissioners had in their eye such half-measures as the removal of London Bridge without further embankment of the Thames, a step which now threatens to topple Westminster Bridge and Somerset House into the river. "The gradual improvement in agriculture," they go on to observe, "and the reclamation of uplands, perceptibly increases the inundation in the lower lands and valleys of the country. In some districts, many bridges which were formerly quite sufficient in waterway for the discharge of the waters from the uncultivated upper lands, are now either carried away by the floods, or form such an obstruction to their discharge as to cause the inundation of large tracts of lands above them." Perhaps to some analagous principle in the moral and political world, is it owing that, as Mr. Coningsby has discovered, "conservatism will no longer conserve:" the Reform Bill having knocked down the Old London Bridge of the law, the tidal current is too much for the other ancient institutions at Westminster.

In conclusion of their First Report on the drainage and reclamation of this remarkable Monster Island, the commissioners observe that "the *increase itself*, in the value of the lands drained, will defray the expense, with interest on the borrowed money, in ten or a less number of years after the completion of the works, in proportion as the per centage of return amounts to, or exceeds, eleven per cent. per annum on the expenditure,"

In the Second Report we are presented with a catalogue of districts embracing 50,000 acres already surveyed, on which the estimated investment (in various sums) of £150,000 holds out an estimated return £16,000, per annum, the per centage varying from nine to nineteen per cent!

We must return to this interesting subject, again expressing our gratitude to Providence for this most valuable drift of a colony to our very doors. and our hopes that conservatism may be willing and able to conserve it. But, alas! we fear that to the cry of "Young Monster" as to that of "Young England," our Monster Island may too justly exclaim—

"TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LAUDERDALE.

Arms.—Or. a lion rampant, dechausse, within a a double-tressure, flory counter flory, gu.
Crest.—A lion, argent, affronté, gu.; ducally crowned, holding in the dexter paw a sword, p.pr.; pommel and hilt, or.; in the sinister a fleur-de-lis, az.
Supporters.—Two eagles' wings expanded, p.pr.
Motto.—*Concilio et animis.* "By wisdom and courage."

This ancient and noble family has been established at Thirlestane, in Berwickshire, for nearly six centuries. Sir Richard de Maitland, as the name was formerly written, is mentioned as the first known ancestor. He gave divers lands to the abbey of Dryburgh, in the reign of Alexander III. Descended from him, Sir Richard de Maitland, twelfth feudal lord of Thirlestane, was a person of considerable importance in his day. In 1552 and 1560, he was one of the commissioners appointed to adjust the differences with England on the subject of the Debatable land on the Borders. In 1554, he was constituted one of the extraordinary lords of session, and in 1561, one of the ordinary lords. The following year he was made keeper of the privy seal, which he resigned in 1667 in favour of his second son. He retired from the bench in 1584, on which occasion James VI acknowledged by letter Sir Richard's "faithful services to his grandsire, goodsire, good-dame, mother, and himself;" by which it would seem that he was employed seventy years, at least, in the public service. He was known in the literary world by his history of the family of Seton, and poems on various subjects. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Cranstoun, and by her he had two sons, William and John. The former was secretary of state for Scotland, and one of the principal actors in the stormy scenes of Mary's reign. Being

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deprived of his office, and proclaimed a traitor, he terminated his own existence. His son being a Catholic, sold his property, and withdrew to the continent. The title in consequence came to John, the second son of Sir Richard. He filled the high offices of lord privy seal, judge of the court of session, secretary of state, and lord high chancellor of Scotland. He was raised to the peerage, May 18, 1590, by the title of lord Maitland of Thirlestane. His lordship married Jane, only daughter and heir of James, fourth lord Fleming, and grand-daughter, on the maternal side, of James Hamilton, duke of Chatelherault. On his death in 1595, his lordship was succeeded by John, his only son, who was created viscount Lauderdale, April 2, 1616, lord Thirlestane and Bolton, viscount Maitland, and earl of Lauderdale, with remainder to his heirs male, bearing the name of Maitland. He was president of the council, and one of the ordinary lords of the session, and married Isabel, daughter of Alexander, earl of Dumfermline, by whom he had issue, two sons and a daughter. He died in January, 1645, and was succeeded by his elder son, John, who distinguished himself in the civil wars, and was installed, after the restoration, a knight of the garter, and appointed high commissioner of Scotland, and created, May 2, 1672, marquess of March and duke of Lauderdale in Scotland, and enrolled among the peers of England, June 25, 1674, as baron Petersham and earl of Guildford, in Surrey. His grace married Anne, second daughter of Alexander, first earl of Home, co-heir with his sister Margaret, countess of Moray, of her brother, James, second earl of Home, by whom he had an only daughter. The second wife of the duke, to whom he was married February 17, 1671-72, was Eliza, countess of Dysart, relict of Sir Lionel Talmash, Bart., by whom he had no issue. He died in 1682, when his own honours expired with him, and those of his family went to his brother Charles, who was married in 1652 to Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Richard Lauder, Esq., of Hatton, in the county of Edinburgh, by whom he had six sons and two daughters. The earl was general of the mint, deputy-treasurer, and one of the judges of the court of session of Scotland, and a baronet of Nova Scotia (created May, 12, 1672). He died in 1691, and was succeeded by Richard, his eldest son. This nobleman was a privy councillor, a general of the mint, and lord-justice general from 1681 to 1684. In 1694 he was outlawed for his adhesion to the fortunes of James II. He died in Paris in 1695, when the peerage devolved upon his brother. This was John, the fifth earl, who became one of the lords of session, under the title of lord Raveling. He married Lady Margaret Cunningham, only child of Alexander, tenth earl of Glencairn, and heir of that ancient family. By her he had three sons and a daughter. On his death in August, 1710, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son. Charles, the sixth earl, had eight sons, who all had families. He was one of the representative peers in 1741, and died in 1744, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and one of the representative peers. He married, in 1749, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Lambe, alderman of the city of London, by whom he had issue, three sons and five daughters. His lordship died August 17, 1789, when his eldest son, James, born January 26, 1759, succeeded to the title. Having married, August 15, 1782, Eleanor, only daughter and heir of Anthony Todd, Esq., by whom he had issue, four sons and five daughters; he obtained the English barony by protest, February 15, 1806. Lord Lauderdale is heritable standard-bearer for Scotland.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DRAMA.

When the Sheridans and the Colmans were the writers, and Garrick, Foote, Macklin, and Berry the performers, who stood at the head of the dramatic world, a visit to a theatre was considered an intellectual treat, and the stage was trodden by gentlemen and scholars, not degraded into an arena for the display of vulgar passions. The charge of admission was, perhaps, high; but then, the evening's amusement, and it is not too much to add, instruction, were always worth the money. Addison and Steele, Home and Congreve, Smollett and Fielding, supplied the stage with as brilliant a collection of tragedies and comedies as had ever been produced; and fortunately for the dramatists, there were performers qualified to represent their characters, and to give to them that force and vigour, tempered by discretion and gentlemanly moderation, which they had intended. Then, prologues and epilogues, written by such men as Pope and Garrick, received their merited admiration; and although the subsequent productions of Captain Topham and Horace Walpole converted these addresses rather into satirical orations, their reproofs of the reigning follies were always just, and their wit never approached to vulgarity.

A theatrical critic complains, in the "Weekly Magazine" for 1770, that instead of the prologue being an outline, and the epilogue a moral application of the drama to which they were attached, they had be-

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come "pointed satires of men and manners;" but, glancing over a few succeeding pages, we find the prologue to the last new comedy, which contains as just, though severe, remarks on fashionable foibles, as they merited; and shows that, if they did not point out the plot of the forthcoming drama, the prologues of the time were far more serviceable in pointing out the follies and frivolities of the world, and holding them up to the ridicule and condemnation of the audience.

In the eighteenth century, reigned, in its full majesty, our "native talent;" when a performer was not thought any the worse because he was an Englishman, and when the Counts and Messieurs, the Herrs and Signiors of the continent, were not suffered to set feet upon the British boards. There were then no foreign mountebanks, whose recommendations were their moustaches and italianised names, trespassing upon the stage; but English dramas, founded upon English history, or illustrating English character, were performed by English actors. It was truly the reign of the national and legitimate drama—of the British drama, which never had its equal, and which was the admiration of those continental nations from which our present scanty supply of theatrical performances is principally drawn.

But the sunny days of the drama are gone by, and its dark, dreary winter is set in. Shade of immortal Garrick! what think you of the depraved taste which introduces a promenade concert upon the stage of thine "Old Drury," or prefers a combat of wild beasts to the tragedies of Shakspeare?

CHAPTER XIV.—COFFEE-HOUSES AND THEIR POLITICIANS.

Coffee-houses have had their days, and that day was decidedly in the eighteenth century. They are now rapidly becoming out of date, other resorts have sprung up, and reading-rooms and club-houses are usurping the place which coffee-houses held in public estimation a hundred years ago. We have now no rendezvous of wits, of poets, or of politicians; the glories of Dolly's chop-house, the Grecian coffee-house, or the famed St. James's, are faded, and though the walls yet stand, the suns that illumined their horizons are set. White's chocolate-house and Will's coffee-house are no more, and the fame of many of their once most conspicuous visitors is equally obscure. Button's coffee-house is no longer favoured by the Spectator's visits; and the Tatlers and the Guardians, could they revisit the scenes of their speculations, would be puzzled to find their favourite resorts among the modern buildings which have crowded round them.

Yet, in the eighteenth century, these coffee-houses were in the zenith of their fame, and Child's and Button's, White's and Will's, the St. James's and the Grecian, formed at once the literary and political world of London. Many a knotty question which had for months perplexed the brains of a Pitt or Walpole, a Chatham or a Fox, has been decided in the coffee-house, and the political economists who assembled in its parlour, have frequently paid and repaid—*on paper only*—the alarming total of the national debt.

Oh, how anxiously did those eager politicians await the arrival of the "Postboy," or the "Ledger;" and when they *did* arrive, what loud discussions they provoked. "The parlour of the Grecian" is particularly alluded to by Addison, as the resort of these coffee-house politicians; and at all times of the day, they were to be found, each little party in its own peculiar box, engaged in animated discussion on some topic of importance.

But politicians were not the only visitors to these favourite resorts: one house was peculiar to poets, who assembled nightly to entertain each other with their manuscripts, and canvass their respective merits! another was used only by the clergy, and here were discussed such deep theological controversies and evangelical questions as made the very walls look solemn; a third was a favoured rendezvous of wits, where they repaired to narrate their day's adventures, their amours and intrigues, to give their opinion of the last new play, or to toast their respective mistresses. Others were used, as now, by stock-jobbers and merchants, but these were in the locality of the Exchange, and at some distance from the usual haunts of wits and poets—the neighbourhoods of Paternoster Row, Fleet Street, Temple Bar, and Covent Garden. In a few, gambling was practised to an extraordinary extent, and, what with their political anxiety, which entirely superseded all private cares and considerations, and their pursuit of games of hazard, the visitors of the coffee-houses were seldom any more than needy loungers, who generally concluded some grave political discussion with the request that you would favour them with the loan of half-a-crown. A. A.

TRAVELS IN THE TOMB, OR THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

In his eagerness to study anything that might show what had been the state of the fine arts in the middle ages, a learned Frenchman explored, with great care, the catacombs at Rome. M. Agincourt may be said to have journeyed in those vast receptacles of death: and it would appear that his travels were not unaccompanied by

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peril. Losing his way, he was in considerable danger of not "visiting upper air."

The catacombs near the church of St. Agnes extend a great way beneath the valley which surrounds that structure. Branches of it extend to the river on the Salarca way. M. Agincourt says of them:—

"These catacombs had long been closed; I had them opened some years ago in the hopes of finding monuments. My undertaking was unsuccessful, and it exposed me to considerable peril. My guides, who did not know all the turnings in these caverns, were lost, as well as myself, for more than an hour. We had some difficulty in keeping our feeble light, and were all very near ending our lives there. The same accident happened before to an artist, my old friend, M. Robert; and my draughtsman, Macchiavelli, when he was alone was once exposed to the like danger. Montfaucon, in his *Diarium Italicum*, relates that a similar accident happened to another Frenchman *and himself*. We got out of this catacomb at last, through one of the openings which served for the purpose of letting down the dead bodies in the first ages of christianity. This opening is in the middle of the ruins of a monastery, which, if it be not of the same epoch as the churches of St. Agnes and St. Constantia, is not of a much later date."

His vivid picture of the feelings inspired while he was thus exploring the abodes of the departed, and of the situation in which he found himself, will be perused with interest.

"Ought I," he says, "to risk the expression of the sentiments which I have so often felt whilst wandering through these celebrated places in search of the *monuments* my work required, and sometimes remaining alone, far from my guides, under these dark vaults, where no plant, no bird, no animal, presents the image of life, I found myself seated amongst so many tombs constructed above my head, or hollowed out beneath my feet, or when I traced by the light of a torch those winding passages which presented themselves on all sides to my astonished eye. A vague anxiety at first seized me; my fancy was overwhelmed by the multitude of ideas which religion, history, philosophy, offered to me at once; the deep silence that surrounded me gradually restored the calm of my spirits; an agreeable reverie took possession of me, and I enjoyed a repose almost like that of that of the millions of dead who have slept in these cemetries for fifteen hundred years. And I also, I said, will sleep here one day with you; but before my dust is laid here, I desire to honour your manes by the brilliant recollections that are attached to the history of the arts, of the arts that have often been indebted for their cultivation and their success to the homage which the faithful have paid to your holy victories."

His representation of what may be called the consummation of human decay, is the most striking delineations we have ever seen of the slow moulderings in the grave We add the result of one of his investigations.

"The receptacles were hollowed out for one or more bodies. In that which I opened on the 12th of May, 1780, I found two: the head of one body touched the feet of the other. This position, as well as a slight difference, which I thought I observed in the structure, induced me to believe that these two persons had been a man and a woman. I could only distinguish, as to the form, some vestiges of the principal bones. The extremities were nothing more than an almost insensible dust; what was left of the bones turned, when touched, into a moist yellow paste of a reddish hue. It would be difficult to form an exact idea of the remains of a human body, reduced to a condition so near to absolute annihilation. A little whitish dust marked the place where the head had been, and showed the bones of the shoulder, of the thigh, the knees, and the ankles; vestiges of this dust still traced, with broken lines, the direction of some of the bones; but it was not a body, it was not a skeleton that we saw, they were vestiges hardly to be distinguished, and at the slightest breath the whole disappeared. The two bodies that I saw in this state had been buried for fourteen or fifteen centuries. That of the woman, or, at least, that which I took for such, was less destroyed than the other."

While thus engaged M. Agincourt was attended by a man named Pietro Luxi, who had been employed as a guide in the catacombs for more than forty years. The tranquil indifference would have reminded some of a character drawn by an English poet:—

"See yonder maker of the dead man's shed,
The sexton—hoary-headed chronicler,
With hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
The gentle tear."

but it struck our author differently. What we might have regarded as dull insensibility, he considered virtuous philosophy, and we are told:—

"The peace of his soul imprinted on his countenance appeared to me to be the sign of the recompense awarded to his long labours in the mansion of eternal happiness."

This was prettily said, but one of his reviewers very pertinently adds:—

"It is not to be denied that the aspect of Peter Luzi is cheerful and contented, but there are temporal causes that are perhaps sufficient to account for "*la paix de son âme empreinte dans ses traits*;" there is a society

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consisting of twenty-four persons, who are entitled, "*Cavatori delle Catacombe*," whose only business is to explore the catacombs when required, and to search for the remains of martyrs. Their duty is very light, and by a whimsical appropriation of a part of the revenue of the Holy See, the fees that are received for dispensations to marry within the prohibited degrees, and for other matrimonial indulgences, are set apart for their maintenance; out of this fund they receive a competent salary, together with their sacristan and the keeper of the catacombs, "*Custode delle Catacombe*," and a prelate, who is of course well paid for yielding auspices. Peter is a distinguished member of this fraternity, and during a long life has known no other care than the trouble of receiving his stipend, and of being in attendance as a spiritual butler, to produce from the proper bin in his vast cellars whatever relics His Holiness may think proper to order."

Truly this, if any think could, would reconcile a man to the grave.

CARLYLE'S PAST AND PRESENT.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

When, across the hundred-fold poor scepticisms, trivialisms, and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conquerer, a Tanred of Hauteville, or such like,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made king; whom not the champion of England cased in tin, but all nature and the universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish of obesity, stupor, or other malady, as yet; a stern ruler and line of rulers, therefore, is called in,—a stern but most beneficent perpetual house-surgeon is called in, by nature, and even the appropriate fees are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the ten counties; fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes; all which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: "A child, in this William's reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England." My erudite friend, it is a feat which outweighs a thousand! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental, and other cobwebberies; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard: thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart; in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of "a man of genius." Dost thou call that nothing? I call it an immense thing. Rage enough was in this Willelmus Conquestor, rage enough for his occasions; and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining, illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most God-like "elementary substance" in our world: a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquestor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what *is* really what on this God's earth; which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom "justice" and "virtues" not a few: conformity to what the Maker has seen good to make; that, I suppose, will mean justice and a virtue or two?

* * * * *

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquestor. A resident house-surgeon, provided by nature for her beloved English people, and even furnished with the requisite "fees" as I said: for he by no means felt himself doing nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively! And his own work withal it was: informed "*par la splendeur de Dieu*." I say it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be! When a world not yet doomed for death is rushing down to ever deeper bareness and confusion, it is a dire necessity of nature's to bring in her *aristocracies*, her best, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to be the best, nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to baseness; and it becomes a dire necessity of nature's to cast them out. Hence French revolutions, fine point charters, democracies, and a mournful list of *etceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

ON THE PULPIT.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but by one means and another a church apparatus has been got together; roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries; pulpit, reading-desk, with books and methods; possibility, in short and strict prescription, that a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful; even in its greatest obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifulest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the industry of modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing and never so languidly making still some endeavour to save the souls of men: contrast him with with a man professing to do little but shoot the

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partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this speaking one, and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The speaking function, this of truth coming to us with a living voice, nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *devil* now is! Original Sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! Will he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight: or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct satans; and never see the real one till he feel him at his own throat and ours? That is a question for the world! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

THE FIRST ENGLISH RAILWAY.

"In 1821, an act was passed for making a railway—the FIRST of the modern or travelling class—between Darlington and Stockton. * * * *

"The directors would have been satisfied with a *ten mile* speed: and one of the umpires selected to adjudge the premium was Mr. Nicholas Wood, who, even after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington, had published, IN FAVOUR of locomotive engines, the following opinion:—

"'It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!'

"We suspect that the *enthusiast* here alluded to was Mr. George Stephenson. We have been informed that when he was about to appear as a witness before the committee on the first bill, he was earnestly entreated by the promoters of the measure not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of speed higher than ten miles an hour; and when, under the excitement of a cross-examination, he talked of fifteen or even twenty miles an hour, he was saluted with some by no means complimentary exclamations, and a strong intimation that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam."—*Quarterly Review, No.* 147, just published.

Truly, the only safe definition of NONSENSE we take to be that of the father of modern lexicography—"Sir, it is *nonsense* to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

The Gatherer.

Fire Escape.—At the late fire, which destroyed the Sun public house, in Gray's Inn Lane, two persons were saved by Mr. Wivell's fire escape, which in a few minutes was brought from the Foundling Hospital. Measures are taking to bring them into general use. Their efficacy has been so well tested that there can be no doubt that by their means many lives will be annually preserved, and much property saved from destruction.

The Ball that killed Nelson.—This fatal relic—preserved by the late Sir William Beatty, who was principal medical attendant on board the Victory at the time of the fatal event—has been presented by his eldest surviving brother, Captain Beatty, as an interesting national relic, to the Queen, and will, it is said, be deposited in Windsor Castle. Greenwich Hospital would seem to be its more appropriate place of deposit. The ball, with the particles of the coat and epaulette that were forced into the body, has been set within a crystal case, which is appropriately mounted with a double cable of gold around its circumference, and opens like a watch.—*Athenæum.*

Lord Byron.—Among the objects intrusted to the care of the banker Caccia, who was declared a bankrupt last May, was a box containing the MSS. of Lord Byron. The box, belonged to the Countess Guiccioli, to whom the great poet bequeathed his most precious *souvenirs*, was claimed on the 19th from the syndic of the bankruptcy by M. Micard, the attorney for the countess. Besides the MSS. of all the printed works of Lord Byron there are a few unpublished poems.—*Revue de Paris.*

Ancient Privilege of the Church.—In 1240, an accident, says Manning, happened in the Abbey of Waverley, which furnishes a striking picture of the times, as well as of the resolution and authority of an abbot. A young man, about Easter, was received into the house in the capacity of shoemaker to the convent, where he exercised his craft till about the beginning of August, when a party was sent by the king's orders to secure him on a charge of murder. They came, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of this holy body, executed the commission they were sent upon, and carried the young man away to prison. Astonished at this impious outrage on their privileges, and foreseeing, as their annalist very justly observes, that if things should go on at this rate there would soon be an end of all distinction between religious and seculars, the monks, having first agreed to suspend divine service in the house until satisfaction should be made, dismissed their abbot to the legate, Cardinal Otho, or

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Ottobon, at that time in England, with a proper representation of their case. The legate heard what they had to say, but stirred not in the matter. The abbot hereupon laid it before the king, requiring in pretty high terms, that God and Holy Church should be avenged of those irreverent officers, by an immediate restitution of their charge. The king seemed well enough inclined to gratify him; but, the lords and great men of the council interfering, all he could obtain was a promise to be heard upon his petition, on condition of taking off the interdict under which he had laid his convent. At the time appointed, the charters, muniments, and privileges of the order were laid before the king and council, who commented upon them as they thought fit, and not much to the advantage or satisfaction of the complainants. The friends of Holy Church prevailed; and it appearing upon the face of the charters, &c.—"That the precincts of abbeys and their estates were, by apostolical authority, exempted from the encroachments of all wicked and profane persons, *i. e.* from all lay visitations whatsoever, and inviolable as the altars of churches," the murderer was restored to the holy fraternity.

Sonnet.

Oh! when shall man th' invigorating air
Respire, unshackled by the Helots' chain.
Nor from his enervating toils repair,
Soon to return to waste what pow'rs remain.
His health and life for the oppressor's gain,
Oh, Heav'n! that energies should thus be lost,
Which, cultur'd, might to fame's proud height attain,
And prove, perchance, a nation's ardent boast.
If e'er the patriot's malediction rise,
Sure it must fall upon the shameless head
Of one who mocks fair freedom's type—the skies,
Dooming the subjected to toil for bread.
Beyond those limits nature has assign'd,
Blasting the fruit which else would dignify the mind. L. M. S.

The Madonna, of Loretto.—The treasure of the sanctuary of Our-Lady-of-Loretto has just vanished. The event has thrown the court of Rome into consternation. At the time the French conquered Italy, the pontificial government removed to Rome the Madonna's rich coffer, in order to shelter it from the profane covetousness of the conquerors. Since the restoration it has been conveyed back to Loretto, and new offerings had increased its richness. Count Rocchi, receiver-general of the province of Ancona, to whose custody the coffer of holy Loretto was intrusted, had embarked in an Austrian steamer to Trieste, and carried off the contents of all the coffers, the keys of which he had in his possession.—*Revue de Paris.*

The Upas Tree.—A living plant of this celebrated tree was lately presented to the Horticultural Society by the East India Company, and is now growing in the Chiswick-gardens. It is in perfect health, and, notwithstanding the fables of Dutch travellers, may be approached with safety. It is, however, so virulent a poison that no prudent person would handle it without proper precaution.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

To Friendship.

O Friendship! thou art all an idle name,
And unsubstantial as the summer cloud!
When Fortune favours, ardent is thy flame;
But when beneath her scowl the mind is bow'd
Thy lamp grows pale—and paler still it grows,
Till not a beam is left the hapless wight,
Of that resplendent glare, which round him rose
Erewhile, unneeded!—Now has fallen his night
Of need—Thy kindly succour would he ask,
To shield him from the shafts aim'd at his heart,
But, ah! 'tis vain: too well thou lov'st to bask
In Mammon's dazzling sunshine, to impart
One drachma of thy gold, e'en for an hour,
To snatch thy vot'ry from Oppression's pow'rs.

Shakspeare's Jug.—This relic of the immortal bard has found its way to Gloucester, having been purchased at Mrs. Turkerville's sale by Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, gunsmith, who purchased it for nineteen guineas and the duty. The jug is of cream-coloured earthenware, about nine inches in height, It is divided longitunally into eight compartments, and horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It was demised, with other effects of Shakspeare, to his sister Joan, who married William Hart, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Harts subsequently settled in Tewkesbury, and the jug was preserved by them through several generations with religious care; but a few years ago it passed out of their hands. Mrs. Fletcher is a direct descendant of the Harts, and by her spirited competition she has again brought the interesting relic into the possession of her family, which had for so many years preserved it.—*Times.*

Ancient Scoffers at Religion.—"To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended, 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but

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then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.'"—*Bishop Warburton.*

Sonnet on Burns.

It wasna like thee, Scotia, to gar pine,
Thy bonnie bard till Death stapt a' his tears,
And then, when a' was ower, to deave our ears
Wi' fu'some praises o' his fiery line.
Thou might ha' ken'd, methiuk, his soul divine
Was nae fit tenant o' the dull Excise,
Whar his big breast could hardly vent its sighs;
Writin' on an auld barrel that "Auld Lang Syne!"
But thou amaist made up for't, I opine,
When Scott cam on; and fand thee richt and true,
To him thou lifted aff the bannet blue,
And welcomed him wi' a' that heart o' thine.
Ah! Time's auld wheel 'ill mak fu monie turns,
Afore we'll hae anither Scott or Burns!

Professor Hope, of Edinburgh. — The Edinburgh newspapers of last week announce the death there of Professor Hope, who has so long and so successfully filled the chair of chemistry in the Scottish University—so justly honoured for its great men in this branch of science.

Poets Honoured. — The king of Prussia has presented his Order of Merit to the Italian poet, Manzoni, and the Danish, Oehlenschläger.

Death of M. Saint-Hilaire. — The Paris papers announce the decease of a well-known member of the Academy of Sciences in its anatomical and zoological section, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. M. Saint-Hilaire was professor of geology at the Museum of Natural History.

Paper-making. — The *Cheltenham Chronicle* states, that extensive mills have been taken at Chalford, near Stroud, for the manufacture of paper from *wheat-straw.* It is affirmed, that from this new material for paper-making, both the finest and coarsest qualities of paper, by a new process, can be produced.

Dr. Southey. — The committee for erecting the monument to the memory of Dr. Southey, have altered their original plan. Instead of a tablet with a medallion, they now propose a shrine, with a recumbent figure of the poet upon it, from a design by Mr. G. P. Lough.

Approaching Dangers.—"A greater revolution than the world has yet seen is still in the womb of time. Greater than that of France, but growing out of it. It will deal with property in a way that property has never yet been dealt with. The present unequal distribution of it is pregnant with convulsion. A darkness has long been collecting in the horizon, prophetic of a storm, that when it comes—and it is not very far in the distance—will shake the territorial aristocracy to its foundations. It will be felt—and fearfully too—by wealth of every kind, whether of inheritance or acquirement."—*Strictures on Coningsby.*

Trade Exhibitions in France.—There is in Paris a congregation of delegates from different European states, to the number of twenty-two, severally committed to examine into the proceedings of the great trade exhibition there going on, and the various productions exhibited.

Chinese Little Goes. — The Chinese, as a nation, are great gamblers; even the very poorest of them cannot resist temptation; and in one of the principal streets of Ning-Po, it is quite amusing to see, after nightfall, the numerous stalls of oranges, sweetmeats, and other trifling curiosities, at each of which there is a wheel of fortune or dice, surrounded by great numbers trying their luck with a few copper cash, and evincing by their looks and language the utmost interest in the stopping of the wheel or the throwing of the dice.

Ning-Po.—As a place of trade, Ning-Po has many advantages—it is itself a large town, in the midst of a populous country, and has excellent water communication with all parts of the empire, and doubtless will carry on an extensive trade with Europe and America.

Dalmas, condemned to be executed for murder, is stated to be a very able chemist, and to have a secret relating to sulphuric acid for sale, valued at 5,000*l.*

Singular Ordinance. — The Spanish government deeming uniformity of spelling a matter of national importance, have promulgated an ordinance to restore the orthography of the language to a system of uniformity. For some time it is complained that every teacher and professor has modified the spelling at his own caprice—an abuse threatening to exercise a fatal influence on the language, and create confusion and uncertainty in the interpretation of important documents. Accordingly, it is decreed, that without interfering with the right of every author in his works, to spell as he sees fit, all elementary professors shall teach conformity with the system of orthography adopted by the Royal Spanish Academy, on pain of losing their diploma.

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CORRESPONDENTS.

"Juno's!" question should have been answered sooner if we could have answered it satisfactorily. Cambodunum was the name of a city of Vindelicia, and of Almundbury, in Yorkshire, but we know of no place bearing the name she has forwarded. The present population of London is believed to be about 2,800,000.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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The Mirror

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THE WANDERING JEW.

DAGOBERT AND HIS LAUNDRY.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER IV. (*continued.*)

To return. Dagobert, to the astonishment of a number of beer-drinkers seated at the window of the *auberge*, was busily washing. Morok, at this moment making his appearance, advanced towards him, and looking at him attentively, said,

"It appears, friend, that you place no confidence in the washerwomen of Mockern."

Dagobert looked up, knitted his brow, and continued his avocation in silence.

Astonished at not receiving an answer, Morok added,

"You are French, my brave fellow. I am not mistaken. Those scars on your arm, and your military appearance, plainly indicate that you are an old soldier of the Empire. For a hero, your occupation is rather feminine."

Dagobert, remaining silent, bit his lips, while the velocity with which he rubbed the soap upon the handkerchief he had in one hand, plainly showed the state of his feelings.

Morok, far from being astonished, continued,

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"I am certain, my brave fellow, that you are neither deaf nor dumb; therefore, I should like to know how it is that you will not answer my question."

Dagobert, losing controul over himself, turned abruptly round, and said, in a deep, hollow tone,

"I do not know you, sir, nor do I wish to do so. Leave me." He then resumed his labour.

"A glass of wine, my good fellow, will establish our acquaintanceship. I have been at the wars as well as you; a recital of our campaigns will tend to make us friends, and cause you to be more civil."

The veins in Dagobert's bald head became swollen with rage, for he perceived, in the looks of his interlocutor, something provoking and insolent. Still he remained silent.

"Why will you not take a glass of wine with me? We shall speak of France; it is a fine country. I was a long time there. When I meet a Frenchman, I am always delighted, especially when he can handle soap as you do. If I had a housekeeper, I should certainly put her under your charge."

This taunt, in conjunction with the insolent look that accompanied it, at once told Dagobert that a serious quarrel might ensue, to avoid which, he seized his bucket, and carried it to the other end of the porch, hoping thus to terminate an affair which exercised so much of his patience.

A savage glare lit up the countenance of the beast-tamer; while the white circle that surrounded his eyeballs, dilated with apparent satisfaction. He thrust his fingers through his long beard; then, followed by a number of persons who had left the room to witness the scene, he slowly walked up to the soldier.

Dagobert, maddened at the impudence and effrontery of the man, was about to break the washing-bowl over his skull; but he thought of the orphans, and immediately became resigned.

Morok, crossing his arms on his breast, said, in a dry and insolent tone, "Assuredly this man of soap lacks all politeness." Then, turning to the spectators, he added, "I have told this Frenchman with the long moustaches that he is not civil. I think he would be none the worse for a lesson at our hands. Heaven preserve me from being quarrelsome!" he added, sanctimoniously; "I am the servant of the Lord, and do his work; therefore, to fulfil his wishes, I must demand respect."

This impudent termination pleased the audience, who had, long before the prophet's arrival, heard of his fame; besides, they were to witness his wonderful performances the following day.

The affair now began to assume a serious aspect. Spectators, assembling from all sides, formed a circle round the two disputants.

"I said," the prophet continued, "that you were not civil; and now I tell you that you are an uncouth fellow. Have you anything to say to that?"

"Nothing," Dagobert coolly replied.

"Nothing!" retorted Morok; "but I shall be brief with you. When an honest man offers a stranger a glass of wine, that stranger ought to be taught manners who receives the kindness tendered him with rudeness."

Large drops of perspiration broke upon the forehead of Dagobert, while the bushy tuft of hair that hung from his under lip quivered convulsively. Still he subdued his rage, and taking up one of the handkerchiefs, he began to wring it, humming between his teeth the old barrack ditty:—

"From Tulemont, seat of the devil,
To-morrow by day-break we'll set out,
With sword in hand,
Bidding adieu to, &c., &c.

As the latter part of the verse is rather freely worded, we suppress it.

Morok turned round to the spectators, and with a hypocritical air, said, "We are aware that the soldiers of Napoleon were pagans, who made stables of churches, and did, a hundred times a day, unsightly things in the eyes of the Lord, and who were justly slaughtered and drowned, like so many Pharoahs, at Beresina; but we did not know that the Lord, to punish these miscreants, had now deprived them of courage, which was all that they formerly possessed. Behold the man who has insulted one of God's anointed servants; he pretends not to understand that I must have an apology, or else—"

"Or else," repeated Dagobert, without looking at the prophet.

"Or else I shall have satisfaction. I told you that I had also been in the battle-field. We shall find swords here, and to-morrow, by break of day, meet me behind these ruins, and we shall see what colour our blood is—that is to say, if you have any in your veins."

The spectators, who did not expect such a tragical *denouément*, began to be afraid.

"Fight! what an idea!" cried one; "you seem envious of a wooden doublet. Are you not aware that the law here is very strict in regard to duelling? If you are only taken with arms in your hands, the burgomaster will instantly imprison you, and you will have three months of it before your trial comes on."

"You would not inform against us?" said the prophet.

"No, not we," said the burghers, "but we would advise you to profit by the friendly advice."

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"I care little for prison," said the prophet; "let us have swords, and to-morrow I shall think of what the burgomaster can say or do."

"And what would you do with swords?" coolly demanded Dagobert.

"When you have one in your hand and I one in mine, you shall see how I respect the honour of the Lord."

Dagobert shrugged his shoulders, bundled up his clothes, tied them in a handkerchief; then, wiped the soap, put it carefully into a little glazed bag, and, whistling his favourite air of Tulemont, began to walk away.

The prophet, being afraid that his provocation would not take effect, contracted his eyebrows, and advancing towards Dagobert, stood erect, as if to stop him; then crossing his arms upon his breast, and measuring him from head to foot with a look of contempt, said:

"Is it so, that one of the brigand Napoleon's old soldiers is only fit to be a washerwoman, and refuses to give satisfaction?"

"Yes," Dagobert replied, with a firm voice, his face pale with rage; "yes, he refuses to fight."

The soldier, who was ever distinguished for his bravery, could not have given a more touching mark of his love for the orphans, than submitting to this insult.

"You are a mean coward, and your fear is an acknowledgment of it," added the prophet.

At these words Dagobert seemed to lose all presence of mind, and was about to give way to his passion, when a sudden thought crossed him, and he remained silent, his pale forehead covered with perspiration. The menacing and terrible look of the soldier awed the prophet and the lookers-on, who simultaneously drew back a few steps. A profound silence reigned for a short time, which was broken by one of the spectators, who said:

"That man, I'll warrant, is no coward. To refuse to fight often evinces as much courage as to accept a challenge. In fact, I think the prophet is in the wrong. This is a stranger, and if caught fighting would be subject to imprisonment."

And, added another, "He is a traveller, with two young girls, and therefore not in a position to fight for a trifle. If he were killed, or taken prisoner, what would become of the poor children?"

Dagobert turned towards the last speaker, who was a tall man, with an open and frank countenance, and holding out his hand, said, with emotion, "Thank you, sir, thank you!"

The man warmly grasped the hand extended to him, saying, "You must accept a bowl of punch. We shall force this devil of a prophet to acknowledge that he has been too hasty with you, and make him drink with us."

The tamer of beasts, annoyed at the turn which matters had taken, looked with disdain at those who had abandoned his cause; then, softening his features, deeming such advisable for the furtherence of his projects, he advanced towards the soldier, and said, with a tolerably good grace:

"Well, perhaps these gentlemen are in the right. Your strange reception hurt me, and I lost command of myself. Again I say I was wrong: humility is the command of the Lord."

This act of repentance was received with plaudits by the spectators, who strongly urged Dagobert to take a glass of wine with them.

"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness; you are honourable men, and know that the accepter of a glass of wine is always expected to give one in return. Poverty is no vice; I have not the means of offering you a glass in return, therefore I cannot accept one. We have still a long way to go, and must not incur any useless expense."

These words were uttered with an unaffected air, and with so firm a tone, that the parties pressed him no further, sensible that a man of his disposition could not accept it without humiliation.

"I am sorry for it," said the tall man; "I should like to have had a glass with you. Good night, my brave soldier, it is growing late, and the landlord of the White Falcon will soon be turning us out."

"Good night, gentlemen," said Dagobert, directing his steps towards the stable, to give his horse his second and last feed for the evening.

Morok walked up to Dagobert, and said in a submissive tone—

"I acknowledged that I was wrong, I asked your pardon, but you did not answer. Have you now anything to say to me?"

"If I should ever meet you when my children no longer require me," said the veteran, in a gruff tone, "I will say two words to you, but they shall be short and to the point."

Then turning his back suddenly upon the prophet, he walked slowly out of the court-yard.

The buildings of the White Falcon formed a parallelogram; one of the extremities being the principal building, while the servants' dwelling, in which were rooms generally let out at a low price, formed the other. A vaulted passage through the building led to the open fields, and on each side of the court were coach and cart sheds, surmounted with granaries and hay-lofts. Dagobert entered one of the stables with a quantity of oats that he had prepared for his horse, put them into a small sieve, and approaching Jovial, began to shake it. To his astonishment his travelling companion

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whose wont it was to paw impatiently with its fore-foot, remained motionless. By the light of a stable-lantern, he saw that the poor animal was in the greatest terror, his head in the air, his ears lying flat, his hair bristling, and convulsions agitating his whole frame.

"Well, old Jovial," said Dagobert, putting the sieve on the ground, and thinking of the insult which he had just received; "Well, Jovial, you are not usually a coward, but, like your master, you *can* be frightened."

The stable was very large, and was only lighted by a lantern, hanging from the ceiling, which was smothered in cobwebs. Separated from Jovial by three or four stalls, were three powerful black horses, calm and quiet, which belonged to the prophet. Dagobert was struck with the singular contrast. He caressed Jovial, who by degrees became quiet, and licked the hands of his master.

"This is the way I like to see you. Now you know me."

At this moment a tremendous roaring, that seemed to come from the stable, terterrified Jovial. He broke his thong, leaped over the bar of the stall, and bounded into the court-yard.

Dagobert started at the roaring of the wild beasts, which at once accounted for the terror experienced by Jovial. A thin partition alone separated the stable from the menagerie. The prophet's horses, accustomed to these sounds, remained perfectly quiet.

"Very good," said the soldier. "I can now account for poor Jovial's fear." Then, taking up the sieve, he added, "There must be more stables here. Once installed, he will eat his corn. We shall start early in the morning."

Jovial, at the soldier's call, immediately approached his master, who, having inquired of an ostler for a vacant stable, was pointed to one for a single horse. Completely at ease, and eating his provender, Dagobert closed the stable-door, and hastened to supper, that he might return to the orphans, whom he had, to his regret, left so long alone.

CHAPTER V.—ROSE AND BLANCHE.

The orphans occupied a small dilapidated room in one of the most remote buildings of the *auberge*, the only window of which looked into the open fields. The furniture consisted of a small bed, a table, two chairs, and a lamp, which shed its dim light upon the two lovely faces of the sisters, and upon Rabat Joie, who was stretched at full length near the door, and who had twice growled surlily in looking at the window.

The orphans were lying in bed, chatting and laughing, for, notwithstanding their early griefs, their naturally cheerful dispo sition buoyed them up. The remembrance of their mother produced no bitter feelings, but caused a soothing melancholy, which they delighted in. To them their adored mother was not dead; she was only absent for a time.

Almost as ignorant as Dagobert in religious matters (for in the desert, where they had lived, there were neither churches nor priests), they believed that God, who was just and good, favoured the poor mother who left children behind her; that she could always see them, always hear them, and often sent guardian angels to protect them.

This evening the orphans, while waiting for Dagobert, were busily occupying their little heads about a secret which caused their young hearts to beat.

"Do you think he will come to night?"

"Yes, I am sure he will, because he promised: he never breaks his word."

"Is it not a great blessing, Rose, that he loves us both at the same time?"

"He could not do otherwise, since he tells us that we have but one heart."

"What would have become of the forsaken one?"

"How difficult for him to have made a choice, we resemble each other so much."

"And to get over the difficulty," said Rose, laughingly, "he has chosen us both."

"He is to be with us at Paris; wont we be happy with him and Dagobert in that large city. I think it must be a place of gold."

"Yes, sister; a city in which everybody must be happy and good."

"Everybody will love us; and then we shall be with our dear Gabriel."

"He has never spoken to us about Paris. We must ask him to-night."

"But," added Rose, after a few moments' reflection, "should we not tell all to Dagobert?"

"Yes, we shall tell him everything, as we did to our dear mother."

At this moment the dog growled, fixing its eyes upon the window. Rose clung close to her sister, saying,

"There is surely something the matter. Do you hear Rabat Joie?"

Blanche put her little white hand over the side of the bed, called the dog, which approached her, keeping its eyes upon the window, and then put its large and intelligent head upon the counterpane.

"Who are you scolding, Rabat Joie?" said Rose, patting it on the head. "Poor thing, he is always restless when Dagobert is away."

"Do you not think that he is later than usual?"

"O, he will be currying Jovial.

"Poor beast, he is always happy. We

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forgot to bid him good evening; but no doubt Dagobert would do it for us."

"Dagobert does everything himself, and we are so idle. I wish we were rich, then we would not allow him to do anything."

"Rich, we rich! Alas, sister, we shall always remain poor orphans."

"But the medal."

"Very true; there must be something connected with it. Dagobert, who promised to tell us all to-night, said, that had it not been for the medal, we should not have undertaken this journey."

At this moment two panes of glass were shattered to pieces, which so frightened the orphans, that they threw themselves screaming into each other's arms, while the dog, barking furiously, rushed to the window.

Pale, trembling, and holding in their breath from fear, the orphans could not muster courage to look towards the window, where Rabat Joie, his fore-paws extended, continued barking.

"O, what is the matter?" murmured the orphans; "O, where can Dagobert be?"

"Listen! listen! somebody is coming! They are not the footsteps of Dagobert. Rabat Joie, defend us!"

A heavy footstep resounded on the wooden staircase, and a singular rustling noise was heard along the thin partition that separated the two rooms, which terminated with a heavy fall that shook the door. The poor orphans, overwhelmed with terror, looked at each other in silence. The door was opened; Dagobert stood before them. The orphans kissed each other in joy, as if they had escaped from some imminent danger, and looking at Dagobert, Rose said, with a palpitating voice,

"We did not know your step, it was so heavy; and then the noise behind the partition!"

"My little cowards, did you think that I could get up the stairs, my bed upon my back, with footsteps as light as yours?"

"O, what fools we are!" Then the faces of the orphans, that had turned pale together, again resumed their bloom.

"What is the matter with Rabat Joie?" Dagobert demanded, seeing the dog at the window barking.

"We do not know. Two windows have just been broken. It was that that first frightened us."

Dagobert ran to the window, listened, then said to his dog—

"Leap out, my brave fellow, and if you see any one, seize him, and do not let go your hold till I come to your assistance."

The dog did as he was told, but came back without finding any one.

"Ah, well, my old fellow," said Dagobert, "you could see no one."

The dog barked, the negative meaning of which seemed to be understood by the soldier, who added—

"Well, take another turn, and go into the court-yard. Search well."

Then looking at the orphans, he enquired how the windows were broken.

"It seemed to us as if a shutter had been slammed against the window."

Dagobert examined the lattice, and observing a hook intended to fasten the window in the inside, said—

"The wind is strong; probably the lattice has been closed violently by it, and the hook has broken the windows. Yes, yes, that's it. What end could anybody have in playing such a trick? Well, my children, do not be afraid; it was nothing after all. You know I have something to tell you to-night."

"We also have something to tell you, Dagobert," said Rose, "which is very important. It is a secret, a secret which affects both of us."

"Affect both of you! that I believe. Are you not, as the proverb goes, two heads under one hood."

"I believe so," said Rose, laughing, "when you put both our heads under the hood of your great pelisse."

"You little quiz, you have always the best of it. But to your secret, my young ladies, since you have made up your mind to tell me."

"You tell it, sister," said Blanche.

"No, miss," said Dagobert; "it is your turn. You are the elder sister to-day, and the divulging of such an important secret as you speak of, falls certainly to the eldest."

CHAPTER VI.—THE SECRET.

"First, my good Dagobert," said Rose, "since we are going to tell you our secret, promise that you will not scold us."

"Scold you, my little dears, why scold you? Go on, I am all attention."

"Well, Dagobert, you must know that we had a visitor the last two evenings."

"A visitor," said the soldier, starting in his chair.

"Yes, Dagobert, with brown hair, and large blue eyes."

Dagobert again started, and inquired impatiently, "How it was possible for anybody to enter when he was at the door, and Rabat Joie at the window of the apartment."

The orphans laughed heartily at Dagobert, in whose countenance the most inconceivable astonishment was depicted.

"Laugh on, my little ones," he said, with rather a sullen air. "I like to see you amusing yourselves; but you must think me an old fool for listening to your tales. You wish to make fun of me."

"What we say is true, dear Dagobert—you are getting angry with us. We will

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not laugh any more, but speak to you of our friend Gabriel."

"He has a name, too."

"Yes, Dagobert. Gabriel is his name. Is it not pretty. Oh, when you see him, you will love him as we do."

"I love your Gabriel," said the soldier, shrugging his soldiers. "I must see him, and know—" then interrupting himself, he added, "Strange—that brings to my recollection the letter your father, on his return to France, brought me from my wife. She said, that poor as she was, and although she was nursing our little Agricol, who was growing very fast, that she had adopted a foundling, whose name was Gabriel, and who had the face of an angel."

"Now that you have a Gabriel, too, you must love ours."

"Yours? come—let me see him, then I shall consider."

"You know, Dagobert, that Blanche and I always sleep clasping each others' hands. Well, two nights ago, immediately on falling asleep, we had a dream—"

"A dream?" said the soldier with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes. We saw a beautiful angel with a long white robe, fair hair, and large blue eyes. We joined our hands and were going to pray, when he said, with a soft voice, that his name was Gabriel, that our mother sent him to be our guardian angel, and that he would never forsake us. Then, after stopping a short time, his eyes fixed on ours, he left us, saying that he would come back again next evening."

"And did he come back?"

"Certainly; but this time he spoke a great deal, giving us, in the name of our mother, good and pleasing advice. The next day Rose and I spent all our time in calling to our recollection every little word that our guardian angel had spoken."

"Ah! I remember, young ladies," said Dagobert. "That was the reason why you were whispering all day long, and when I asked you one thing you answered something else."

"Yes, Dagobert, we were thinking of Gabriel."

"I shall become jealous of this Gabriel of yours. But dream on, my children, your first dream has interested you, and by force of speaking of it next day, you dreamt the same a second time; indeed, it would not astonish me should your handsome night-bird make his third appearance."

"Oh, Dagobert, do not joke about our dream, for it seems to us that our mother sends this guardian angel to protect us."

"Well, well; we must now speak of other matters; the time is come when I must tell you everything."

After a few minutes' silence the veteran said, "Your father, General Simon, was the son of an honest tradesman. He enlisted as a private soldier, became a general, and afterwards marshall of the empire."

"Our father was, then, brave; was he not, Dagobert?"

"Yes; and good, too; with such courage and strength, he could not be otherwise. Well, it is now nineteen years since the general fell dangerously wounded at the tree that I pointed out to you. I ran to his assistance, but five minutes afterwards we were taken prisoners by a Frenchman; yes, a renegade, a colonel in the Russian service. When this marquis said, in advancing towards your father, 'Surrender, sir, to a countryman,' your father replied, 'A Frenchman who fights against France, is no longer a countryman of mine; he is a traitor, and to him I shall never yield,' then wounded and bleeding as he was, he crawled towards a Russian grenadier, saying 'I yield myself up to you, my brave fellow.' The marquis became pale with rage."

The orphans looked at each other with pride; their cheeks became flushed, and they cried, "Oh, brave father, brave father."

"Ah, my children," Dagobert said, "I can easily see that you have a soldier's blood in your veins." He then continued: "The general's horse was killed under him, and I gave him Jovial, who had not been wounded that day. We arrived at Warsaw, where your father became acquainted with your mother, who was called the Pearl of Warsaw. Your father, who admired everything that was good and lovely, became enamoured of her, and she in her turn loved him; but her parents had promised her to another, and that other—"

At that moment Rose gave a piercing scream, and shuddering, pointed to the window.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XVII.—ANONYMOUS WRITERS.

The severity with which the law of libel was put in force, to which I have already adverted, rendered many writers shy of affixing their names to their productions. The stringent measures adopted towards Samson Perry, the editor of the "Argus," sufficiently betrayed the disposition of the reigning powers to punish such free-writers as publicly avowed their works; but in two instances, both occurrences towards the close of the century, the government was seriously baffled by the strict incognito preserved by two inveterate enemies, who, under assumed appellations, "Junius" and "Peter Pindar," sent forth such shafts of profound reasoning and acute satire as drew

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upon them the virulent hostility of the ministry, and would have subjected them to the heaviest pains and penalties, could they have been detected. But it is scarcely just to unite the names of "Junius" and "Peter Pindar;" the former was the shrewd political economist, deep in legal knowledge and bold in expression; the latter was the disappointed placeman, often frivolous and objectionable—witty and satirical at best. "Junius" preserved his mystery against the most searching inquiry, and took precautions to maintain its secrecy even after death. "Pindar" was discovered to be Dr. Walcott, and while he was still living, his authorship of the famous essays, if not actually avowed by himself, was at least sufficiently notorious. "Junius" attacked the acts and errors of the government with argument for his weapon; satire was the shaft which "Pindar" directed against the government itself, and more especially against the sovereign George the Third. But, yet, widely differing as they did in these respects, the names of "Junius" and "Peter Pindar" must be, in some degree, classed as the most popular and the most powerful anonymous political writers of the eighteenth century.

Though not from the same fear of prosecution, Addison and Steele, in the early part of the century chose to conceal their real names in conducting their celebrated magazines, the "Tatler" and the "Guardian," appearing in the former as "Isaac Bickerstaff," and in the latter as "Nestor Ironside." Their motives for this concealment it is not easy to define, as the productions to which these assumed appellations were attached contained nothing that could be tortured by the keenest attorney-general into libel or sedition. Yet, not only during the progress of their publication, but for years after the works were completed, the "Tatler" was put forth as the production of "Isaac Bickerstaff," and the "Guardian" as that of "Nestor Ironside."

Twenty years later, Edward Cave, the editor and founder of the "Gentleman's Magazine," assumed the name of "Sylvanus Urban," an appellation which continued to be affixed to the title-page of that periodical long after Cave's decease.

And, now, once more returning to the spot whence I started—"Junius" and "Peter Pindar" again appear upon the stage. Many have been the shrewd guesses relative to the identity of the former writer. Some have *supposed* it was Mr. Grattan, whilst others were "quite certain" it was Sir Philip Francis. In short, the famous "letters" were attributed indiscriminately to every politician of the day, without distinction of party or opinion, and a member of the government was, for lack of a better, occasionally suspected of being the writer of the very works which so severely attacked the measures of government. But every conjecture terminated in uncertainty. Woodfall was the publisher of the letters, but, like "a good man and true," he never divulged the secret of his author, even if he had been himself entrusted with it; and who that author was is as uncertain and undecided now as when his strong language and free remarks first called forth the anger of the government.

Somewhat different was the case of "Peter Pindar." Instead of exciting serious consideration, his satirical genius turned everything into ridicule, and provoked a hearty laugh at the government's expense, but nothing more; and the king whom he had lampooned, and the ministry which he had caricatured, scarcely considered it worth their while, or consistent with their dignity, to enquire into his history. The comparative insignificance of his attacks, rather than the disguise which he had assumed, preserved him from prosecution.

CHAPTER XVIII.—PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The last of the public resorts of the eighteenth century has lately closed for ever, and Vauxhall, or (as it was called in the days of the "Spectator") Spring Garden, is no more! Yet it has only followed the example of the Ranelagh, Marylebone Gardens, and Bagnigge Wells; all of which, once so crowded by "people of quality," and the world of fashion, gradually declined, now becoming the resorts of the lower classes only, at last forming the site of modern buildings. Yes, Cupar's Gardens, the Ranelagh, and the "Marylebone," are now covered with houses; their glory, like the coloured lamps that illumined their romantic avenues, is extinguished; the melodies of Ashton and Nicolini have ceased to echo through their shady groves; their theatres are demolished, their boxes and rural seats removed; their trees cut down, and gloomy streets and rows of dingy houses have usurped their place. "And what were the amusements which attracted such crowds to these resorts?" some reader will inquire who dates his birth in the nineteenth century, "what were the amusements furnished at these Ranelaghs and Marylebones for the visitors' entertainment?" The principal objects of the fashionable attendants were to see and to be seen—to promenade from ten at night till two in the morning along the "genteel walks," to criticise friend Tom's wig, or Jack Brown's coat—to gaze at the company—hear a few staves of some signor's song, and wind up the evening with an assignation. But "vulgar people"—to wit, country visitors and London tradesmen—who were desirous of having the full worth of their shillings and half-crowns, were waiting at

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the gates an hour before the time of opening, listened to the music, and rapturously encored every song, gazed at the waterworks and laughed loudly at the fireworks, traversed the gardens from end to end, and then, unlike their more fashionable companions, instead of repairing to a box to sip sour wine and demolish meagre sandwiches, quitted the gardens no sooner than they were obliged, and adjourned to the neighbouring taverns to discuss a hearty supper.

Then there were the theatres in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and, towards the latter part of the century, Foote's and Colman's "little summer theatre in the Haymarket." But the charges for admission were high, and these resorts were frequented only by the more wealthy classes. Yet, what a rush there was when the entrance doors were opened—and what a harvest for the pickpockets!

These places of public amusement were also, as they always will be to some extent, the resorts of loose characters of both sexes, who were enabled to pursue their improper practices, and make them a species of exchange for the transaction of their business. The ladies of this character openly frequented the theatres and public gardens, and usually wore masks for the purpose of being at once concealed and easily distinguished. And so great a distinction was the reputation of being a wanton at one time considered, that, we are told in a note to the "Spectator," on the first evening of a new play, virtuous women visited the theatre in masks as the characteristic mark of their being ladies of pleasure! *proh pudor!*

But there were other places of fashionable resort—the springs and wells of the metropolis. Of these, Islington Spa, Bagnigge Wells, and St. Chad's Well, were the most popular; and to these now slighted spots the quality of the eighteenth century were wont to repair, to "drink the waters," and to pass away the time.

But, amid all the provisions for the entertainment of the wealthy, the lower classes were not forgotten. For those who could not afford the luxuries of Vauxhall, or Islington Spa, there were Copenhagen House, Peerless Pool, Hornsey Wood House—all in the neighbourhood of Islington—Cupar's Gardens, where the church in Waterloo Road is now seen, and the Dog and Duck, on the site of New Bedlam; where the poorer citizens might ramble in the green lanes after the business of the day, or sit upon the rustic benches, and enjoy a comfortable glass of "purl," or "twopenny," with a rural prospect of grassy fields before them. Aye, reader, the printer has made no error—I said fields, for London did not then extend to Islington and Camberwell, and the merry suburban villages were divided from the great metropolis by green fields and verdant plains. But how everything is changed; the green lanes and budding hedges are converted into paved streets lined with towering houses. Copenhagen House and Peerless Pool—where are they now? And where their former visitors—the lower classes? Alas! they are dissipating their little money at the gin-shops, or imbibing vice with their liquor at the penny theatres and "saloon" concerts! How different from the happy, jovial, but harmless, amusements of their grandsires—how changed the scenes! how changed the men!

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

HISTORY OF ROME,

BY PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER I.—THE FOUNDATION.

Historians are not agreed as to the origin of the name of Rome. Some will have it that a band of Pelasgian troubadours having roamed all over Europe, arrived with their hurgy-gurdies at the Palatine Hill, and there laid the foundation of the Roman, *quasi*, roaming people. Another set of veracious romancers affirm, that when Troy was taken, certain Trojans who escaped fled to Italy, and came to an anchor in the river Tiber. That some of them having landed, had a white-bait jollification on shore, and returning to the fleet, humourously set it on fire; whence being obliged, like clipped pigeons, to remain where they were, they amused themselves with building a city, on which they appropriately bestowed the name of their patron saint or spirit—Rum.*

Others, but this is too absurd to gain credence, have stated that Rome or Roma was so called after a female of that name, the wife of the colonising chief.

Some writers explain the matter by attributing the origin of Rome to the circumstance that the rate-payers of Lavinium and other parishes of Latium, complaining of a surplus population, sought room for it on the Palatine: and commemorated the event by bestowing the name of Room or Rome upon the settlement.

The more received account (A. M. 2294) is found in the veritable History of Æneas, the pious vagabond, written by Publius Virgil, Esq. Æneas came to Italy a widower, and there married the lovely young Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, king of the Latins; and after piously slaughtering Tur-

* Vide Plutarch's "Life of Romulus." Edit. in usum Punchii.

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nus and Lausus, and several other unnecessary persons, was himself killed by the infidel Mezentius, Laurus' father, who had the impertinence thus to revenge his son's death upon the pious hero.

It is further related that the fourteenth king, in a direct line from Æneas, left to his two sons, Messrs. Numitor and Amulius, to the one all his land, and to the other all his floating capital, which it is very evident was even a more absurd and wanton division than if he had left the one all his beef, and the other all his mustard. The natural consequence, to use the words of Ricardo, was utterly to destroy the equilibrium of these two elements of production: and the man of money, Amulius, soon sent the landed representative of interest, Numitor, to the right about, having hooked him into a mortgage which he contrived to foreclose. Not content with this, he dispatched his two nephews; and sent Rhea Sylvia, his only niece, to a nunnery, in order to prevent any chance of heirs in that quarter: but, unfortunately for his plans, Miss Sylvia eloped with an officer of the guards. Masters Romulus and Remus, the offspring of this elopement, were discovered by their cruel grand-uncle, who ordered them forthwith to be drowned; but a kind old country lady, of the name of Mrs. Wolfe, happened to be strolling along the Tiber at the very time, and rescued them; and handed them over to the care of the king's herdsman and his wife to be nursed.

As the twins grew up they became very wild fellows; and Remus being at length apprehended for poaching on Amulius' preserves, was rescued by his brother and other shepherds, who fell upon the king, and killed him; and Numitor, who had been deposed for forty-two years, recognised his grandsons by a mole under each of their noses, and was restored to the throne.

At this time there was a great rage for colonising, and Numitor's grandsons being bitten by the mania, determined to found a settlement among the hills where they had been brought up. A preliminary expedition to choose and survey a proper site was soon prepared. In order to determine which of the brothers should be named the principal agent at the new settlement, it was agreed, on the recommendation of the augurs, that they should walk up one of the streets of Lavinium (their grandfather's capital, built by Æneas), one upon one side, and the other upon the other, and whoever should happen to see the greater number of cats on the side opposite to that on which he walked was to receive the appointment. Romulus, who was a very knowing fellow, chose the shady side of the walk, and saw a dozen basking in the sun. Remus saw only two; but insisted that he had seen them *first*, and held that he was entitled to be appointed. A quarrel ensued; Remus, at last, jumping upon the plan of the new settlement, wished Romulus joy of his humbug city, and promised that he should soon have one of his own, which he would make the capital of all Italy; and so saying, took his departure in high dudgeon. Plutarch will have it that he was despatched by Romulus, but Plutarch, with all respect, is rather too fond of slaying his *dramatis personæ*. If he was despatched, it was only out of the town, and in double quick time.

Romulus, being now sole commander, set about the allocation of the lands. The town, which he called Rome, he laid out in six hundred and forty sections, of one acre each, making up one square mile; and the suburban sections extended over about eight square miles to the hills in the background. As the town and suburban allotments were bounded by a hilly semicircle, it was resolved to choose the rural lands at some distance, and morayers were despatched to make the requisite tour of discovery. In the meantime, it was no easy matter to people even the foreground; and runaway convicts and sailors from Alba, Longa, and other places, were invited to join the young adventurers.

Thus was founded Rome, the mistress and schoolmistress of the world.

Questions for Examination.

1. Are historians agreed about the origin of the name of Rome?
2. Was it derived from *roaming*? from *rum*? from *room*? from Romulus?
3. Did Æneas marry the lovely young Lavinia?
4. Did he slay Turnus and Mezentius? Or did Mezentius slay him?
5. Who were Numitor and Amulius?
6. If Romulus' father was Numitor's son, what relation was Romulus to Numitor?
7. Who was Mrs. Wolfe?
8. What sort of a person was Remus?
9. Was he Romulus' brother?
10. How did they determine which was to be king?
11. Are we to believe everything that Plutarch tells us? or Mr. Babbington McAulay?
12. Were the first inhabitants of Rome very respectable people?

EDMUND BURKE AND HIS PENSION.

The Correspondence of Burke, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Burke, furnish us with some particulars under which Burke received the pension of £300 per annum, during the vice-royalty of Lord

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Halifax. They are interesting, not only with regard to politics, but in a literary point of view. To Mr. Secretary Hamilton, Burke wrote, in 1763, claiming that the whole of his time should not be regarded as given up for his annual allowance. "You may recollect," he says, "when you did me the honour to take me as a companion in your studies, you found me with the little work we spoke of last Tuesday, as a sort of rent charge on my thoughts. I informed you of this, and you acquiesced in it. You are now so generous (and it is but strict justice to allow, that upon all occasions you have been so), to offer to free me from this burthen. But, in fact, though I am extremely desirous of deferring the accomplishment, I have no notion of entirely suppressing that work; and this upon two principles, not solely confined to that work, but which extend much farther, and indeed to the plan of my whole life. Whatever advantages I have acquired, and even that advantage which I must reckon as the greatest and most pleasiug of them, have been owing to some small degree of literary reputation. It will be hard to persuade me that any farther services which your kindness may propose for me, or any in which my friends may wish to cooperate with you, will not be greatly facilitated by doing something to cultivate and keep alive the same reputation. I am fully sensible, that this reputation may be at least as much hazarded, as forwarded, by new publications. But because a certain oblivion is the consequence, to writers of my inferior class, of an entire neglect of publication, I consider it such a risk as sometimes must be run. For this purpose, some short time, at convenient intervals, and especially at the dead time of the year, will be requisite to study, and consult proper books. These times, as you very well know, cannot be easily defined; nor indeed is it necessary they should. The matter may be very easily settled by a good understanding between ourselves; and by a discreet liberty, which I think you would not wish to restrain, nor I to abuse. I am not so unreasonable, nor absurd enough, to think I have any title to so considerable a share in your interest as I have had, and hope still to have, without any or but an insignificant return on my side; especially as I am conscious that my best and most continued endeavours are of no very great value. I know that your business ought, on all occasions, to have the preference; to be the first and the last, and, indeed, in all respects, the main concern. All I contend for is, that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time, and due subordination; the fixing the times for them to be left entirely to yourself."

The matter which he thought could be "so very easily settled by a good understanding," was soon arranged, but the "good understanding" did not last long. Hamilton wished to secure Burke from changing his positions. To this the latter would not consent. He expostulated with the secretary. "What is that unkindness and misbehaviour," he asked, "of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed, as a proof of friendship and gratitude, in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure. What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand, or refusal, the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful."

Hamilton's answer may be taken as a model for repulsive letter-writing.

"Dear Sir,—As you thought it polite to answer my letter, I conclude you would think it impolite if I did not at least acknowledge yours. I have only to say, that I have thought as coolly as I can, and what is more, as I wish to think, upon a subject on which I am so much hurt. I approve entirely of your idea, that we should not write, in order to avoid altercation; and, for the same reason, I am of opinion we should not converse. Yours, &c."

Burke's pension ceased in 1765. Of Hamilton he writes, that "he could never comprehend, even in theory, what friendship or affection was; being, as far as I was capable of observing, totally destitute of either friendship or enmity, but rather inclined to respect those who treat him ill."

The trait is sufficiently common-place. The mean and the ungrateful are awake to fear, and fear disposes them to conciliate those, who having outraged them once, have proved they know how to wound. His obligations to the secretary, Burke summed up in these words:

"Six of the best years of my life he took me from every pursuit of literary reputation, or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune (a very great one), and he has also taken to himself the very little one which I had made. In all this time, you may easily conceive how much I felt at seeing myself left behind by almost all my contemporaries.

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POETRY:

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

Poeta nascitur, non fit, was the assertion of an ancient writer, and although I cannot agree in the notion of *innate* or *ready made* talent, yet I think that it is as well, and even desirable, that poets should foster the notion that their aptitude for poetising is a gift *specially* bestowed on them by the Deity, and, therefore, demanding their particular care in employing it for high and noble purposes, and never consenting to prostitute it to please the vitiated and unambitious portion of the community. Yes: let the poet regard his power of verse-making as a gift, and let him ever deem it a part of his earthly mission to display its attractive and persuasive charms in ways best calculated to elevate and ennoble the mind of man, so as to elicit the tender sympathy and gratitude of the heart, and to awaken the soul to a consciousness of its independent existence, its spirituality, immortality, and future destiny. The poet who discharges this, which I think is his proper mission, is not only a charmer of the intellectual sense, but a friendly monitor intercepting the career of vicious thoughts and deeds, and substituting what is virtuous instead of them.

Some persons think that amusement is the sole object of poetry, and that all a poet has to do, is simply to skip lightly over the surface of things, just as Vanessa would run over the corn, without touching it; but that is not poetry which does not present a powerful inducement to our taking an interest in studying the nature of ourselves and of the various other objects of creation, and which fails, by some beauty of its own, to make a greater impression on our minds than any prose can effect; thus forcibly conveying to us a sense of what is good to be known. Unfortunately, however, the mass of poets seem to think they have only to write pretty elegant trifles about nothing, and overflowing with emptiness. For my part, I cannot help thinking that that poet only deserves the laurel crown who has written things that are really worthy of occupying a man's precious time in the reading and learning of them. How often have I closed, with disgust, volume after volume of poetry, all very sweet and smooth, but void of any virtuous durability. This is not the case when the poet resolves to speak like a prophet to the eager soul, and like a sage to the enquiring mind. To perform its office well, poetry requires that its master should nurture it with profound and varied knowledge, without which it is but an unsubstantial fabric, a transparency of words. It is the fault of nearly all our modern poetry that it is so exceedingly deficient in novelty of subject, and in knowledge relative to the subject. If all the poems written on the rose, or the violet, or something else equally persecuted by the poetical pen, were collected together, they would afford waste-paper enough to supply all the trunk-makers and cheesemongers to the end of the year, and out of the enormous heap very little would deserve preservation, for not one poem in a thousand of that sort contains anything instructive, descriptive, or of general interest; and if all the verses on either of the same horribly hackneyed subjects were collected from all the albums in which they are mercifully permitted to remain, then there would be enough material to pave our cities with *papier-maché*. What have poets discovered in roses beyond thorns that wound, buds that blush, and blossoms that droop and fade? Nature ought to find poets better capable of doing for her in verse, what naturalists have done for her in prose. Poets profess to love and admire her, yet there is not one of them that can write of her without showing great ignorance. Is there one that has been styled a "poet of nature," that can stand the criticism of naturalists without their detecting some fifty imperfections and errors? Turn to poems on human history, and the same shallowness is observeable, though to a less degree. What are most of the innumerable poems on monarchs, warriors, statesmen, &c., but mere panegyrie, and fawning adulation. A poet should do something more than merely name a thing and flatter it. Why should he be content to set up a rose to garnish it with pretty epithets, and why be satisfied with naming a hero only to applaud him? Is it not better first of all to rehearse the deeds or qualities that merit praise? Alas! before poets can tell us these things they must acquire knowledge, and that is a task for which the mass of them seem to want both the disposition and the energy. At present poetry seems to be a matter of language and metre, and very little else. One solitary idea or trivial fact is all that is to be found, sometimes, in a whole poem, in which it appears as forlorn and diluted as a grain of physic dissolved or drowned in a homœpathic bucket of water. Still we are expected to take the one thing for poetry, and the other for medicine; and certainly a man shows rare acuteness and keen perception or taste if he can say he enjoys either. What are now-a-days called poems are produced so easily, and by all classes, learned or unlearned, that we may fairly say with Ben Jonson—

> "It is a rhyming age and verses swarm
> At every stall; the city-cap's a charm."

or with another poet—

> "'Tis now the effort of each brain
> To scribble in poetic vein—
> Or prose run mad;

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Giving to any muse the rein,
Writing with all their might and main
However bad."

Indeed a man who never attempted to compose something intended to pass for a poem, would be a curiosity, and richly merit a laurel wreath by the modest diffidence he entertained of his own capabilities.

J. H. F.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GAINSBOROUGH.

Arms.—Or. fretté gules; a canton ermine.
Crest.—A buck at gaze, attired or.
Supporters.—On either side an eagle with wings—displayed table—charged on the breast with a chaplet of laurel.
Motto.—*Tout bien ou Rien.* "All or Nothing."

The family of Middleton, now the maternal name of the Barons of Barham, collaterally descended from the Earls of Middleton, is found in the peerage of Scotland. It is in reference to an alliance with a co-heiress of the Earls of Gainsborough, that the ancient family name of Noel has been assumed. John Middleton of Middleton, county of Kincardine, exchanged Middleton and other lands with David Falconer, for those of Netherseat, of Kilhil, and was living in 1565. His son and heir of the same name, John Middleton, we read little of, but his second son Robert, married Katherine Strachan, by whom he had issue, John, first Earl of Middleton. He was in the Parliamentary army in 1646, and raised the siege of Inverness, and forced Montrose to retreat with considerable loss. Shortly after, we find him in the royal army, at Preston in 1648, and at Worcester 1641, at both of which battles he was taken prisoner, but escaped. He was created by Charles II, while abroad, in 1656, Baron Clermont and Fettercairn, and Earl of Middleton, and at the Restoration, enjoyed extensive power as Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland, which, however, terminated in 1663, when, as an honorable, or rather a tolerable exile, he became Governor of Tangiers in Africa, where he died in 1673.

Charles, second Earl of Middleton, son and heir, was Secretary of State for Scotland, 1582, and for England, 1684, which office he held till 1688, when he joined King James II, in France, and was outlawed 1694, and forfeited 1695. "He was proof," says Mackay, "against all the offers of King William, and firmly stood in the gap to stop the torrent of the priests, who were driving King James to his ruin. He used to say, that "a new light never came into the house but by a crack in the tiling." He had issue; John, Lord Clermont, who with his brother Charles, was taken at sea by Admiral Byng, 1708, on their way with troops for the invasion of Scotland. They were imprisoned in the Tower, but released, and returned to France, since which no account of the family has been received.

Mr. Robert Middleton was murdered by Montrose's soldiers, while sitting in his chair, when they overran the country in 1645.

Alexander Middleton, D.D., second son, Principal of King's College, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gordon, of Kethoksmill. He died Dec. 1686.

George Middleton, D.D., son and heir, succeeded his father as Principal of King's College, Aberdeen. He married Jane, daughter of James Gordon, of Leaton, county Aberdeen, and died at 62; May 1726.

Robert Middleton, Esq., a younger son, married Helen, daughter of Capt. Charles Dundas, R.N., of Seathern, county Stirling, second son of James Dundas, of Arnistown, and had issue

George, of Moss Hall, West Lothian, succeeded his maternal uncle, James Dundas, in the estate of Seathern, and died 1794, having married Elizabeth, daughter of George Wilson, of Stottencleugh, Esq., and had issue

Robert Gambier, Capt., R.N., and Charles, created Baron Barham, besides one other son and two daughters.

Charles, first Baron Barham, of Barham Court and Teston, was born in 1727, married Margaret, daughter of James Gambier, Esq., Warden of the Fleet, and sister of James, Lord Gambier, and by her had issue an only daughter

Diana, second in the barony. His lordship entered the navy, 1740, was

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made lieutenant 1745, captain 1758, created a baronet, with remainder to his son-in-law 1781, promoted to a flag 1787, admiral of the red 1805, and constituted First Lord of the Admiralty, May, 1806, in which office he continued the nine remaining months of the Pitt administration, a period embracing naval victories in greater number and importance than any other of the like duration in the annals of Great Britain. He was raised to the peerage 1805, with remainder to his daughter, and died, 17 June, 1813.

Diana, Baroness Barham, daughter and heiress, married, 1780, Gerard Noel Enwardes, of Exton Park, Cottesmore, Kitton and Catmore Lodge, all in the county of Rutland, son and heir of Gerard-Anne Edwardes of Welham, county Leicester, and of Tickenoste, county Rutland, Esq., by Jane, sister and co-heir of Henry Noel, sixth and last Earl of Gainsborough, who took the arms and name of Noel only in 1798, on the death of his maternal uncle, to whose estates he succeeded, as also to the baronetcy, on the demise of his father-in-law Lord Barham. They had issue

Gerard Thomas, who succeeded to the title, Louisa Elizabeth, Emma, William, Frederick, Charlotte Margaret, Francis James, Berkeley Octavius, Augusta Jnlia, Leland Noel, and Baptist Wriothesley, in holy orders.

Sir Gerard Noel married, 2nd, May, 1823, Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Gill, and 3rd, Aug. 1831, Mrs. Isabella Evans Raymond. Lady Barham, died 12, April, 1832, and was succeeded by her son

Charles Noel, third and present baron.

ETIQUETTE AT THE COURT OF KING MONTEZUMA.

Hernal Diaz gives the following description of Montezuma, or Motecusuma, as he calls him. We copy it from Mr. Lockhart's translation;—

"The mighty Motecusuma may have been about this time in the fortieth year of his age. He was tall of stature, of slender make, and rather thin, but the symmetry of his body was beautiful. His complexion was not very brown, merely approaching to that of the inhabitants in general. The hair of his head was not very long, excepting where it hung thickly down over his ears, which were quite hidden by it. His black beard, though thin, looked handsome. His countenance was rather of an elongated form, but cheerful; and his fine eyes had the expression of love or severity, at the proper moments. He was particularly clean in his person, and took a bath every evening. Besides a number of concubines, who were all daughters of persons of rank and quality, he had two lawful wives of royal extraction, whom, however, he visited secretly, without any one daring to observe it, save his most confidential servants. He was perfectly innocent of any unnatural crimes. The dress he had on one day was not worn again until four days had elapsed. In the halls adjoining his own private apartments there was always a guard of 2,000 men of quality in waiting: with whom, however, he never held any conversation, unless to give them orders or to receive some intelligence from them. Whenever for this purpose they entered his apartment, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meaner garments, though these were always neat and clean; and were only allowed to enter his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down. No person durst look at him full in the face, and during the three prostrations which they were obliged to make before they could approach him, they pronounced these words: 'Lord! my Lord! sublime Lord!' Everything that was communicated to him was to be said in few words, the eyes of the speaker being constantly cast down, and on leaving the monarch's presence he walked backwards out of the room. I also remarked that even princes and other great personages who come to Mexico respecting law-suits, or on other business from the interior of the country, always took off their shoes, and changed their whole dress for one of a meaner appearanc when they entered his palace. Neither were they allowed to enter the palace straightway, but had to show themselves for a considerable time outside the doors, as it would have been considered want of respect to the monarch if this had been omitted. Above 300 kinds of dishes were served up for Montecusuma's dinner from his kitchen, underneath which were placed pans of porcelain filled with fire, to keep them warm. 300 dishes of various kinds were served up for him alone, and above 1,000 for the persons in waiting. He sometimes, but very seldom, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, ordered the dinner himself, and desired that the best dishes and various kinds of birds should be called over to him. We were told that the flesh of young children, as a very dainty bit, was also set before him sometimes by way of a relish. Whether there was any truth in this we could not possibly discover, on account of the great variety of dishes: consisting in fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and of numerous

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other birds and beasts; besides which there were various other kinds of provisions, indeed it would have been no easy task to call them all over by name. This I know, however, for certain, that after Cortes had reproached him for the human sacrifices and the eating of human flesh, he issued orders that no dishes of that nature should again be brought to his table. I will, however, drop this subject, and rather relate how the monarch was waited on while he sat at dinner. If the weather was cold, a large fire was made with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his majesty might not feel any inconvenience from too great a heat, a screen was placed between his person and the fire, made of gold, and adorned with all manner of figures of their gods. The chair on which he sat was rather low, but supplied with soft cushions, and was beautifully carved; the table was very little higher than this, but perfectly corresponded with his seat. It was covered with white cloths, and one of a larger size. Four very neat and pretty young women held before the monarch a species of round pitcher, called by them Xicales, filled with water to wash his hands in. The water was caught in other vessels, and then the young women presented him with towels to dry his hands. Two other women brought him maise-bread baked with eggs. Before, however, Montecusuma began his dinner, a kind of wooden screen, strongly gilt, was placed before him, that no one might see him while eating, and the young women stood at a distance. Next four elderly men, of high rank, were admitted to his table: whom he addressed from time to time, or put some questions to them. Sometimes he would offer them a plate of some of his viands, which was considered a mark of great favour. These grey-headed old men, who were so highly honoured, were, as we subsequently learnt, his nearest relations, most trustworthy counsellors and chief-justices. Whenever he ordered any victuals to be presented them they eat it standing, in the deepest veneration, though without daring to look at him full in the face. The dishes in which the dinner was served up were of variegated and black porcelain, made at Cholulla. While the monarch was at table, his courtiers, and those who were in waiting in the halls adjoining, had to maintain strict silence. After the hot dishes had been removed, every kind of fruit which the country produced was set on the table; of which, however, Montecusuma ate very little. Every now and then was handed to him a golden pitcher filled with a kind of liquor made from the cacao, which is of a very exciting nature. Though we did not pay any particular attention to the circumstance at the time, yet I saw about fifty large pitchers filled with the same liquor brought in all frothy. This beverage was also presented to the monarch by women, but all with the profoundest veneration."

POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We found in the *Athenæum* some notices of the poets buried in Poets' corner.

The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, *without* the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas Brigham, removed his remains in 1555, to their present resting place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see in Poets' Corner,

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January, 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread."

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer. Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an exact imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

"Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,
Miscounted years, and measured age by fame."

No "great heart" came forward to honour his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses. The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument, bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown? He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was donne," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards

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knighted), who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next buried in Poets' Corner, was Thomas May (Secretary May), the translator of Lucan, and the Historian of the Long Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit, dug for the purpose in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July, 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall. Evelyn was at his friend's funeral, and thus records the ceremony:—"3 Aug. 1667.—Went to Mr. Cowley's funerall, whose corps lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, were an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of qualitie following; among these all the witts of the towne, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and neere Spenser, A goodly monument since erected to his memory."

In March, 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the Parliament against the King. Davenant was the patentee of the Duke's Theatre: and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted, and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corps of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [13 May 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the Ode of Horace, beginning *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was preceded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly coloured for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this *getting-up* at the College was done by Dr. Garth, "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known.

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King Street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December, 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died in Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, from whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state.

Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employments I have borne. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Coriveaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside."

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Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poet's Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie.

On the 4th of December, died Johnny Gay,—the simple and gentle-hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter Change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse, trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey.

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February, 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare."

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster.

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday week, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. On that day the funeral took place. It was numerously attended. On the words being repeated we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Cosciusko.

MASSACRE OF THE CHINESE BY THE DUTCH.

The Dutch in their colonial dependencies, hoped, by security, to give stability to their empire. Their functionaries seem to have been much addicted to bloodshed on slight suspicion; one proof of this is affirmed by Mr. Davies in his third volume of the "History of Holland," which we copy beneath: "In 1740, at Batavia, the seat of the Dutch empire in the East, the discontent that had betrayed itself amongst the inhabitants, principally Chinese, against the government, gave rise to apprehensions that an insurrection was contemplated. Accordingly, all suspicious persons were expelled the city; but a considerable number remained in the outskirts, concerning whom information was given that they designed to surprise the town, and having massacred the Christians, to take possession of their property. This intelligence was taken as confirmation of the suspicions before entertained by the government of their secret understanding with those within the walls; and the Chinese in the town were commanded to put out their lights at sunset, and not to look out of window, much less appear in the streets. After the lapse of some time the fugitives without advanced in a somewhat hostile manner to within reach of the artillery of the town, whence they were soon driven by the firing of a few rounds. But their appearance had a fatal effect on the destiny of their unhappy countrymen within. On the ground that they would not have ventured on such a demonstration without some encouragement from the latter, the soldiers and armed burghers, by the command, as they said, of the governor, Adrian Valkenier, broke into the houses of the defenceless Chinese, murdered the inhabitants, and pillaged all they could lay their hands on. Amid these horrors, fires, kindled, it was affirmed, by the sufferers in their desperation, broke out in various places; and had they not been promptly extinguished, the town, in a few hours, would have presented nothing but a mass of ruins. As it was, the spectacle of the half-burnt houses, bestrewed with the dead and dying, heaped together as they had offered themselves unresistingly to slaughter, or singly as they had fought the last agonizing struggle for life, was sufficiently appalling. The pillage continued two or three days before the hand of authority was interposed to arrest it. The Chinese in the suburbs were all either massacred or forced to take flight. By degrees order was restored, and those who had fled or concealed themselves were allowed to return and resume their avocations on condition of their submission to the government; and, extraordinary as it may appear, numbers were ready to avail themselves of the permission. The governor, Valkenier, was afterwards imprisoned."

CORRESPONDENTS.

K., Plymouth, we hope has heard from us.

Historical narratives of interest have always been welcome to the *Mirror*, but such hackneyed stories as have gone through every school-book will not suit its pages.

"Peter, T., M., K., and Angelina," are declined.

"B."—The "Wandering Jew" appears in the *Constitutionnel*. An occasional gratuitous supplement will be given, in order that our readers may have their usual quantity of miscellaneous matter.

We are sorry that a misunderstanding existed relative to our last number. No. 1, for the present vol., which contained four extra pages, ought to have been sold separate. It may now be had at the office.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.] SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844. [Vol. 2, 1844.

MIDDLE BROOK, WINCHESTER.

The readers of the "Mirror" have been made familiar with Winchester and its cathedral, but the subject of our cut this week, though a finer specimen of an old English lane or street could hardly be found, has till now never appeared in this publication.

There is something not a little picturesque in the aspect of Middle Brook. The ancient houses, with their overhanging upper stories, on either side the flowing wave, where we look for a road, and the cathedral in the distance, present altogether a picture of uncommon interest. The water seen in the centre of the engraving is one of the streams of the river Itchen, the basin of which is supposed to have been formerly established here. The object of giving it this direction is not very apparent. Its channel, Britton tells us, "is said to have been formed by the powerful and munificent Saxon bishop Ethelwold, early in the eleventh century."

The sportive urchins who occupy themselves on its ample banks, think little of the prelate who, eight hundred years ago, prepared this scene of their amusement. Could they recall the gay crowds that have enjoyed the freshness of the glassy expanse before them, and who are now mouldering in their tombs, it would startle while it waked them to a sense of their own evanescent character. It might make them sedate but possibly gloomy, and not increase their value as members of society.

"Thought might destroy their paradise."

And why should not they accomplish their brief career as cheerily as their mirth-loving predecessors of "The Olden Time."

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ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIX.—FASHIONABLE LIFE.

That ridiculous and artificial state of existence which is called fashionable life, whether developed in our dress, our conversation, or our manners, has frequently formed the subject of severe, though just and well-merited satire. Addison and Steele were among the most powerful enemies with whom the world of fashion ever had to contend, and truly they knew no mercy in their attacks, but followed to the letter the path which they had chosen for their exertions, "to correct," as they premised in their introductory address, "the follies, foibles, and fashions of the time." After such powerful writers it would be presumptuous in an humble scribbler like myself to throw down the gauntlet to the world of fashion; neither could a discussion of such a nature be introduced with propriety into a glance at English life, but, if I may not be permitted to notice the *arguments* of Steele and Addison, it *is* within the province of these sketches to glean from them all the *information* which they present on the subject of the fashionable life of the period.

Intrigues and amours were, to a much greater extent than at present the most prevalent of the fashionable follies of the eighteenth century, and the possession of a handsome mistress constituted the principal qualification in assuming the character of a man of fashion. Immense sums were lavished on these fickle fair ones; and frequently the lover had scarcely presented his mistress with a costly present before he heard that she had eloped with a rival. The terms which the lady usually insisted upon were, fifty guineas and upwards per week, first-rate apartments, and an equipage. It became no rare occurrence to see a lady of this character rattling through the streets in a carriage, attended upon by footmen, and (such was the purifying quality of gold) visited even by virtuous and reputable females. In some instances ladies of title did not object to this mode of life, but condescended to be the mistresses of wealthy though plebean lovers.

It would appear from the frequent notice of the subject in the "Spectator" and its contemporaries, that the time of the lounger about town, or, in other words, the "man of fashion," was divided between the coffee-house, the gaming-table, his mistress, and the theatre, even still more liberally than by such characters of the present day. But severe as were Addison and Steele in their criticisms, they were surpassed by Fielding, who appears to have been completely surfeited and heartily disgusted with fashionable life. Vulgar and occasionally offensive as Fielding's works undeniably are, there is no writer who approaches him for a faithful portraiture of men and manners. His pictures are drawn from nature; and, while we cannot but admire his correct delineation of the single-hearted, good-natured soul, but stern and conscientious pastor, sketched under the name of Parson Adams, the follies and absurdities of the fashionable Beau Didapper are pourtrayed with equal vigour and equal truth.

In the novel of "Joseph Andrews," the routine of the fashionable life of the time is summed up in one day's journal, which I shall take the liberty of transcribing, as it will convey a more just idea of town life in 1740 than I can hope to afford by any other means:—

"In the morning," says the reformed debauchee, whilst narrating the history of his life, "I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction, told Lady B—— she had a dirty face, laughed heartily at something Captain G—— said (I can't remember what, for *I did not very well hear it*), whispered Lord —, bowed to the Duke of —, and was going to bid for a snuff-box but did not, *for fear I should have had it.*

"From 2 to 4..Dressed myself
4 to 6..Dined
6 to 8..Coffee-house
8 to 9..Drury-lane playhouse
9 to 10..Lincoln's Inn-fields
10 to 12..Drawing-room."

This, then, was a day of fashionable life, much such a life as Horace Walpole spent, with all his affected taste and love of literature. But Fielding's hero fell from this grand circle of fashion on account of his refusal to fight a duel with an officer, of whom he knew nothing, and he accordingly found himself "sent to Coventry" by his old associates, and compelled to seek for fresh ones in the second circle, among the beaux and loungers of the Temple. The favourite haunts of these worthies appear to have been in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, where they "made love to orange wenches, and damned plays." The debauchee, however, soon withdrew himself from this society, and, after engaging in amours and intrigues, became a professed gambler, and thus released himself of the little money which his previous extravagancies had left. With indigence came wisdom and repentance, and he was at length heartily sick of fashionable life, which he had seen in every phase; he married, retired from town, and domesticated himself far from the metropolis, and the world of fashion.

In this character, then, Fielding has

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given us a portrait of those whom the world honoured with the titles of "bloods," "bricks," "macaronies," "biters," and "pretty fellows," generally—the body of loungers who, collectively, formed "the ton," a word then, too often, confounded with "public opinion."

But, in my attention to the men of fashion, I must not behave uncourteously to the fairer sex, and while tracing the career of a man of the world, it would ill become a faithful sketcher to forget the manners of the ladies. Such artless, innocent, pastoral beauties as they were, too! all rural simplicity and playful archness; looking rather out of place, perhaps, when contrasted with their painted cheeks and pencilled eyebrows, but, nevertheless, all very pretty and delightful in its way. The fashionable ladies of the eighteenth century played two very opposite parts, some assuming the dress and manners of the ladies of pleasure, others preferring the artlessness of rural hoydens. Young ladies who had, probably, never passed the confines of St. James's, and scarcely knew the difference between a lamb and a bullock, except when served up, cooked, at their fathers' tables, suddenly undertook the innocent duties of the shepherdess, tending flocks and herds, and talking about their admiration of rural pastimes, decking their hair with wreaths of wild flowers which they had culled from the fields and hedges, and professing a most romantic love of nature and her works. Then the portraits of the Hon. Miss B. or the young Lady C., represented youthful females, surrounded by flocks, of sheep, and crooks in hand, reclining against the trees. Then all young misses to whom were inscribed in the magazines long odes and acrostics (for acrostics were "fashionable" fifty years ago) were Phillises and Chloes, and Phœbes and Celias, and the young gentlemen whom the Muses inspired to write the odes, were Damons, Eugenios, and Palæmons.

Would that they had imitated the innocence as well as the names and occupations of the characters which they chose to assume. Would that they had been equally unpolluted and ignorant of the vices of the world. But it was otherwise; and the somewhat ludicrous circumstance might frequently be seen of one of these artificial "shepherdesses," painted and embroidered, listening to the advances of some amorous swain in the box of a London theatre!

Among the addenda of fashionable life of the last century we must not forget the unblushing effrontery with which a portion of the press deliberately devoted itself to the cause of intrigue. The most provoking allurements were held out from time to time. The wretched females, who were described in all their loveliness, no doubt were as duly taxed for the notice as a quack doctor for his advertisement. Most delicately worded as were many of the articles to which we refer, their object was vicious in the extreme. We copy from Harris's List the picture of one gay miss who flourished three score years ago, with the hints which accompanied, probably suggested by her self.

"Miss W— U—gt—n, facing the Floor-Cloth Manufactory, Knitsbridge.

"'Nymph more fair than Houri poet formed.'

"If we were called upon to name the lady who we consider to be the most beautiful among the whole sisterhood, it would certainly be Sally, she has so many enchanting blanching blandishments that they are quite irresistible. It is as impossible to withstand the artillery of her eyes, as the winged lightning; then her hair, her lips are everything, are so transparently charming as to fill every beholder with rapture. But alas! her beauties are almost lost to the public, for Sir Harry P—t engrosses or seems to engross them altogether to himself.

"She is just twenty-two, of the most elegant form imaginable; and as we know her to be amourously inclined, we do not think that any young fellow need despair if he have ability, and understands the method of carrying on an intrigue with prudence and secrecy, for when a woman once knows that she may trangress with impunity, it is ten to one that she will trangress if she has any object in view that is agreeable to her; and what can be more agreeable than an admirer who has the *man* and the lover well blended together."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER VII.—THE TRAVELLER.

Dagobert, on hearing the shriek, started to his feet, saying, "What is the matter, Rose."

"Look, look," she replied pointing to the window, "I saw a hand move the pelisse."

The old soldier rushed to the casement, forced it open, looked out, listened, but heard only the moaning of the wind, which was blowing strong. He shut the casement, convinced that it was a gust that had deranged the pelisse. "Do not be

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afraid, my children, there is nothing the matter."

"I am sure I saw a hand stretched towards the pelisse," Rose said, still trembling.

"No, no, Rose," Blanche replied, "I looked and saw nothing."

"Nor was there anything, my children. The window is, at least, eight feet from the ground. To do so they must have made use of a ladder, and no one could have taken it away before I reached the window."

"Then it must have been the wind, my good Dagobert," said Rose, "I am sorry I interrupted you."

"Never mind," said the soldier, reflectively; "I am sorry Rabat-Joie has not returned: he is sure to have found out the stable where Jovial is, and will be bidding him good night. I have a great mind to go and fetch him."

"O no, Dagobert," the young girls cried, "do not leave us, we shall be afraid."

"Well, then," Dagobert said, seating himself with his face to the window, "let us continue our recital. Behold your father a prisoner at Warsaw, in love with your mother, whose father was trying to force her to marry another. In 1814, the return of the Bourbons to France, and the exile of the Emperor to the island of Elba, seemed to put a termination to the war. On learning this, your mother said to the general, 'The war is over; you are free. The emperor is unfortunate and miserable; you owe him every thing; go to him. I do not know when we may meet again, but I will never wed other than you. I shall be faithful till death!' Before setting out, your father called me and said, 'Dagobert, you must remain with Miss Eva; should her father torment her beyond bearing, she will require your aid to accomplish her flight. Our letters shall pass through your hands. I shall see your wife and child at Paris, and shall encourage them, and tell them what a friend you are to me.' Behold your father, then, at Elba, and me at Warsaw, concealed in a house near your mother's. I received all letters, and sent them to her. In one of these letters, I tell you this with pride, my children, the general said that the emperor remembered me. 'O, Dagobert,' said he to your father, 'one of my old grenadiers; he was both in Egypt and Italy with me, was covered with wounds, and I honoured the old veteran, with my own hand, at Wagram. O yes, I remember him.' When your mother read this to me, I could not refrain from crying like a child. Well, I continued carrying the letters to your mother, which helped to console her, for she was suffering much from her parents, to whom the only answer she gave was, 'I shall never marry other than General Simon.' One day she received a letter from the general, informing her that the emperor had left Elba. The war then began again, and that campaign, my children, was a fearful one. At Montmirail your father fought like a lion, and his troops excelled each other in deeds of bravery. The emperor, to the admiration of the whole army, honoured your father on the field of battle by the name of duke of Montmirail and marshal of France."

"Marshal of France!" exclaimed Rose, in astonishment.

"Duke of Montmirail!" added Blanche, in equal surprise.

"Yes; Peter Simon, son of a tradesman, duke and marshal. A step higher would have made him king," added Dagobert, with pride. "Such is the way the emperor treated the children of the people. How beautiful the reply, when it was said, 'Your emperor makes of you food for the cannon;' while the people answered, 'Others make of us *food for misery.*' I would rather brave the cannon, and run the chance of becoming captain, colonel, marshal, king, or pensioner, than die of hunger and cold, or of age, on a piece of straw, after having worked hard for forty years for other people."

"But do they die of hunger in that fine city called Paris?"

"Even in Paris, my children; after Montmirail, there was a day of mourning—a day when, said your father, old soldiers, like me, wept—yes, wept! on the eve of battle. That day, my children, was called *Waterloo.*"

The expression of grief which the old soldier gave to these words, startled the poor orphans.

"At last," continued Dagobert, drawing a deep sigh, "on that cursed day, your father, at the head of one of the divisions of the Guard, fell, covered with wounds. When he recovered, which was some time afterwards, he asked permission to go to St. Helena, another island where the English had sent the emperor to torture him in private; which was refused. Exasperated, like many others, against the Bourbons, the general set on foot a conspiracy in favour of the emperor's son, repaired to Amiens, but intelligence of his designs had reached that city. The general was taken prisoner, and led before the colonel. It would only add to your grief, to tell you who that colonel was; your father had good cause for hating him, and when they were face to face, he said, 'If you are not a base poltroon, you will give me liberty for an hour, that we may vent our hatred at the point of our swords.' Your father was liberated: they met next morning, and the colonel was left for dead on the spot. As the general was wiping his sword, a

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faithful friend called upon him to fly for his life, that there was not a moment to spare. Luckily he did so, for fifteen days afterwards he was condemned to death as a conspirator. Not being able to do anything more for the emperor or his son, he went to Warsaw, saw your mother, whose parents had lately died, married her, and I am one of the witnesses. Behold them happy, but good hearts—those people who can feel for the misfortunes of others—do not always meet their reward. The Russians began to impose the badge of slavery on the Poles, and to treat them as slaves. Your brave father, although of French extraction, was in heart a Pole. He said aloud what others dared not whisper. One day, a friend of his, a brave and worthy colonel of the lancers, was condemned to exile in Siberia for conspiring against the Russians. He escaped; your father concealed him in his house. This came to the ears of the authorities, and in the middle of the night, a carriage stopped at the door, your father was seized, and taken out of Russia, and they threatened him with imprisonment for life if he were ever again seen in it. These are the last words that I heard him say: 'Dagobert I leave you in charge of my wife and child;' for your mother was then advanced in pregnancy. Notwithstanding this, she was exiled to Siberia, and the only grace which they accorded, was to permit me to accompany her. Three months afterwards, in a miserable village, she gave birth to you, my poor little children."

"And our father?"

"He could not return to Russia; nor could your mother fly with the two babes; and the general could not write to her, because he did not know where she was."

And have you heard anything of him since?

"Yes, once, my children."

"From whom?

After a moment's silence, Dagobert replied, with a strange expression of countenance: "from whom—from one that resembles nobody else. But, in order that you may understand these words, I must relate a circumstance that happened to your father during his campaign in France. He received orders from the Emperer to take a battery that was annoying our army. After several unsuccessful attempts, the general placed himself at the head of a regiment of cuirassiers, and charged as was his custom, to the cannon's mouth. After all the gunners were killed, and wounded, your brave father happened to be standing in front of a cannon, when a wounded soldier, a match in his hand, crawled up to the gun, and placed the lighted torch to the touch-hole; at the same instant, a man of tall stature clothed as a peasant, threw himself before your father. The cannon went off; your father says, 'I, shuddering, shut my eyes, to hide from my sight the mutilated corpse of the wretched man, who had sacrificed his life for me. When I opened them, to my utter astonishment, there stood the man, in the midst of the smoke, calm and motionless, casting a mournful look at the gunner, who, one knee on the ground, and his body leaning backwards, appeared awe-stricken. In the heat of the engagement I lost sight of this wonderful being, and never saw him afterwards.'"

"O, Dagobert, how was it possible?"

"Your father has often told me that he could never account for this singular occurrence, which is as incredible as it is real. The general must have marked him well, for he says that he was about thirty years of age, with long dark eye-brows which joined each other, so that he appeared to have a black mark on his forehead. Pay attention to this my children, I will tell you the reason by-and-bye.

"Yes, Dagobert, we shall not forget."

"Listen, when the general was at Waterloo he was left for dead on the field. In the middle of the night, when delirious, from fever, he again saw this man, by the light of the moon, leaning over him, staunching his wounds, and gazing upon him with a look of sorrow. But your father, scarcely knowing what he did, turned away his head, saying—'after such a defeat I no longer wish to live.' It seemed to him as if he heard the stranger say 'you must live for Eva.' That was your mother's name."

"How singular that is, Dagobert. Did my father ever see him again?"

"Yes, he brought your poor mother news respecting your father."

"And when was that? we never heard of it."

"Do you remember the morning that your mother died—you were at the pine forest with old Fedora."

"Yes, I remember," Rose said, sorrowfully, "we had gone to gather heath which our poor mother loved so much. Poor mother!—she was so well when we left her."

"We little dreamt that our dear, dear mother was dying."

"I know that, my children. That morning I was singing, the spade in my hand, in the garden, when I heard some one ask in French, 'Is this the village of Milosk? I turned round, and saw a stranger standing before me. I looked at him fixedly, then staggered backwards stupified.

"Why so?"

"The stranger was of tall stature, pale countenance, and high forehead. His dark

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eye-brows joined each other, and looked like a large black mark on his forehead."

"It was the man," said Blanche, "who twice visited my father on the field of battle."

"It seemed so. But it is sixteen years since Waterloo, and this man appeared only to be about thirty."

"Did you not ask him any questions about our father?"

"I was at first so bewildered; and he remained so short a time that I could not ascertain all that I wished. He asked me if this was the village of Molesk. I said yes; and asked him how he knew I was French.

"'Because,' said he, 'I heard you singing. Can you tell me where Madame Simon, the wife of the general, lives?'

"'In this house, sir.'

"He looked at me in silence for several minutes, then, holding out his hand, said, 'You are general Simon's best friend?'

"Judge of my surprise, my children. 'How do you know that, I inquired?'

"'Because the general has often spoken to me of you.'

"'Have you seen him lately?'

"'Yes, some time ago, in India. I am also his friend. I bring news to his wife. I heard at Tobolisk that she lived in this village. Take me to her.'

"After having informed your mother, so that she might not be taken by surprise, I took him to her apartment. He remained with her a few minutes; she then called me, and told me of the good news she had received from the general. Her eyes were gushing with tears, and before her was a bundle of papers—a kind of journal which your father had written every evening to console her—"

"And where are these papers?" demanded Rose.

"In my bag, with my cross and purse. I will give you them some day. I have taken out two or three of them, which you will read presently."

"Is it long since our father was in India?"

"From the few words that your mother said, I understood that he went there after having fought with the Greeks against the Turks. He was sure to take the weak side. On arriving in India, he espoused the cause of a poor Indian prince, whose territory, the English, without faith or justice were ravaging. In a few months, he disciplined the troops of the prince so well, that they frequently routed the enemy. A few pages of your father's journal will tell you better than I can; besides, you will see a name there which you must never forget."

"O what happiness!" Rose exclaimed. "To read the pages written by our father. It will seem as if we heard him speak."

The two orphans put out their hands to take the papers which Dagobert drew from his bag.

"You will see, my children, when you come to the end, why I was astonished at the name of your guardian angel. Read, read," added the soldier. "Only I must tell you, that when your father wrote these papers, he had not seen the man who brought them to your mother."

Rose, seated up in bed, began to read, with a soft and faltering voice; while Blanche leant her head upon her sister's shoulder, and listened with the greatest attention.

CHAPTER VIII.—FRAGMENTS OF THE JOURNAL OF GENERAL SIMON.

"Bivouac on the mountains of Ava,
"Feb. 20, 1830.

"Every time that I add a few pages to this journal, at present written in the heart of India, where my wandering and proscribed life has sent me, I experience a sensation at once sweet and cruel. To speak of you, to think of you, is consolatory; still my grief is never more poignant than when my mind thus reverts to my dear Eva.

"Should ever these fragments fall into your hands, your generous heart will throb on pronouncing the name of the spirited young man, to whose intrepidity I owe my life, and to whom, probably, I shall be indebted for the pleasure of once more beholding you—you, with my child, who lives,—yes, he lives, and will now be in his fourteenth year. You will then teach our child to pronounce and love the name of Djalma. I told you, my dear Eva, in the foregoing passages, of the two fortunate days that we had this month. The troops of my old friend, the Indian prince, have done wonders. For three days the battle was fearful and bloody. We beat the English in gallant style, and forced them to abandon a portion of that wretched country that they had usurped in spite of all right, all justice, and which they continue to ravage without pity. The meaning that we attach here to an *English war* is, *treason*, *pillage*, and *massacre*. After a fearful march, we were this morning informed that the enemy had received a reinforcement, and that it was about to take hostile measures with us. An engagement became inevitable. My old friend, the Indian prince, the father of the young man who saved my life, showed his heroic and daring disposition on this occasion. I charged at the head of our reserved cavalry, while the old prince commanded the centre. His son, Djalma, a young man about eighteen years of age, brave like his father, remained by my side. When the battle was at its height, a ball took effect on the young man who saved my life, showed his heroic and daring disposition on this occasion. I charged at the head of our reserved cavalry, while the old prince commanded the centre. His son, Djalma, a young man about eighteen years of age, brave like his father, remained by my side. When the battle was at its height, a ball took effect on my poor horse, which rolled with me into a ravine, adjoining the

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scene of battle. My leg was under the poor animal, and from the excruciating pain which I felt I could not extricate it."

"My unfortunate father," ejaculated Blanche.

Rose continued:—"The English, believing that I was killed, thought they could easily route the old prince. An officer and five soldiers, perceiving me fall, leapt into the ravine, and, brigand and coward-like, rushed up to me to terminate my existence. Our mountaineers, who were busy in the fight, did not see me fall, but Djalma observed it; he immediately leapt into the ravine, shot the officer through the heart, broke the arm of a soldier who had pierced my hand with his bayonet, and with the butt end of his carbine was driving the soldiers back, when a man from behind a tree levelled his gun, fired, and shot the courageous lad in the breast. The poor boy staggered backwards, fell upon one knee, and tried to shield me with his body. At this moment a few of our soldiers arrived on the spot. We were both saved, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was again on horseback. Notwithstanding our severe losses, we had this day the best of the battle. To-morrow the affair will be decisive; the fires of the English bivouacs are now within view. You perceive, my dear Eva, the debt of gratitude I owe the preserver of my life. Fortunately, the wound that he received was but trifling; the ball that pierced his breast had glided along his side. I shall now tell you, in a few words, of the noble character of this intrepid lad, who has scarcely reached his eighteenth year. At the age of fifteen, he was called Djalma, *the generous*, on account of his feeling heart and benevolent disposition—the old Indian prince was, therefore, styled *the father of the generous*. Well might it have been added to his name, for this old Indian—a rare type of chivalric loyalty, proud of his independence—could, like many other poor princes of his country, have bartered his loyalty to the English, and have crouched under its execrable despotism. But, no! his words were, 'Give me my rights, or a grave among my native mountains.'

"Like a young Greek in the time of Leonidas, Djalma fought with his bosom bare, while his countrymen were encased in armour. The astonishing temerity of this lad, often brings to my recollection the king of Naples, whom I have seen a hundred times at our head in the most perilous charges, and his sole weapon of defence was a horse-whip, which he held in his hand. I am often grieved on observing that Djalma, notwithstanding his youth, is often morose and melancholy; and the same sad expression occasionally depicts itself on the countenance of his father. From several words that I once overheard, I learnt that some sad family secret is hid in their bosoms, the thoughts of which exalts their imagination, and give to it a supernatural character. You know, my love, that we are deprived of the liberty of laughing at the credulity of others. Remember my campaign in France, when that strange adventure, which to me is still inexplicable, occurred."

"Your father," interrupted Dagobert, "alludes to the time when a man thrust himself before a cannon to save his life."

"My dear Eva," continued the girl, "since the visit of that young and beautiful woman, your mother never spoke to me of her afterwards. This astonished me as much as it did you."

Rose stopped reading, and gave an inquiring look at Dagobert, who said, "Neither of them ever spoke to me of it."

The orphan continued with renewed curiosity.

"After all, my dear Eva, how often chance unravels things which appear extraordinary, and throws light upon the inexplicable. Wonders are only optical illusions, or the result of disorddred imaginationr. It often happens that that which is apparently out of nature becomes the most natural thing that could possibly be imagined. Perhaps, then, at a future day, the mystery which enshrouds those events which we call prodigies may be cleared up, and out of it spring forth a natural occurrence."

Dagobert, after a moment's reflexion, interrupted Rose, saying, "You see my children, what often appears wonderful turns out in the end to be plain and simple; for instance, you resemble each other so much that any one not in the habit of seeing you daily would take the one for the other. Well, if he did not know, so to speak, that you were double, imagine how astonished he would be! He would think that the devil was in it rather than take you for two good little angels as you are."

"You are right, Dagobert; our father says that many things can be so explained."

Rose continued:—"My dear Eva, it is with pride that I state that French blood runs in the veins of Djalma. His father married a young girl of French origin, whose family was established at Batavia, in the island of Java; as your family, Eva, is also of French origin, and having for a long time lived abroad, I immediately entertained a feeling of interest for the prince, which grew into the warmest friendship. Unfortunately, a few years ago, he lost his adored and affectionate wife. O my Eva, in writing these words, my hand trembles. O God! should a like misfortune happen to me what would become of our child, deprived of you and me, and left alone in that barbarous country. No, no,

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this fear is foolish and uncalled for; still what horrible torture is uncertitude. Where are you—what are you doing—and what will become of you. Pardon me for giving way to these dark thoughts, which, in spite of me, rush upon my mind, and force me to a knowledge of my present condition — a wretched outlaw. But there are two hearts, though far distant, that still beat for me—thine, Eva, and that of our child."

Rose could scarcely pronounce the last words, and each of several of the previous sentences was interrupted by the orphan's deep sobs. There was a mournful affinity between the fears of the general and the sad reality of his situation, seated as he was at the bivouac, penning his thoughts the evening before an engagement, and lamenting his sad separation from his wife and child,—a separation which, at that time, appeared to him all but eternal.

"Poor general," said Dagobert, "he is ignorant of our misfortune; nor is he aware that instead of one child he has two. That, at least, will be a consolation. Now Blanche you must read, your sister is tired. Blanche took the papers; Rose wiped her eyes, that were full of tears, and leant in turn her sweet head upon the shoulders of her sister, who read as follows:—"I refrained from writing a few moments, and have now chased away the dark thoughts that clouded my mind. Having spoken so much about India, I shall now relate a few circumstances relative to Europe. A man who joined our ranks yesterday evening brought me a letter from my father, from the date of which I perceived that several letters have miscarried. Excellent father, always the same. Even age has not enfeebled his energetic mind. He tells me that he is as robust and as healthy as ever; always laborious, always faithful to his republican principles, and always hoping....."For," says he, "*the time approaches.*" He underlines these words. He also sends me news respecting my old friend Dagobert. The knowledge that that excellent man is with you tends much to reconcile me to my fate, and so soothe many a bitter pang. What a noble, I may say, a golden heart lies hid under the rude exterior of the soldier. He must love our child."

Dagobert coughed several times, looked round the room, and lifted up his handkerchief, which had dropped from his knee.

"Our father knew you well, Dagobert; he knew that you would love us."

"Go on, my children," said Dagobert, "to where the general speaks of my little Agricola and of Gabriel, the adopted son of my wife. My poor wife—to think that I shall be with her in three months. ....

"But come, children," he added, wishing to restrain his emotion, "read."

"I hope that some day or other, my dear Eva, these papers may reach you, and in that case, I wish to tell you something that may interest Dagobert. My father has taken Agricola into his workshop, and he is delighted with him. A vigorous, active child, gay, intelligent, laborious, and the best workman in the establishment. In the evening, he hurries home to his mother, whom he loves dearly, and composes songs and patriotic verses. His poetry is full of energy, and his ballads, which warm the coldest heart, are alone sung in the shop."

"How proud you ought to be of your son," said Rose, with admiration; "a composer of songs!"

"Certainly," Dagobert replied, "it is very gratifying, but that which flatters me above all, is, that he is good to his mother, and useful in his business. As for the songs, he will handle his hammer, I'll warrant, many years before he composes a 'Marseillaise,' or 'The Waking of the People.' But where in the name of mischief has the boy learnt all this; I suppose, at school, where he went with Gabriel, his adopted brother."

The name of Gabriel brought to the recollection of the young orphans the ideal being whom they called their guardian angel. Their curiosity was doubly excited, and Blanche, with renewed attention, continued:

"The foster-brother of Agricola, the poor abandoned child, that the wife of our good Dagobert so generously adopted and brought up, forms, my father says, a striking contrast to Agricola; not in heart, for they both possess excellent hearts. As much as Agricola is lively and active, so is Gabriel thoughtful and melancholy. Each of them, adds my father, has a countenance that bespeaks their respective dispositions. Agricola is of a brown complexion, is tall, athletic, and daring; Gabriel, on the other hand, is fair, delicate in form, and timid as a young girl."

The orphans looked at each other, and Rose, with curiosity beaming in her large blue eyes, demanded,

"O, Dagobert, did my father say that he had an angelic countenance?"

"Read on, my dear, and you will see."

Blanche continued: "'The expression of Gabriel's countenance is soft and angelic; one of the teachers in the school which he attended, struck with his open and intelligent countenance, spoke of him to his superior, who interested himself in Gabriel's welfare, placed him in the college, and brought him up as a missionary, in which vocation he is now about to set out for America."

"Your Gabriel is a priest," said Rose.

"And ours," added Blanche, "is an angel."

"Which proves, I suppose, that yours is a grade higher than mine. It matters not

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—each to his taste. For my part, I am very well pleased that it is Gabriel who has taken to the black gown. Give me my son, with his arm bare, a hammer in his hand, a leather apron before him, even as your grandfather, my children, the father of Marshal Simon, duke of Montmirail. But continue."

"Yes," said Blanche; "but there are now only a few more lines.

"Adieu, my well-beloved Eva; I have just been at the tent of Djalma. His father was watching him; he tells me that my gallant preserver is out of all danger. The night is calm and still, my Eva: the fires of the bivouac are gradually going out; our poor mountaineers, after the fatigue of yesterday, are quietly reposing; all that is heard is the distant cry of sentinels,—mournful sounds, which sadden me, and bring to my memory that which I forgot when writing,—that I am separated from you and from our child. Poor cherished beings, what is, and what will be, your fate? Oh! if I could but send you this medal which I unfortunately took with me from Warsaw, perhaps you might gain permission to go to France, or at least have our child sent there with Dagobert. You know the importance of ———. But it is of no use to dwell upon this. Unfortunately, the years roll on, the fatal day will soon be at hand, and then I shall be deprived of my last comfort, my only hope. But I must not conclude with painful recollections. Adieu, my dear Eva; press our little one to your heart; give it the thousand kisses which I send you both. Good bye till to-morrow, when the result of the battle will be known."

At the conclusion of this touching epistle a long silence ensued. Tears ran down the cheeks of Rose and Blanche, while Dagobert, his hand resting on his forehead, was absorbed in grief.

While the young girls were reading the fragments of their father's journal, a strange scene took place in the interior of the prophet's menagerie.

CHAPTER IX.—CAIN, JUDAS, AND DEATH.

Morok put on a coat of mail, which was as pliable as cloth, and as hard as the diamond, and, after covering all with his large trousers and ample and carefully-buttoned pelisse, he advanced towards the fire, and took out the iron rod which Goliah had placed there. Although Cain, Judas, and Death had been long ago subdued by the adroitness and energy of the prophet, still they at times showed signs of dissatisfaction, and often attacked him; but, thanks to his hidden armour, they only blunted their claws and broke their teeth upon iron limbs, whilst a stroke from the hot iron of their master burnt the flesh of the unsubmissive animals, and caused them to crouch in submission at his feet.

The prophet descended the ladder, and went to the stable, in which, separated from the horses by a thin partition, were the wild beasts.

The panther, which was brought originally from Java, well deserved, from its ferocious and horrid aspect, the name of Death. The prophet quietly entered the stable, his long red robe contrasting strangely with his white beard and long flowing hair; then going to the panther, he extended the iron rod into the cage, saying, in an imperative tone,

"Death, come hither."

The panther rose up, took a step towards the prophet, and stopped. At this moment the tiger bounded in his cage, seemingly jealous of the attention which his master was bestowing on the panther; then it fixed its green and transparent eyes upon the prophet. A noise like that made by animals when gnawing anything hard, came from the cage of Cain. The prophet, fearing that Goliah, contrary to his orders, had given the lion some bones to eat, approached the cage, and said in a firm voice,

"Cain!"—Cain paid no attention.

"Cain, come here!" the prophet cried, in a loud voice. No, the lion continued gnawing.

"Come hither," cried the prophet, placing the iron to the back of the lion. Cain bounded from the bottom of his cage, and clung to the wires opposite its master.

"Down, Cain," cried the prophet.

The lion obeyed not. Its lips were turned up through rage, exposing a set of teeth as formidable as that of the wild boar.

Morok drew the end of the iron rod across the mouth of the lion, the pain of which at once rendered the animal submissive. It lay down on the bottom of the cage, exhibiting the greatest symptoms of fear. The lion, from hunger, had been gnawing one of the boards, which it had torn up.

For several instants a profound silence reigned in the menagerie. The prophet walked round the animals, carefully observing each, then occasionally listening at the large door which opened into the yard. Suddenly the door was opened, and Goliah stood before the prophet, his clothes dripping wet.

"Well, how do you get on," demanded the prophet. "Is there any suspicion?"

"Not at all, master." What you told me was perfectly correct, The cellar door is exactly under the window of the young girls' room. When you whistled, I took a ladder, placed it against the wall, mounted about three feet, took hold of the casement with one hand, and my knife in the other. I then broke two windows, at the same time pushing the casement with all my might.

"And they thought it was the wind."

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"Yes, they thought it was the wind. You see that the brute is not without sense. No sooner had I accomplished this, than I hastily entered the cellar, taking the ladder with me. It was well that I did so, for a few minutes afterwards the old man appeared, and opening the window, he called his dog, and said, 'Leap out.' I immediately closed the cellar door. Had I not done so, the cursed dog would have worried me."

"The dog," said Morok, "is now shut up in the stable with the old man's horse. Continue."

"When I heard the window shut, I came out of the cellar, placed my ladder against the wall, and mounted. The two windows were stopped up with a pelisee. I pushed it aside, and saw the girls in bed, and the old man with his back to me."

"The bag! the bag! that is most important."

"What did you hear?"

"The old man said there were papers in it, letters from a general, his money, and a cross."

"Good! go on."

"As it was difficult to get my hand in at the broken pane, I failed in my first attempt. I made a second, but my arm was seen by one of the girls, who screamed, pointing to the windows."

"Wretch!" cried the prophet, becoming pale with rage; "all is lost."

"Stop a little—all is not lost! When I heard the scream, I leaped off the ladder, drew it after me, gained the cellar, and as the dog was not there, I left the door open. The old man again came to the window, but seeing nothing, he—"

"He believed still that it was the wind. You are not so awkward as I at first imagined."

"The wolf, you see, can play the part of a fox. Knowing where the bag is, the money, and the papers, I thought I could do nothing better than return to you for a moment; and here I am."

"Go and fetch the longest hand-spike you can find."

"Yes, master."

"And the red covering. Away."

Goliah mounted the ladder, and when he was half-way up he stopped, saying, "Master, do allow me to give Death a piece of meat? you shall see that she will be angry with me; she will think that it is all my fault; you know she never forgets, and the first opportunity—"

"The spike and the covering," shouted Morok.

Goliah hastened up the ladder, cursing between his teeth, while Morok opened the door, looked into the yard, and listened attentively.

"Here is the spike, and there is the covering," said the giant. "What do you want me to do now?"

"Return to the cellar, get up to the window, and when the old man leaves the room—"

"Who will make him leave the room?"

"What does that matter to you? As soon as the old man leaves the room, push the window open, extinguish the light, and if you accomplish the task I have given you to execute, the ten florins will be yours. You remember my instructions."

"Yes, yes," said the giant, in going away.

"Now," said the prophet, after a long silence; "the means are certain. I ought not to hesitate. Blind tool that I am. Ignorant of the motive which could give rise to such orders, but he who gave me these orders is deeply interested in this affair. All that is grand and noble in the world is connected with it. Strange that two girls, almost in beggary, and a wretched old soldier, can be objects of such immense interest. It matters not," added he, with humility, "I am only the arm that executes, it is the head that strikes and commands."

Morok left the stable, taking with him the covering, and directed his steps towards the place where Jovial was. At the sight of a stranger, Rabat Joie sprang upon the prophet, but its teeth only came in contact with the mail. Morok took Jovial by the halter, threw the covering over his head, led him into his menagerie, and shut the door upon him.

CHAPTER X.—THE SURPRISE.

After the orphans had finished reading, they remained silent and pensive, their eyes fixed upon the fragments of their father's journal. The soldier broke the silence, which had lasted some time, by saying:—

"Courage, my children, think only of your brave father, and of the pleasure you will have in embracing him. The stranger who visited your mother in Siberia, saw your father about a month after these events occurred which you have just been reading—at which period he was about to engage in a campaign against the English. It was to him that your father confided these papers, and this medal."

"But what will be the use of that medal to us, Dagobert?" demanded Blanche.

"And what do these words signify?" added Rose, drawing the medal from her bosom:—

"Victim of L. C. D. J. Pray for me. Paris, 13th February, 1682.	"Paris, 3, St. Francis-street. In a century and a half will be the 13th February, 1832. PRAY FOR ME."

"They signify, my child, that on the

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thirteenth of February, 1832, we must be at No. 3, St. Francis Street, Paris."

"What to do?"

"Your poor mother died so suddenly, that I had not an opportunity of asking her. All that I know is, that it has been a relic in her family for upwards of a hundred years."

"This medal, then, is of great importance to us?"

"Without doubt, for she seemed pleased when the stranger gave it to her. 'Now,' she said, 'my children's lot will perhaps be as happy as it has hitherto been miserable. I will ask the governor of Siberia to grant me permission to go to France with my daughters. Perhaps he will acknowledge, that fifteen years' exile, with the confiscation of all my property, is a sufficient punishment. If he refuses, I shall remain here, but they cannot prevent you, Dagobert, from taking my children there. You must set out soon, for if you do not arrive before the thirteenth of next February, all your trouble will be of no use.'"

"And if we are a day too late?"

"If we arrive on the 14th instead of the 13th, your mother said 'our journey will be to no end.' She gave me a letter to put in the post on reaching France, which I did.

"And do you think we shall be in Paris in time?"

"I hope so. If you, my children, have strength to enable you to take longer stages, for at present we only go five leagues a day, and at that rate, without taking into consideration the accidents of the road, we should not reach Paris before the begining of February."

"Since our father is in India, and condemned to death should he enter France, how is it that we shall be able to see him?"

"Poor children! there are many things that you do not know. When the stranger left your father, he could not then, but since the Bourbons, who exiled your father, have been driven from the throne, he is now at liberty to do so; and he will certainly be there on the thirteenth of February, with the expectation of seeing your mother and you."

"Do you know the stranger's name, Dagobert?"

"No, but whether his name be Peter or Jack, he is a valiant man. When your mother, in tears, thanked him for his kindness to the general, to her, and her children, he pressed her hands in his, saying in a soft and mournful voice:

"Why do you thank me? Has he not said, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'"

"And where did the stranger go, Dagobert?"

"Far away to the north," answered Dagobert. "Your mother, in speaking of him, said that his language was so soft and sad, that it brought tears into her eyes; and that one would, from the expression of his countenance, imagine that he had never smiled nor wept. When he left us, your mother and I stood at the door, and looked after him. His walk was slow, and his step firm. I remarked a singular circumstance. You remember that the road before the house was always soft, caused by the overflowing of the streamlet?"

"Yes."

"The mark of his foot remained on the ground.

"Look," Dagobert continued, touching the counterpane seven times with the point of his finger. "It was thus:

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"What does that signify, Dagobert."

"Chance, perhaps; yes, chance; for my part, however, I always looked upon that devil of a cross as an ill omen; for scarcely had the stranger left, than we were overwhelmed with trouble."

"Yes, Dagobert, the death of our mother.

"Aye, before that. Scarcely had she sat down to write her petition, than I heard a horse galloping up to the door, and a courrier from the governor-general of Siberia enter. He brought an order for our instant change of residence; that in three days we were to accompany a number of exiles, and to be sent 400 leagues farther north. Thus, after fifteen years' exile, your mother's persecutors redoubled their cruelty. She was almost in despair on learning this intelligence; 'for,' said she, 'if we are sent so far up the country, it will be impossible for us to be in France at the fixed time.

"Perhaps the sudden grief caused her illness."

"Oh, no, my children. It was the cursed cholera, which comes without our knowing how, and is sudden, like the clap of thunder. Three hours after the departure of the stranger, when you returned from the forest all life and spirits, carrying in your little hands, bunches of flowers for your mother; she was, poor lady, then in the agonies of death; she could only place the medal round your neck, beseeching me to set out immediately for Paris. On her death, the governor, granting your mother's last request, allowed us to set out for France."

The soldier put his hand to his eyes, whilst the orphans in weeping, threw themselves into each other's arms.

"It was then my children," Dagobert said with pride, after a few moments silence, "It was then you showed yourselves the

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brave daughters of a general. Nstwithstanding the danger, you would not leave your mother—you remained with her till her eyes were closed in death, and you would not leave the place, till I had planted a cross upon the grave that I had dug for her."

Dagobert stopped suddenly. A strange neighing sound was heard, mingling with the roarings of wild beasts. The soldier started up, rushed to the door, flew down the stairs, calling out:

"It is Jovial—my horse Jovial. What are they doing to my horse?"

The orphans, bewildered at the sudden departure of Dagobert, did not perceive a huge hand pass through the broken window, and tumble the lamp, which was placed upon a small table where the soldier's knapsack was—thus leaving the orphans in total darkness.

(To be continued.)

A DAY AT MALTA.

FROM ALLAN'S "PICTORIAL TOUR."

It was the morning of the thirteenth day from leaving England, before the "Oriental" came in sight of the Maltese islands. The first impression they produced was anything but pleasing, the prevailing hue being a sandy brown, and of a rugged, broken, and monotonous form, resembling a cracked and sun-dried mud-bank; and it was not till we approached the entrance of the Grand harbour, and had the whole of the city of Valetta presented to our view, with the substantial wooden walls of old England floating as it were in the very centre, that we discovered the interest which is attached to them. Having gained our moorings, we first had the impatience of the man-of-war's men to satisfy, by giving them their letters directly; their boats clearing aside with wonderful dispatch the curious Maltese craft, with their long upright stems, who immediately swarmed round the steamer in hopes of bullying a few passengers out of three or four times the usual fare. There was also a goodly number of boys ready to dive for halfpence, and pass under the ship's bottom for sixpence. Some of their feats in swimming were really surprising. Among other performances, two of them would sometimes dive, as schoolboys term it, pick-a-back, and to a prodigious depth, returning to the surface in the same fashion.

In the course of the first day, most of the newly-arrived passengers visited the line-of-battle ships. I, with the Parsee gentlemen, went over the "Princess Charlotte," 104 guns, and to "Le Météore," French steamer. In the evening we "Orientals" had a farewell dinner, whereat many quenched their thirst in such copious draughts of champagne, that they lost their way, and did not get back to the vessel till the next morning: some went to the theatre, one of whom, a Persian, so far forgot himself, that hurraing with his red cap, he showed his bare cranium to the audience, and before midnight was found ensconced in a dirty corner of one of the streets, with his head still bare, having now lost its covering altogether. A friend, soon after my arrival, kindly procured me a small cutter-yatch, in which, accompanied by a third gentleman, we went on a cruise to the neighbouring island of Gozo. Having provided ourselves with the necessaries for such an expedition, we passed under the frowning guns of the quadruple battery of St. Angelo, and then under those of St. Elmo, surmounted by the light-house, forming the termination of the tongue of land on which Valetta is built; it separates the Grand harbour from that where vessels performing quarautine are obliged to lie, and is known by the name of Marchamachette. An exception is made to vessels of war, that perform quarantine, in the Grand harbour. We steered to the westward, and after opening the channel between Gozo and the little island of Comino, we stood in; between the latter island and Malta. We managed to discover the harbour, and after grazing a rock or two we found ourselves suddenly aground at the entrance, not far from a little moie, from which a fishing-boat put off to convey us ashore. Making inquiry about quarters on shore for the night, and finding the place afforded none but of the very filthiest description, we obtained, after some further difficulty, a miserable calise, and drove to Rabbato, the chief town of the island, distant upwards of three miles from the lauding-place. With our bones almost dislocated by the horrible jolting, we now found that the only hotel the place afforded was already fully occupied by a party of our own countrymen; and it was only by dint of great persuasion that we got the landlord to allow us his kitchen, where he littered us down on three "beds," which for toughness were only equalled by the fowls he had produced for supper.

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THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MORLEY.

Arms.—Sa,. a stag's head caboshed, between two flaunches, ar.

Crest.—An arm erect, vested, or., slashed, ar., cuff of the last, the hand grasping the antler of a stag, gu.

Supporters.—Dexter, a stag, ar.; sinister a greyhound regardant, sa.; each collared or., and thereto a shield appendant, gu., that on the dexter charged with a horse's head, erased ar, bridled, or.; that on the sinister, with a ducal coronet of the last.

Motto.—Fideli certa merces. "To the faithful man there is a certain reward.

We find that Edmund Parker, of North Molton, in the county of Devon, married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Clemeut Smith, of Little Baddon, in Essex, formerly chief baron of the Exchequer, and had by her an only son and four daughters. The son dying before his father, Mr. Parker was succeeded by his grandson Edmund, who had a large family. His heir, Edmund, first resided at Boringdon, and died in 1691, when he was succeeded by his son, George, who was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Fowell, Bart., of Fowellscombe, Devon, but had no issue to survive him; and, secondly, to Anne, daughter of John Buller, Esq., of Morval, in Cornwall, and had issue by the latter, two sons, the elder of whom, John, succeeded to his estates in 1743. This gentleman had, iu 1725, married Catherine, daughter of John, Earl Powlett. By that lady he had two sons and three daughters. The elder son, John, succeeded his father on his decease in 1768. He was M.P. for the county of Devon, and was created Baron Boringdon of Boringdon, iu the county of Devon, May 18, 1784. His lordship's first wife was Frances, daughter of John Hort, Archbishop of Tuam. By that lady he had no issue. He was, in 1789, united to Theresa, daughter of lord Grantham, by whom he had John, his successor, and Theresa, married April 17, 1798, to the Hon. George Villiers, brother to the earl of Clarendon. The baron died April 27, 1788, and was succeeded by his son, John, second baron, who was born May 3, 1772. He obtained the viscounty of Boringdon and earldom of Morley by creation, November 29, 1815. His lordship was married, June 20th, 1804, to Augusta, second daughter of the earl of Westmoreland. This marriage was dissolved by act of parliament, February 14, 1809, and the noble lord married on the 22nd of August in the same year, Frances, only daughter of Thomas Talbot, Esq., of Gonville, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he left at his decease, May 14, 1840, a son and heir, Edmund Parker, the present earl, who was born June 10, 1810.

KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

This very ancient order, instituted by a French monarch in the year 1099, is minutely described by Sandys the traveller. He says "None were to be admitted if of a defam'd life, or not of the Catholicke religion. They are to be gentlemen of blood; and of sufficient meanes to maintaine a port agreeable to that calling, without the exercise of mechanicall sciences.... They take the secrament; to hear every day a Masse, if they may conveniently; if wars be commenced against the Infidels, to serve here in person, or to send other in their steads, no lesse serviceable: to oppugne the persecutors of the church; to shunne unjust warres, dishonest gaine, and private duels: lastly, to be reconcilers of dissentions, to advance the common good, to defend the widow and orphane, to refraine from swearing, perjury, blasphemy, rapine, usury, sacriledge, murder, and drunkennesse; to avoid suspected places, the company of infamous persons, to live chastly, irreprovably, and in word and deed to shew themselves worthy of such a dignity. This oath taken, the *pater guardian* laieth his hand upon his head, as he kneeleth before the entrance of the tombe; bidding him to be loyall, valiant, virtuous, and an undaunted souldier of of Christ and that holy Sepulcher. Then gives he him the spurs, which he puts on his heeles; and after that a sword (the same, as they say, which was Godfrey's of Bullein), and bids him use it in defence of the church, and himselfe, and to the confusion of Infidels. Sheathing it againe, he girts himselfe therewith: who,

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then arising, and forth-with kneeling close to the Sepulcher, inclining his head upon the same, is created by receiving three stroakes on the shoulder, and by saying thrice, 'I ordaine thee a Knight of the holy Sepulcher of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost.' Then kisses he him, and puts about his neck a chaine of gold, whereat hangeth a Jerusalem crosse: who arising, kisses the Sepulcher, and restoring the aforesaid ornaments, departeth."

THE TEMPLES OF NUBIA.

In all ages of the world it seems to have been the anxious desire of civilized man to perpetuate his memory after death. But, perhaps, the most remarkable proofs of this now extant are furnished by the temples of Nubia. Allan's splendidly embellished "Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean," published last year, brings this subject strikingly before us. When we look at his vigorous representations of the gigantic ornaments with which the tombs of antiquity were provided it fills us with astonishment. We know not how to believe that of which it is impossible to doubt. Too extravagant would it seem in a tale of romance, if a king or chief were represented as bestowing so much time, labour, and expense on a sepulchre. All ordinary reasoning would forbid us to believe that the pomp or vanity of any mortal, could carry him to the extravagant length of incurring the expense of providing himself with a body guard of lifeless giants to watch for ever near his cold remains. We can hardly imagine such a wish could be conceived, and if it were it would seem most unlikely that a desire so preposterous, should be supported, and that, thousands of years ago, by the energies of others, with the means of carrying into effect. Yet this, strange to say, has been accomplished. Marvellous as it seems the fact is certain—that colossal statues, worked with a great knowledge of art, still exist. The southern temple of Ebsamboul, discovered by Burckhardt, and uncovered by Belzoni, is an object of worthy curiosity with all travellers. Mr. Allan was as ardent as any of his predecessors could have been to look upon it. A brief extract from his tour well suffice to give a correct idea of the sculpture in question, and the reader will observe that we have spoken only of the exterior. The apartments within were decorated with corresponding care. When in their neighbourhood, though the day drew near its close, Mr. Allan and his companions determined to wade over the immense mounds of fine sand, which opposed their approach, and in which, at every step, they sunk knee deep. He proceeds:—

"Gaining the entrance, we found ourselves between statues, whose towering forms were of such magnitude as at first to create an impression of doubt as to their beir g the work of the tiny hands of men; it looked incredible. Three of the four figures that adorn the front of this temple are complete; the other on the left, next the entrance, has lost its head, and the upper part of the body. 'Above the doorway, is sculptured the hawk-headed Osiris, in high relief: he bears a globe on his head, and is receiving offerings from two females standing on each side. These colossi measure:—Height, 65 feet; across the shoulders, 25 feet 4 inches; shoulder to elbow, 15 feet 6 inches; length of ear, 3 feet 6 inches; length of beard, 5 feet 6 inches; length of fore-finger, 3 feet; elbow to end of middle finger, 15 feet.

"The entrance leads into a fine hall, fifty-seven feet by fifty two, the roof of which is supported by eight columns, adorned by as many Caryatides, thirty eet high. Each figure stands erect, frowned with a lofty mitre, the top of which reached to the ceiling. They are supposed to represent Osiris. On their shoulders are graven the name of Rameses the Great, who ascended the throne of Egypt, B. C. 1355. The two first figures are buried up to their middle by the sand that has run into the temple. Beyond this hall are two other chambers leading to the adytum, at the bottom of which are four sitting statues, much mutilated about the head, but otherwise in tolerable preservation. From these four principal apartments branch off many others, all ornamented with hieroglyphics, but generally coarsely executed, many having been left unfinished; some indeed are only marked out in black. The walls in the larger rooms exhibit spirited representations of battle-scenes, executed, notwithstanding the softness of the stone, with great expression. Many of the prisoners are represented with leopard-skins, as if war had been waged against some savage nation of the interior.

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LEGISLATION FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

By a majority of 35 to 8, a committee of the House of Commons was nominated last Thursday, to inquire into the momentous question of dog-stealing in the metropolis. Mr. Labouchere considered that the subject might be safely left in the hands of Government, and that the metropolitan poodles were sufficiently protected under the present constitution. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. Chas. Dickens has affirmed in evidence, that "wherever sausages are made, there are no dogs about;" and Mr. Liddell is doubtless satisfied in his own mind, not without reason, that the disappearance of dogs from such neighbourhoods is to be traced to an organised conspiracy, and that "the effect defective does come by cause." The question thus becomes doubly important:—1st, to the owners of dogs; 2nd, to the consumers of sausages. And to the interests of these two classes, the committee will of course direct their careful consideration. We look with impatience for the Blue Book, and the Minutes of Evidence. When we consider the numerous varieties of the canine species in the metropolis—the English bull-dog, the Scottish terrier, the Italian greyhound, the Newfoundland, the lap-dog, the colley, or shepherd's dog, the butcher's dog, the carriage dog, and others, we may readily apprehend the variety of interests involved in the ownership of such animals. Nor can the inquiry rest even here. These great metropolis abounds also with cats: these cats have owners: these cats are not unfrequently stolen. Perhaps even while we write, the favourite tabby of a worthy housekeeper just as it had come to know her and to love her well, has disappeared under suspicious circumstances from the premises; who will answer for it that that cat has voluntarily absconded. Shall dogs alone receive the benefit of a select committee of the House of Commons?

True, the utility of the watch dog—the grateful associations of the faithful poodle, are claims for canine legislation superior to any which the feline order may prefer; but this is beside the question; for every vested interest, from corn and cattle down to white mice, has a right to demand justice and protection from the British legislature.

We may take another opportunity of dealing at some length, and in ample detail, with the equally important aspects of this question, as regards the consumers of sausages. In the meantime, we accord our hearty thanks to the honorable member who has thus boldly brought this subject under the notice of the House; and we trust that no party considerations will deter the committee from bringing the result of their inquiries before the country.

CHEATS IN SPECTACLES.

In all trades there is abundant cheating. Mr. Cox, the optician of Newgate Street, has taken upon himself to expose some of the villanous tricks of those who sell spectacles. They, it seems from what he tells, are a most nefarious crew; they persuade persons who have undamaged eyes to suffer them to be spoiled, and those whose sight fails are made, by these frauds, infinitely worse. A bad or useless article is forced upon them, for which a monstrous price is charged. A Jew is pointed at as most intrepidly knavish. Some of the stories furnished of him are amusing for their audacity. They ought to have appeared in that interesting volume entitled, "Anecdotes of Impudence." Take the following for example:—

"A military gentleman, of Stonehouse, was waited upon by a renowned optical quack, who, the moment he entered the parlour, exclaimed, "Goot Got, Sar! vy, you are a'goin plind; the sight is leaving your left eye! If you don't immejartly take to my improved classes I vill not answer for the konserkences; kataract will grow on it in a month!" The gentleman, taken by surprise, tried on some of the *preservers*, and finally purchased two pairs of hand-folding spectacles, for which he paid four pounds. Some time after, they were more particularly inspected, and proved to be common glass, instead of pebbles, as was represented, and of much stronger focus than the eyes required. The full London retail charge for *such* articles is 10s. per pair.

"In the same town the same *distinguished* individual forced his way into the study of a reverend gentlemen, and alarmed him by a similar prognostication. A pair of the 'clarified crystals, ground by a peculiar process,' were purchased, price fifteen shillings. Afterwards, upon finding that one eye was irritated, and derived no assistance from the spectacles, the gentleman called upon the optician who had always previously supplied him, and was convinced of the trick which had been put upon him. They were common machine-worked glasses, each of a different focus, and neither of them suitable to his sight. Their proper

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price, sold in their proper place (viz., by hawkers, in the streets), is one shilling per pair!

"A gentleman of Norwich, struck with the advantages promised by some extraordinary spectacles, paid two guineas for a pair of blue steel, with blue glasses, which were warranted pebbles (pebbles. it is scarcely necessary to say, are colourless), and had the additional vexation to be severely censured by several friends, who complained that the fellow had fixed them with similar trash by representing that he (the gentleman) had said, 'After you leave mine, do you go down past the Norfolk Hotel, and say I bid you call on Mr. and Mrs. ——, to sell them spectacles such as I have bought.' This, of course, was a manœuvre of the cheat himself.

"A gentleman, of Tavistock, purchased a pair of silver spectacles, declared to be very fine pebbles, price thirty-five shillings; they were merely glass; and as he required a glass in an old pair of spectacles, the pompous hawker offered to *oblige* him by putting one of his 'clarified lenses' to match the focus: for this he charged five shillings and sixpence. It was two inches different in focal length to the original glass! which would have been properly matched, by any resident optician, for one shilling!

"One of the hawking tribe called at the residence of Major C———, near Hereford, and represented that M———, Esq., had ordered, on the previous day, two pairs of spectacles, and desired him to call upon his friend, the major, to suit him also. In this case the attack was parried; and, spite of the hawker's vehement declaration, that the eyes were in a terrible state, he was dismissed, 'to call again to-morrow.' Thus the major preserved his eyes, and saved his money. In the evening he saw his friend, and inquired if he had sent a fellow to his house with spectacles? 'No,' was the reply, 'but you sent him to *me:* for he came this afternoon, saying you had bought two pairs, and wished me to have some of the same kind; therefore, I bought two pairs, and paid him the price he said *you* gave, viz., three pounds, ten shillings, though at first he wanted four guineas!'

"A naval captain, residing at Monmouth, showed me a pair of silver spectacles with six-inch focus glasses, very jagged and splintered at the edges, worth at most twelve shillings, for which he had given one of the tribe of impostors two guineas, and a pair of tortoiseshell (which *did* suit his sight) into the bargain.

"A lady at Belfast was attracted by the showy advertisement of an itinerant optician, and called upon him, 'between the hours of ten and six,' for the purpose of purchasing a pair of spectacles. The first thing he did, after staring at her, and impudently declaring that her eyes were being ruined, was to snatch her spectacles from her face, and put a pair of his own in their place. 'There, Matam! they are the spattacles for your eyes, those you have peen vearing vill pring on kataract.' 'I see pretty well in these,' said the lady, 'but my own suit about as well, I think.' 'Oh dear no, it's quite a mistake, your own are retched; put them on—isn't there a differench now, Matam?' 'Yes, there is,' said the lady (who had too much penetration for the pedlar), 'they require cleaning after having been held in your hot hand all this time;' and taking up a wash-leather, she wiped the glasses, and, replacing them, bade adieu to the *testimonialed* optician."

TO MY SON.

AGED THREE YEARS.

Come, let me press thee to my heart, my first born darling child,
I love to hear thy tender voice in accents sweetly mild:
Come, lisp those pretty little tales thy mother taught to thee—
For in that voice how mark'd the trait of infant minstrelsy!
Thy bright blue eyes of earnest look speak loudly to my heart,
That if thou'rt spared to manhood's years thou'lt act no mean a part.
I've watch'd thy many mimic ways—thy thoughts beyond thy years,
And often how a plaintive tale hath melted thee to tears:
I've seen expression deeply sit upon thy thoughtful brow,
When in thy prayers, at even-tide, thou'st said "God bless me, now!"
O how my heart has bounded high to see thy bended knee—
To hear thee lisp in mildness sweet thy infant melody.
To view thee with an anxious eye—to tend thy every need—
To lessen all thy little cares—was my fond part indeed.
Nor must thy *mother's* prayer be hush'd—that God may bless her boy,
That *He* who daily gives us bread will crown with hope and joy:
With years of plenitude and peace—with mind of sterling birth—
With every virtue—every grace—and every moral worth!

T. G. WOOD.

A VISIT TO ANOTHER WORLD.

An American captain some years ago, professed to have discovered that the globe was composed of a series of worlds, one within another, like a nest of boxes. He talked very gravely of the various animals he and his fellows would find in their journey to explore one or two of these systems. As yet no accounts have been received of the successful execution of his design, which, however, seems to have been suggested to him by a story with which Giraldus Cambrensis, favoured the world in the twelfth century, of the rather

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singular adventures of a young Taffy. It ran thus:—"A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in those parts (Neath ir. Glamorganshire), which Elidorus, a priest, most solemnly affirmed to have befallen himself. When a youth about twelve years of age, in order to escape from the severity of his preceptor, he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature ("*homunculi duo staturæ quasi pigmeæ*," as the monk calls them) appeared to him, and said, 'If you will go with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports." Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides, at first through a path subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, murky, however, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the king, and introduced to him in the presence of his court, when, having examined him for a long time to the great admiration of his courtiers, he introduced him to his son, who was then a boy. These people were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned; fair complexioned, with long hair, particularly the females, who wore it flowing over their shoulders. They had horses and hounds adapted to their size. They ate neither fish nor flesh; but lived for the most part on milk and saffron. As often as they returned from our hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconstancies; and although they had no form of public worship, they were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth—for no one was so utterly detested by them as a liar.

"The boy frequently returned to our world, sometimes by the way he had gone, sometimes by others; at first in company, and afterwards alone—making himself known only to his mother, to whom he described what he had seen. Being desired by her to bring her a present of gold, with which that country abounded, he stole, while at play with the king's son, a golden ball with which he used to divert himself, and brought it in haste to his mother—but not unpursued; for as he entered the house, he stumbled at the threshold, let his ball drop, which two pigmies seized, and departed, showing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. Notwithstanding many attempts for the space of a whole year, he never could discover the track to the subterraneous passage; but after suffering many misfortunes, he at length succeeded in renewing his intimacy with this mysterious race. He had, however, previously made himself acquainted with their language, which, observes Giraldus, was very conformable to the Greek idiom."

A species of sprite, very similar to, and perhaps the very prototype of the *Ellyll*, of Wales, is said to exist at the present day in Sweden. The Swedish *Elf* is to all intents and purposes the cousin-german of the Welsh *Ellyll*, and its mythology is precisely similar. When the Swedish peasant sees a circle marked on the morning grass, he attributes it at once to the midnight revels of the mischievous fairy.

MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION.

BY JOHN BYRNE.

Marriage is accused of all the evils of life—an unjust accusation—marriage is good; it is our methods of education which are bad. Whatever, therefore, would amend these methods would render the state of marriage more happy. What is required? Only a very simple thing, but which has not yet been tried; viz., to accustom us from our childhood to all the thoughts and sentiments which are to fill up our lives. Let us acquire *how* to think, and not *what* to think; it is in this particular that the great error of education originates. Parents and guardians that would wish to fix the attention of young girls on the choice of their husbands, should educate them for this choice: impress deeply in their souls the characters of true love, in order that they may not be deceived by whatever has only its appearance.

Are they not made for loving? Should not this happiness extend itself throughout their whole life? Is it not, at the same time, their supremacy, their power, and their destiny? And yet the old conventional prejudices which abhor love still exist in families. Mothers forget in the presence of their children, the perils which this narrow education surrounds, the illusions to which their ignorance gives birth, and the weaknesses which follow these illusions, To open the higher attributes of the mind of the young to true love, is to harm them against the corrupting passions which usurp its name: and here the advantage is twofold, for, by exalting the loving faculties of the soul, you, in some measure, paralyze the tumultuous passions of the senses.

Examine the first choice of a girl. Amongst all the qualities which please her in a lover there is perhaps not one which would be suitable in a husband, and, in fact she frequently sees little more of him she loves than the beauty of his form, or perhaps the elegance of his dress. Is not this, then, the most complete condemnation of our system of education? From an apprehension of too strongly affecting the heart, we conceal from woman all that is worthy of love; we allow the sense of the beautiful that exists in them to be lost among

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futilities—the outside pleases them—what is within is unknown. When, therefore, after having been united six months, they look for the delightful young man whose presence charmed them, they are often very much surprised to find in his place only an impertinent fellow, an ignoramus, or a simpleton. Yet this is what is commonly termed in the world a marriage of inclination.

It is true that, in the present state of our manners, young ladies are seldom called upon to make their choice; their imagination is occupied, not with the husband, but with marriage. So it results that most girls have marriage for their object, without thinking much about the husband. On their part the parents seek to match the fortunes; their aim, they say, is to secure the futurity of their children; and, absorbed in this idea, they treat of marriage as an affair of commerce—as of a thing which gives a position in the world—forgetting that it is a thing which causes happiness or unhappiness. Thus our foolish wisdom has succeeded in detaching love from marriage; we have made a bargain by which girls purchase the power of regulating the expences of their household—of going out alone—and of seeking in the circle around them that half of their soul, that ideal being which youth dreams of and will possess.

For how much soever our education may succeed in suppressing our inclinations it cannot destroy them; man and woman are of the same being, whom nature unconquerably tends to unite by love. The actual system is but a deception; it removes the danger from the paternal roof to transport to that of the husband.

Singular education! the chief aim of which is to throw upon another the heavy load of our want of foresight.

Thus, in the present state of matters, young girls are unable to make a proper choice for want of experience, and the choice of parents is almost always bad, for want of the recollection of what is required in youth. We are placed between two evils, without any chance of good. In order to extricate ourselves from such a deplorable position, there is but one means, which consists of giving at the same to girls more freedom and more enlightenment. I would imprint in their minds an ideal model of all human perfections, and teach them to subject their inclinations to the guidance of this model.

While destroying their state of half-slavery, I would accustom them to rely upon their own powers, which is of more importance, as regards the stability of their virtues than is generally supposed, by developing in them the innate sense of moral beauty; I would accustom them to seek for it everywhere, and to prefer it before al Love need then no longer be feared; this flame which consumes would then be no more than the flame which enlightens and vivifies.

THE "GROVES OF BLARNEY," AND "LOVEGROVES."

SONG.

"The groves of Blarney, they are so charming,
None other groves can with them compare,"
Excepting "Lovegroves," where its alarming,
How large the bills are and how small the fare,
For little dishes of their little fishes,
And little quantams of other cheer,
Their charges lead one to the strangest wishes,
To leave a place *which is so very dear.*

But this I must say, I hope and trust they
Will see their error, and amend their ways;
For in his wines, from Port to Tokay,
The civil landlord does his best to *plase.*
And as to cooking, and as to waiting,
There's not a house can beat him near,
If, then, for white-bait there's some abate-ing
Why that's the house for you and me, my dear.

THE NECK.*

A TRADITION FROM THE GERMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

"Oh! Father, by the river's side.
We talk'd and play'd the hours away,
And as we watch'd the waters glide,
We heard the *Neck* sweet music play.
So soft and soothing was the strain,
It seem'd our very hearts to gain'

"Why play'st thou *Neck?* my brother cried,
Salvation never canst thou know,
Condemned by this lone river's side,
To days of darkness and of woe.
Small cause hast thou to tune thy lyre,
Or breathe the strains the blest inspire.

"Scarce had he spoken when the sprite
Sank in the sullen rivers tide,
O'erpower'd with grief he shun'd the light,
His shame and misery to hide.
It pained us much to see such woe,
And his sad eyes with tears o'erflow."

"Go back, my children," said the sire.
"The word of consolation speak,
Salvation e'en to his desire,
Shall dry the tears upon his cheek.
And he shall yet, in gladden'd strain,
God's holy name once more proclaim!"

Beside the stream the *Neck* they found,
Silently seated on the shore,
With look dejected on the ground,
Sadly did he his fate deplore.
"Weep not, poor sprite," the children cried,
"For thy sins, *too*, the saviour died!"

Again a song of heav'nly joy
Came from the spirit's warbling lyre,
And hymns which do the blest employ,
When they rejoin the angelic quire.
Sweetly he sung till twinkling bright,
The stars illumed the list'ning night.

OMEGA.

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*The *Neck* is a fairy frequenting rivers The tal is from the pen of the Brothers Grim.

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The Gatherer.

Royal Splendour.—The plate at Windsor Castle is valued at £2,000,000! A single gold service of George the Fourth contains all the utensils requisite to dine 130 guests.

Bear's Grease.—All the brown, black, and white bears in the world would scarcely yield a month's supply of genuine grease for the *polar* consumption of Great Britain. To "slaughter a bear" is a by-word among barbers for opening a bladder of lard.—*Mysteries of London.*

Pea Shelling.—At this season no less than from 600 to 800 hands are temporarily employed in Covent-garden Market in shelling peas.

Authorship of Charles II.—On the death of King Charles the Second, two papers, written in defence of the christian religion, were found in his strong box. James, then on the throne, ordered them to be published. George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, suspects "that, in this case, he might write it all himself, and yet not one word of it his own. The king," he adds, "had only his mere natural faculties, without any acquisitions to improve them; so that it is no wonder, if an argument which gave such ease and relief to his mind, made such an impression, that with thinking often of it (as men are apt to do of every thing they like), he might, by the effect chiefly of his memory, put together a few lines with his own hand, without any help at the time; in which there was nothing extraordinary, but that one so little inclined to write at all, should prevail with himself to do it with the solemnity of a casuist."

Arithmetic taught with the Classics in the Old Schools.—At Wotton-under-Edge, the free grammar school founded so early as in 8 Richard II, admitted teaching "to write a fair hand, to cipher, and cast accompts," by letters patent of the 22nd year of the reign of the learned King James I. At Skipton, a grammar school was founded in 2 Edward VI, and the original rules direct that the boys be first taught the alphabet, and afterwards proceed to grammar. At Wakefield, the free grammar school was founded in 34 Eliz.; and the statutes made in 1607, provide for tuition in writing, as well as in the classics. At Wellingborough is an ancient grammar school, which was brought before Lord Keeper Egerton in 38 Eliz.; and his lordship sanctioned the teaching of "reading, writing, and casting accounts," as well as Latin in it. At Aldenham a grammar school was founded in general terms in 1599, but in the course of the same year, the intention of the founder in using those terms, is shown by statutes directing the master to teach "Latin, and the usher English, writing, ciphering, and casting accounts." At Knaresborough the free grammar school was founded in 14 James I; to educate poor as well as rich, in grammar, accidence and other books.

Anatomy.—It was in the thirteenth century that anatomy was commenced, and that in the West. The emperor Frederick ordered that no person should be admitted to his degree who had not studied anatomy and the dissection of the human body. There remain some remarkable works on medecine written at this period, among which is the *Trésor des Pauvres*, or Manuel of the art of Curing, composed by John Peter of Spain, who afterwards became pope under the name of John XXI.

Cooling of the Globe.—M. Fourier has demonstrated that the cooling of the globe (if such a fact is admitted) must be very slow, being less than $\frac{1}{81600}$ of a centigrade degree for a century.

Prices in Bristol in 1635.—Rape cakes made in Bristol were sold into Holland at 2d. per dozen, a ship coming purposely to fetch them away. The rape oil was used in making soap to some extent in Bristol. A firkin of old soap cost 16s.; sack 1s. a quart; claret, 6d. A horseload of goods from Bristol to Shrewsbury paid 2s. 6d. carriage; from Shrewsbury to Chester, 6s.

Consumption of Tea and Coffee.—One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind, is the consumption of tea and coffee. Upwards of 800,000,000 of pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world.

Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.—Letters continue to be received from Dr. Wolff which encourage a belief that these gentlemen are alive.

Fury of the Mexicans against the Spaniards.—The wrath of the poor unwarlike subjects of Montezuma was great in the extreme. Bernal Diaz says:—"In the midst of their fierce attacks, they constantly cried out, 'You are a set of low-minded scoundrels, you are fit for nothing, and you neither know how to build a house nor how to cultivate maise. You are a pack of worthless fellows, and only come to plunder our town. You have fled away from your own country, and deserted your own king; but before eight days are past there will not be one of you left alive. Oh! you miserable beings, you are so bad and beastly, that even your flesh is not eatable. It tastes as bitter as gall!' It is most probable that after they had feasted off the bodies of several of our companions, the Almighty, in his mercy, had turned the flesh bitter." But this was not the worst. They inhumanly butchered their prisoners. He writes:—"We could plainly see the platform, with the chapel in which those cursed idols stood! how the Mexicans had adorned the heads of the Spaniards with feathers, and compelled their victims to

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dance round their god. Huitzilopochtli; we saw how they stretched them out at full length on a large stone, ript open their breasts with flint knives, tore out the palpitating heart, and offered it to their idols."

Classic Performances.—The Prussian king is about to add the "Eumenides," of Æschylus, to the number of revivals of the Greek drama, which have taken place, by his direction, at the palace-theatre of Potsdam.

Sir Walter Scott's Monument.—Upwards of 1000*l.* of the sum wanting to complete the Edinburgh monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, has been produced by a "Waverley Ball," held, in London, at Willis's Rooms, and attended by 1,438 persons.

Prices of Old Books. — The *Athenæum* says, after noticing the sale of Shakespeare's Sonnets, "Good copies of good old books are on the rise. Indeed, they are scarcer than ever—our public libraries buying liberally and largely, and having many noble bequests made to themselves."

Death of the Duke d'Angouleme.—This prince, the husband of the daughter of Louis XVI., is no more: he died on the 3d instant, at Goritz. His royal highness enjoyed a distinguished reputatien for courage and humanity.

Dame Juliana Berners.—A fortnight ago, a poor fellow in the village of Blyton, in Lincolnshire, went, with a basket hung on his arm, in which was a parcel of books, into the town of Gainsburgh. He was stopped by an inquiry from a druggist as to what he had in his basket; and the latter bought the lot for three shillings—the poor fellow walked off perfectly content. The druggist, in looking over the books, finds one which he could not read; so off he goes with it to a young bookseller, and after these two had examined it, they came to the conclusion that it was a very curious book. The druggist, on profit bent, offered this one book to the bookseller for the sum of *five shillings*; but the bookseller dared not venture on such a tremendous speculation, besides there was one certain, perhaps two leaves out. The druggist left it, and the bookseller was to try what he could get for it. Presently, it was seen by a reverend gentleman, who, not anxious himself touching such books, took little notice of it, but goes to a young friend, a bookseller, who had the credit of being a little *bookish*. The *bookish* man looked at it,—suddenly a kind of tremor passed through his frame, and one guinea is bid for the book. The owner is undecided, and will not say anything. Next day the "Squire" comes to town, sees the book, and offers *three pounds*: but the *bookish* man had secured the refusal. The Squire takes it home to look over, and returning it himself the day after, actually offers *five guineas*. "The Squire knows," was doubtless the poor bookseller's thought, and straightway he posts to offer the refusal of the book to the *bookish* man for seven pounds. Rejoicing apparently, the foolish, anxious fellow lays down the seven pounds demanded, and becomes possessed of Dame Juliana Berner's Boke of St. Albans, imprynted at St. Albans, MCCCCLXXXVI. Since these occurences it has again changed hands; and the learned world will rejoice to hear that it has become a denizen of the library of the Rt. Hon. J. Grenville.

Rights of Citizens.—The municipal rights in England were formerly mixed up, as in France, with the feudal system, though to a greater extent. The Conquest was recent, and the military vassals preserved a good deal of their authority over the citizens. The municipal privileges partook of the character of fiefs, and existed by and under the swords of the barons. A great principle was, however, proclaimed in Magna Charta. The immunities of the towns were recognised by the king, and the representatives of the communes were called to parliament to vote in matters of aid and subsidy. In the heart of the cities, interior municipal bodies were formed: every trade and branch of industry had its peculiar laws, privileges, and magistracy. The glovers, the butchers, the fishermen, as well as the rest, boasted of their banners, their guard, and their provost, as well as the towns and the barons.

Parliament to be Assembled twice in each year.—In a Parliament Roll of Edward II, it is stipulated, that the King should hold a Parliament once every year, or even twice if necessary, and that in a convenient place 'Que le Roi tiegne Parliament une foiz par an ou deux foix si mestier soit, et ceo en lieu covenable.'—*Rot. Parl.* vol. i. p. 285.

Diseases carried in Clothes.—The statement lately put forth by the tailors of disease being carried in garments, brought from the dens of sickness, filth, and poverty, does not rest on their *ipse dixit*, as will be seen in the subjoined extract:—"It has been often observed, that persons from jails, work-houses, and other artificial places of confinement, though not at the time, and what is still more remarkable, though not observed at any period to have laboured under formal disease, carry in themselves or in their clothes causes which occasion fever in its most formidable aspect to those who approach near to them."—*Outline of the History and Cure of Fever, by Robert Jackson, M. D.* Edinburgh. 1798.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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THE WANDERING JEW.

DAGOBERT AND HIS HORSE.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER XI.—JOVIAL AND THE PANTHER.

No sooner had Morok led Jovial into the middle of his menagerie, than the lion, the tiger, and the panther sprang to the bars of their cages, while the poor horse—from whose face the covering had been withdrawn—stood stupified as if nailed to the ground, trembling in every limb. The lion and tiger roared frightfully, but the panther, in mute determination, went to the extremity of the cage, and bounded with tremendous force upon the iron bars, which shook under the strengh of the starving animal. As it was preparing for its third leap, the horse, in the midst of its stupor, neighed piteously, and ran to the door by which it had entered, but finding it shut, it lowered its head, and snuffed the fresh air which came from a hole at the bottom. The prophet approached the panther's cage as the animal was taking its third leap, which was done with such force that the iron bars gave way, and it fell into the stable. For an instant it remained motionless, as if calculating the distance of the leap required to reach the horse—then sprang upon it, seized it by the throat, at the same time thrusting its claws into

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its breast, and opening the jugular vein, whence a torrent of blood flowed.

Suddenly these words struck upon the ear of the poor horse: "Courage, Jovial, courage, my old friend." It was Dagobert, who had reached the door, and was trying to force it open, but the weight of the struggling animals that were behind baffled his efforts.

At the sound of that well-known voice, the dying horse turned its head round, and in reply to its master, neighed piteously.

"Help, help!" shouted Dagobert, shaking the door violently. Then he added, in a tone of despair, "O God! and without arms!"

"Take care," cried the prophet, who at this moment appeared, "take care. Enter not, or you are a dead man. My panther is furious."

"My horse, my poor horse!" Dagobert exclaimed in a pitiful tone.

"During the night," Morok said, "it had left its stable, and entered the coach-house. At the sight of the horse the panther broke his cage, and sprang upon it. You shall be accountable for the damage that may take place," added the prophet, in a threatening tone, "for I must hasard my life to get the animal again into its cage." The prophet then disappeared.

The roaring of the wild beasts, in conjunction with the groaning of the horse, and the cries of its master, awoke the inmates of the hotel. The ostler, with a lantern in his hand, ran up to Dagobert, and on learning what had happened, he, in fright, hastened back to the inn to inform his master.

It is easy to conceive the anxiety of the soldier; his face pale, his ear at the key-hole, waiting till the prophet opened the door.

By degrees the roaring ceased, and all that reached Dagobert's ear was the voice of the prophet, saying,

"Death, I say, come here—Death!"

The night was exceedingly dark, therefore Dagobert could not perceive Goliah stealing along the roofs of the stables, and enter the granary by means of the window of the coach-house.

Soon afterwards the landlord appeared, with a gun over his shoulder, followed by a number of men, armed with pitch-forks and cudgels.

"What's the matter?" said he, on approaching Dagobert, "to have such disturbances in my hotel. May the devil take this exhibitor of wild beasts, and the careless people who do not know how to fasten a horse to its manger."

The soldier waved his hand, beseeching them to be quiet, and continued listening.

Suddenly a fearful roaring was heard, accompanied by a shriek.

"Without doubt," said the landlord, "you are the cause of much mischief. Did you not hear Morok cry? Probably he is dangerously wounded."

Dagobert was about to reply, when the door opened, and Goliah appeared, saying,

"You can go in. There is now no longer danger."

The interior of the menagerie, at this moment, offered a singular spectacle. The prophet pale, trying to hide his inward emotion, was on his knees, and from the movement of his lips, appeared to be praying.

On seeing the host and the people of the inn, he rose, saying, in a solemn voice,

"Thanks, O God, for thus enabling me, once more, to overcome these animals by the strength with which thou hast endowed me!"

The spectators, unaware of the armour that the prophet wore under his pelisse, attributed the fear of the panther to the intrepidity and almost supernatural strength of the prophet.

Not far from the den, and in the midst of a pool of blood, lay the carcase of poor Jovial, at the sight of which Dagobert threw himself upon his knees, lifted up the head of the unfortunate animal, and fixed his gaze upon the half-closed eyes which poor Jovial had turned towards his much-loved master. Dagobert, forgetting his rage, and thinking only of the sad effect that this accident would have upon the journey of the young girls, and of the horrible death of his poor old horse—his companion in fatigue, faithful animal, that was twice wounded, even as his master, and which had not left him for so many years.

The struggles of the soldier's heart were so strikingly depicted on his countenance, that those around were struck with sympathy for the old man. But when Dagobert thought of Jovial being his companion in exile; that the mother of the orphans had, like her daughters, undertaken a perilous excursion with that unfortunate creature; and that his loss would at once prove fatal to the interests of the orphans, grief gave way to rage. He started to his feet, seized with one hand the prophet by the throat, and with the other dealt out half-a-dozen fearful blows, which, thanks to Morok's coat of mail, were rendered of little avail.

"Scoundrel," the veteran cried, "you shall account for the death of that poor animal."

Active and bold though Morok was, he could not compete with Dagobert, who, besides gaining an advantage by his height, displayed energy and activity in every blow he dealt, and it was with great difficulty that the inn-keeper and Goliah succeeded

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in freeing the prophet from the iron grasp of the old grenadier.

"It is truly shameful," cried the host, looking at Dogobert. "Have you not caused this worthy man to risk his life for you? and not contented, you now resort to open violence. Shame upon your grey hairs; you conducted yourself otherwise yesterday evening."

These words brought the soldier to a sense of his imprudence. He was a stranger, travelling with two helpless orphans. Struggling with his excited feelings, and making a powerful effort, he said,

"You are right, sir; I have been too hasty. But do you not think that that man ought to indemnify me for the loss of my horse? Now judge for yourself."

"Not at all; the blame rests entirely with you," said the host, evidently showing a partiality for the prophet. "You did not fasten your horse properly; it left the stable in the night time, and wandered into the coach-house, the door of which must have been open."

"That is right," said Goliah. "I left the door ajar to give the beasts air. The cages were shut, and there was no danger."

"It was," added a third, "the sight of the horse that rendered the panther furious. It is the prophet that has most to complain of."

"Your opinions," said Dagobert, losing his patience, "matter little. I say I must have, this instant, money or a horse: yes, this instant, for I wish to leave this ill-omened house."

"And I say," cried Morok, holding up, with theatrical effect, his bleeding hand, which he had previously concealed under his pelisse: "I say, you must indemnify me for my loss. Look what the panther has done. Perhaps I shall lose the use of my hand for life."

This last incident secured the sympathy and interest of the bystanders.

"There is only one way to settle the question," said the innkeeper. "Fritz, run to the burgomaster; he will decide the matter. He will not be pleased at being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour; and," added the host, addressing Dagobert, "to screen myself from all blame, bring me your papers. I neglected asking for them in the evening."

"They are in my bag, up stairs. I shall go and fetch them," said the soldier: then turning away his head, and covering his face with his hands, as he passed the bleeding carcase of Jovial, he went to the room where the orphans were.

The prophet looked after him with an air of satisfaction, saying to himself, "Behold him without a horse, without money, without papers. I have now succeeded in fulfilling my orders. Every one will decide against the soldier. I can now make sure of a stop being put to his journey, at least for a few days."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Karl, the comrade of Goliah, set out for Leipsic with a letter which Morok had written hastily, and which he was to post on his arrival there.

This was the address of the letter: "Mr. ———, Mr. Rodin, 11, Milieu-des-Ursins-street, Paris, France."

CHAPTER XII.—THE BURGOMASTER.

Dagobert's anxiety increased more and more. He was certain that Jovial had not gone voluntarily to the place where the wild beasts were; he attributed the whole affair to the malignity of the prophet, and tried in vain to account for the ill-will which evidently was rankling in the bosom of Morok. He shrank at the idea that his cause, good though it was, depended entirely on the temper of a judge hurried out of his bed in the middle of the night.

Resolved on concealing every thing as long as possible from the orphans, he opened the door, at the outside of which was Rabat-Joie. The soldier, on finding all dark, started in astonishment, saying,

"My children, how is it that you are without a light?"

There was no reply. In fright, he ran to the bed, took the hand of one of the orphans, but that hand was cold."

"Rose, my children," the distracted soldier cried. Stillness succeeded the agitated accents of Dagobert.

At that instant the moon peered from behind a thick cloud, and cast its rays into the chamber and upon the bed where the orphans were lying. Rose's head was hid in the bosom of her sister, and Blanche's face was pale and motionless.

"They have fainted; poor things." The veteran took a corner of his handkerchief, poured some brandy upon it, and bathed the temples of the orphans. The brandy had its desired effect. Rose moved slightly, sighed, opened her eyes; and then, in fright, threw herself into her sister's arms.

"My children, be not afraid; it is your own Dagobert."

"Oh, Dagobert! Is it you? We are saved! O, Dagobert!"

"You have been frightened, my children. How is it that the lamp is out? Tell me, my little ones. There is something that I don't understand about this inn; curse the day that I entered it: we will leave it soon. What took place, my children, in my absence?"

"You had scarcely gone out, when the window was violently opened, and the table and the lamp fell with a horrible

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crash. We screamed; we don't know what took place afterwards. But what was the matter with Jovial? it was he that was neighing when you left us."

This question pierced the heart of the veteran, who replied, with an air of embarrassment,

"Yes, Jovial neighed, but it was nothing. We must have a light. Do you know where I put my tinder-box yesterday evening? I'm forgetting myself; its in my pocket."

The soldier lighted the candle, went to the window, shut it, lifted up the table, placed his bag upon it, then plunged his hand into the secret pocket where his purse and papers were, and found that it was empty. Stupified and bewildered, he staggered backwards, crying, "Nothing!" A faint hope seemed to break in upon him, and brightened for a moment his bewildered countenance. He emptied the contents of his bag upon the table. He removed every article, looked at this, turned over that, but neither could he find his purse nor his papers. He seized the orphans' pelisse, searched every corner, but nothing could he find. The face of Dagobert was covered with cold perspiration, while his knees shook under him. He advanced towards the orphans, asking,

"Did I give you the papers to keep? Tell me."

Rose and Blanche, frightened at the pale and disturbed countenance of Dagobert, instead of answering, screamed. Then Rose demanded, "O Dagobert, Dagobert, what is the matter?"

"Have you, or have you them not? If not, I shall take the first knife I find, and plant it in my heart."

The orphans, in weeping, stretched forth their little hands in supplication. Dagobert heeded them not. For an instant he stood as if the reality of his situation, with its fatal consequences, were passing before his mind; then he fell on his knees at the bed of the orphans, and pressing his forehead with his hands, he muttered: "Pardon! pardon! I know not what I m doing. O God, what a misfortune."

The orphans, who did not yet know the cause of all this grief, wound their arms round the grey head of the old man, and said, with tears running down their cheeks: O, look at us, dear Dagobert; tell us what ails you. Are we to blame?"

A noise of footsteps was heard upon the stairs, which was succeeded by the barking of Rabat Joie.

"Call your dog away, sir; it is the burgomaster."

These words brought to Dagobert's recollection a sense of his present condition. His horse was dead; he was without his papers, without money; and one day behind the appointed time would ruin the prospects of the orphans, and render their long journey fruitless.

Dagobert knew that his only hope lay in the justice of the burgomaster; and he summoned up every effort to render himself as favorable as possible in the eyes of his judge. He rose, wiped his forehead, assumed a resolute air, and opened the door, crying,

"Come here, Rabat Joie. Be still."

The dog reluctantly obeyed his master, who opened the door of the room, and caused it to enter.

The landlord, a lantern in one hand and his cap in the other, appeared preceding the burgomaster, behind whom were seen, half-obscured, the countenances of the people of the inn.

The burgomaster looked surprised, when Dagobert shut the door of the orphans' apartment, and demanded in a gruff voice why he did so?

"Because," said Dagobert, respectfully, "there are two young girls, who are confided to my care, sleeping in that room; besides, your questions might make them uneasy. Sit down upon this form, your worship; I think it will do as well."

"And what right have you to think so?" said the judge, with an offended air.

"Pardon me, your worship," said the soldier, submissively, finding he had excited the temperament of the burgomaster; "as these poor girls are already in bed, and trembling from fear, I even ask yourself if it would be proper to interrogate me before them?"

"Humph! true!" muttered the burgomaster. "It was worth my trouble, indeed, to come out in the middle of the night. Well, let it be so; I will examine you here." Then, turning to the inn-keeper, he said, "Put your lantern upon that stool, and leave us."

The innkeeper did as he was told, and was followed by the people of the inn, who seemed disappointed at not being allowed to be present at the examination.

The magistrate and the veteran were then left by themselves.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF ROME.

By Punch a la Romaine.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER II.—THE SEIZURE OF THE SABINES.

Romulus, having built his city, set about getting up a constitution of king, lords, and commons. With wonderful generosity he assured the band of thieves and convicts,

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who formed his population, that he would *rather not* be Romulus I; but the more he would not be king the more they would not have any body else. He was accordingly obliged to put on the crown: and was also named field-marshal, archbishop, lord chief justice, and colonel of the Greens. Whenever he went out he was preceded by twelve jurymen, called lictors, each carrying an axe and a bundle of faggots, to remind the king, whose father had been a wood-cutter, that he, too, if he did not mind what he was about, might likewise be obliged to "cut his stick."

The House of Lords was composed of one hundred peers, chosen, not as in England for their extreme wisdom, age, and valour, but for their length of pedigree; the king appointed the lord chancellor, who was also lord mayor of the city, and acted as lord lieutenant whenever the king had occasion to go out of town to depopulate the surrounding villages.

The House of Commons, oddly enough, gave their plebeian assent to the bills passed by the king and the lords: so that Rome, in its school-boy doys, began where we end; for now-a-days the commons make all the laws, the House of Lords being the clerks who keep the books, and the queen or king, for the time being, acting as secretary, to sign despatches and read the minutes.

The king was a thorough-going high-church man: church and state was his motto. But, unlike the self-denying bishops of our time, his priests seem to have made a business of what should have been a pleasure, and amassed large fortunes in gulling the people with signs and tokens drawn from the flight of gulls and the colour of sheep's stomachs and goose giblets. In Rome the laws were very severe, and some of them rather one-sided. Divorce was not permitted to the wife, even on payment of a thousand pounds, as with us: but husbands had the privilege of selling or slaughtering their wives and children.

The whole population of Rome, or, which is the same thing, the whole Roman army, consisted of three hundred cavalry and three thousand troops of the line: arranged in three tribes and thirty three companies, with a captain, priest, or entrail-sifter, and two justices of the peace to each company.

The English, in their convict colonies, do not seem ever to have felt the want which now pressed upon the Roman settlers—the want of wives. Romulus, however, by an extraordinory foresight, which must appear miraculous to our modern legislators, thought it as well to humanize his convict colony: and as those were days in which everything was done by stratagem and fighting, he invited the élite of the neighbouring country of the Sabines to a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which incontinently discovered itself to be a pretty considerable wedding: for some thousand Sabine young ladies, like so many Lady Annes in the play, were suddenly wooed and suddenly won by the glozing words and glittering swords of so many young Romans.

Our former chapter recorded the birth, the present may be said to recount the marriage, of Rome.

(To be continued.)

THE MIRROR.

IN A CENTURY OF HEXASTICKS.

1. ACROSTIC.

"M irour,"* writes quaint Piers, "Mirrhour bright,"† says Spenser:
I s't this "gret Mirrour,"‡ that dark "Myrour"‖ you are?
R eflective *Mirror*,§ critic, yet not censor!
R ight ancient friend, than all we'll deem thee truer!
O r art thou "Myrrour ¶ of Examplarie,"
R oyal old Gower had in his mind's eye.

2. RETROSPECTIVE.

To hold the "Mirror" up to changeless Nature,
To hold the "Mirror" up to changeful Art.
To shew to each her own peculiar feature,
This, for some score of years has been our part.
And we beg Art and Nature's kindly pardon,
If either Art or Nature we've been hard on.

3. TRANSITION.

"The 'Mirror' has grown old," some people say,
Nor now *reflects* as in its prime of yore.
Kind people, do *reflect* now, in your way,
Is not the time we live in found a bore?
'Tis all *transition*—neither false nor true,
And all old things are just *becoming* new.

4. THE IDEA.

"All flesh," the wisest man has said, "is grass,"
And wisely spoke he that one "much in little,"
All Mind, he likewise might have said, is glass—
Sparkling, obscure, dull, clear, and somewhat brittle.
The *mind* a mirror is—a chrystal state,
Reflecting forth the shows of secret fate.

5. EXTREMES MEET.

The ocean is a Mirror, and reflects
The eternal majesty, above, around.
And the insect's eye upon its ball projects
Not less the outer world within its bound.
Thus, *as a* "Mirror," meet the boundless deck
Of the loud ocean, and that tiny speck.

6 FRENCH CHALK.

The crayon traced upon the "Mirror's' face.
Remains unseen till sullied with a breath.
So sometimes greatness spridgeth from disgrace.
And so true life may spring from seeming death.
Yet shall we hope (our simple pride forgive),
This "Mirror" ours, may, *without dying*, live.

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* This spelling in Piers' Plouhman, passim.
† Faerie Queene.
‡ Dan Chaucer. Knighte's Tale, 1491.
‖ Wycliffe's Bible. "Myrour in darkenesse." 1 Cor. c. 13.
§ The *Mirror's* "Mirror."
¶ Gower's Con. A.

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7. THE MIRROR OF THE TIMES.

Where shall we find the Mirror of the times?
The Stage? the Church? the Press? the *Times?*
or *Punch?*
What poet painteth them in fiery rhymes?
The people's railway, and the royal lunch!
That which reflects is ne'er itself reflected,
In the pure mind that Mirror is detected.

(*To be continued*).

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XX.—PUBLIC REJOICINGS, FASTS, AND FESTIVALS.

Merry days for school-boys were those of the eighteenth century; and many a fine morning, when confined to the desk and form with every prospect of sitting there six days out of the seven, have I wished that I had been born a hundred years before, when there *were* such things as fast-days, and days of thanksgiving, and holidays.

Zealous protestants as were our grandsires, with their "riots of '80," and "No Popery," they still followed the popish practice of observing saint-days, and the usual festivals of the Romish church. Business was, in a great measure, suspended, and every place of worship opened, on the anniversary of any of the saints. This day was dedicated to St. Jude—that was sacred to St. Matthew; to-day was the feast of the conversion of St. Paul—to-morrow the fast of Shrove Tuesday; and all feasts and fasts, saint's days and sinner's days, were—holidays!.

And then, besides these spiritual festivals, there were celebrations of worldly events. There was the martyrdom of King Charles, the restoration of his son, and the discovery of the gunpowder plot—these, too, were holidays.

Then came the "days of thanksgiving," when the king had recovered from a sickness, or the queen been delivered of a child. Thanks were returned for every victory—in other words, whenever we had slaughtered some thousands of soldiers, or sent a man-of-war with her crew to the bottom of the ocean, such matters were commemorated by a general thanksgiving day. Not content with publicly thanking the Almighty for being allowed to satiate our bloodthirsty propensities, we testified our joy at every victory by other means—guns boomed the glorious intelligence from the Tower-wharf—flags streamed from the masts of ships—the liberated school-boy shouted the songs which had been written on the occasion, with a loud voice and cheerful face—shops were closed and churches opened. But in the evening was seen the grand consummation of rejoicing, when the streets were crowded with noisy thousands, all pouring anxiously to the west end of the town to see "the general illumination." A stranger would have imagined that every inhabitant, rich and poor, participated heartily in the national rejoicing, for every house exhibited its devices of many coloured lamps and rows of lighted candles. But there was another powerful and active agent at work to promote this unanimity of purpose, and that was, a terror of the mob, who had a laudable propensity for breaking the windows of such refractory householders as refused to "light up," and thus testify their patriotism on so brilliant an event. Very differently did they show their admiration of any grand device or attractive transparency, and long and loud were the cheers which the mob sent forth to greet the ears of those who, in the exuberance of their joy, had been thoughtless of expense in producing a grand display, and whose houses presented a grand display of light.

CHAPTER XXI.—PUBLIC SERVANTS.

Reader! hast thou ever experienced the misery, when, bedecked in a holiday costume, thou hast been proceeding on a visit to thy rich uncle, thy sweetheart, thy very particular maiden aunt, or any other personage of importance—hast thou, I say, on such an occasion, had the misfortune to step on a shattered paving-stone, which, falling into the adjoining puddle, has sent its muddy deluge over thy polished boots? If so, thou wilt have severely felt the loss of a most important set of public servants who once were seen in the streets of London—the shoe-blacks of the eighteenth century.

When the pavements were rugged and uneven—when there were no such things as omnibuses or cabs, but the unhappy passenger was compelled to pay his seven-shilling-piece or walk—when the foot-paths were dotted with quagmires and puddles, and the roads little better than "running streams with sandy bottoms"—when these things were, it was no uncommon occurrence to cover your shoes with mud in the course of a quarter of an hour's walk. Then it was that the dandy, who had just received a liberal splash from the miry kennel, would rush to the corner of the street, where he

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would seldom fail of meeting with a shoe-black,* who at once removed all his cares with the dirt from off his shoe. And there the poor shoe-black would stand, from morning, with his three-legged stool by his side, and his brushes in his hand, receiving his humble fees, bowing politely to his customers, and nodding merrily to the chairmen and running footmen.

And what has become of these "chairmen and running footmen?" They, too, are gone—vanished with the age in which they lived; shoe-blacks, running footmen, lackies, chairmen, and link-bearers, all—all are gone! The cry of "chair! chair!" is superseded by that of "cab! cab!" and horses take the place of men. But it was a noisy crew that assembled without the theatre doors during the hours of performance, or around the palace gate while the king held his levee, or the queen her drawing-room. And, when the entertainments were over, forth would issue the fashionable crowd, and impatient shouts of "chair! chair!" would echo on all sides. Then the chairmen would suspend their mirth to hand their passengers into their respective chairs, and, each grasping the projecting handle, and slinging the band around his neck, trot off, bearing between them their living burthen, and followed by the motley crowd of link-bearers and running footmen.

* These men, who were generally cripples, are supposed to have earned, on an average, about eightpence or tenpence a day by their callings. Their profits of course fluctuated, and were dependent, in a great measure, on the state of the weather and the streets.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

In the introduction to the first volume of Zoology of Carpenter's Popular Cyclopædia, just published, we find the following accurate remarks, and striking instances of the "wisdom of our ancestors" in connection with Science. Dr. Carpenter says:—"There are two tendencies which exist, more or less, in almost every mind; and which must be especially guarded against by those who desire to render that study of Nature alike beneficial to their own minds, whilst promoting the improvement of science. These are, the love of the marvellous; and the inclination to rest satisfied with superficial resemblances. An amusing illustration of the effects of these may be drawn from a large volume, entitled 'Gerarde's Herbal,' first published near the end of the 16th century, but looked up to by many of a generation, not long since passed, as their chief botanical authority. 'Having travelled,' he says at the conclusion of his volume, 'from the grasses growing in the bottom of the fenny waters, the woods, and mountains, even unto Lebanus itself—and also the sea and bowels of the same—we arrived at the end of our history; thinking it not impertinent to the conclusion of the same to end with one of the marvels of this land, we may say of the world—the history whereof, to set forth according to the worthiness and variety thereof, would not only require a large and peculiar volume, but also a deeper search into the bowels of Nature than my intended purpose will suffer me to wade into, my sufficiency also considered. There are found in the north parts of Scotland, and the islands adjacent, called Orchades, certain trees whereon do grow certain shells of a white colour, tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures; which shells, in time of maturity, do open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water, do become fowls, which we call barnacles, in the north of England brant-geese, and in Lancashire tree-geese; and the other that do fall upon the land, perish and come to nothing. Thus much by the writings of others, and also from the mouths of people of those parts, which may very well accord with truth.'

"'*But what our eyes have seen and our hands have touched,*' continues the author, doubtless with full sincerity, '*we shall declare.* There is a small island in Lancashire called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and bruised ships, some whereof have been cast thither by shipwreck, and also the trunks and bodies, with the branches of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise, whereon is found a certain spume or froth, that in time breedeth unto certain shells, in shape like those of a mussel, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour: wherein is contained a thing in form like a lace of silk finely woven as it were together, of a whitish colour, one end whereof is fastened unto the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oysters and mussels are; the other end is made fast unto the belly of a rude mass or lump, which in time cometh to the shape and form of a bird; when it is perfectly

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formed, the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string; next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill. In short space it cometh to full maturity, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowl, bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose, having black and white, spotted in such manner as our magpie, called in some places a pie annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjacent, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best may be bought for threepence. For the truth hereof, if any doubt, *may it please them to repair unto me, and I shall satisfy them by the testimony of credible witnesses.*'

"It is scarcely conceivable how any one could have been sold away by the love of the marvellous, as to rest upon the most superficial resemblance, in proof of the extraordinary supposition, that from a barnacle is produced a bird; especially when the author tells us that so far he is satisfied by his own observation, of 'what his eyes have seen and his hands have touched.'"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KINTORE.

Arms.—Quarterly: first and fourth gu., a sceptre and sword in saltier, with an imperial crown in chief within an orle of eight thistles or as a coat of augmentation, for preserving the regalia of Scotland; second and third ar., a chief paly of six or, and gu. for Keith.

Crest.—An angel in a praying posture or, within an orle of laurel ppr.

Motto,—Quæ amissa salva. "What has been lost is safe."

Sir William Keith, knight, was created Earl Marischal of Scotland by James II, in 1458. That dignity passed in regular succession to George, the 10th earl, but this noblemen taking part in the rebellion of 1715, his honours and estates were confiscated by an act of attainder, in 1716. His lordship withdrew to Prussia, where he obtained the friendship and confidence of Frederick III, by whom he was sent to France in the quality of ambassador, and subsequently to Spain, where he discovered the secret of the Family Compact, which he communicated to Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), who made such a representation of the subject to George II, that a pardon was granted to him in 1759. He was afterwards enabled by an act of Parliament to inherit estates, received a grant of public money, and died at Potsdam in 1789. His brother George Keith, became a Russian field marshal, and passing into the service of Prussia, was killed in the battle of Hockirchin, Oct. 14, 1758.

The Hon. Sir John Keith, knt., third son of William, 6th earl marischal, by Lady Mary Erskine, was elevated to the peerage, June 26, 1677, by the title of Baron Keith, of Inverarie, and Keith Hall, and Earl of Kintore, having been appointed in 1660 knight marischal of Scotland, when that office was made hereditary in his family in consideration of the loyalty he had displayed in preserving the regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Cromwell. Sir John Keith had the ensigns of royalty safely conveyed from Dunmore Castle, and concealed underground in the church of Kinneff. Sailing immediately for France, it was supposed that he had carried them away, and no further search was made for them: He obtained a new grant of his honours in 1694, extending the reversion to his own female heirs, and to the male issue of his brother George. He married Margaret, daughter of Thomas, second earl of Haddington, and was succeded in 1714, by his only son William. He joined the rebels in 1715, and was in the battle of Sheriff Muir, but appears not to have suffered for the active part he took further than being deprived of his office of marischal of Scotland. He married Catherine, eldest daughter of David, fourth Lord Viscount Stormont, by whom he had two sons, John and William, and a daughter, Catherine, afterwards married to Lord Falconer, of Halkertoun. His lordship died in 1718, and was succeeded by his elder son John, who dying without issue,

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in 1758, the honours devolved on his brother William. On his decease, he being unmarried, in 1761, the estates went to George, the tenth, and attainted Earl Marischal, and the peerage remained suspended till his decease in 1778, when it passed to Anthony Adrian Falconer, eighth Lord Falconer, who inherited with it the estate of Kintore, the old castle of Hall Forest, given to the family by Robert I, and Keith Hall. The family of Falconer deduce their origin from Ranulphus, son of Walter de Lunkyir, appointed king's falconer by William the Lion, when he assumed the surname of Falconer. His descendant Alexander, son of Sir Alexander Falconer, was created Lord Falconer, of Halkertoun, Dec. 20, 1147, a peerage which descended regularly to David, fifth Lord Falconer, son in law of John, Lord Kintore. Anthony, fifth earl of Kintore, and eighth Lord Falconer, married Miss Lighterman, of Groningen, who died March 26, 1809. By her he had issue, one son and four daughters. The son William succeeded to the title on his lordship's decease, Aug. 30, 1804. He was born Dec. 11, 1766, and married June 18, 1793, to Maria, daughter of Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bart., of Kirkhill. Her ladyship died June 30, 1836. By her he had two sons, and a daughter, Anthony Adrian, William, and Maria. After his demise, Oct. 6, 1812, when the elder son Anthony Adrian, succeeded to the title. He was born April 20, 1794, and created a baron of the empire June 23, 1838: married June 14, 1817, to Juliet, third daughter of the late Robert Renny, Esq., of Barrowfield, North Britain, by whom he had no issue; that Lady Mary died, he again married, Aug. 27, 1821, Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. By this his second lady (who obtained a divorce from him, and afterwards married, April 2, 1840, B. North Arnold, Esq) his lordship had three sons, the eldest of whom William Adrian, Lord Inverury, was killed by a fall from his horse. Francis, the second son, succeeded to the title on the death of his lordship on the 11th inst.

ANECDOTES OF EARL ELDON.

"Old Bags" was the name given by George the Fourth to "the keeper of his conscience" (no common-place treasure). This eminent lawyer, it seems, was a collector of anecdotes. Mr. Horace Twiss has favoured the public with this. Some of the collections are very amusing. Lord Eldon was much complained of, as chancellor, for his habit of doubting. He seems to have carried this habit with him, if not from, *to* his birth; for thus he opens:—

"The manuscript Anecdote Book, which Lord Eldon wrote in his latter years for his grandson's amusement and information, and of which the most material contents, according to the date of the respective subjects, will be found in the following pages, begins with the cautious record: 'I was born, I believe, on the 4th of June, 1751.'"

This habit of deliberating, he seems to have taken from the motto of a fly, *sat cito, si sat bene*, in which he was conveyed to London, in the short space of four days, which was then deemed wonderfully expeditious—he writes:—

"This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, '*Sat cito, si sat bene.*' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene*,' I may not have sufficiently recollected whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence."

The value of a University degree is beautifully illustrated.

"Mr. John Scott took his bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—'An examination for a degree at Oxford,' he used to say, 'was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?"—I replied, 'Golgotha.'—'Who founded University College?'—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), 'that King Alfred founded it.'—'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

The following anecdotes are amusing:—"I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is

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a dissenter."—"Oh!" said the Doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can."

An Apple-Pie Story.—"The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie *that could not be eaten.* So said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision: for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been."

Baron Hotham.—A man may be a good judge though no great lawyer, as the following anecdote and comment prove:—

"When Mr. Hotham was made Baron of the Exchequer, who had never had any business at the Bar, but who, by the effect of great natural good sense and discretion, made a good judge, he gave, as usual, a dinner at Serjeants' Inn, to the judges and the serjeants. Serjeant Hill drank his health thus:—'Mr. Baron Botham, I drink your health.'—Somebody gently whispered the serjeant, aloud, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Baron Hotham, I beg your pardon for calling you Mr. Botham—but none of us heard your name in the profession before this day.

Earnings of a Year.—"'When I was called to the Bar,' said he to Mrs. Foster, 'Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling.'"

Lord Mansfield. This nobleman had a great dread of the press. He gave levees on Sunday evenings, which were attended by the bar. At one of them he ventured a most formidable prediction. Lord Eldon says, "It happened, on that evening. I was the first, and the then Duke of Northumberland came second; he had just been at Bath, and he was expatiating upon the enjoyment he had had there. 'But,' added his grace, 'there is one comfort I could not have. I liked to read the newspapers at breakfast, and at Bath the post does not come in till one o'clock: that was a drawback to my pleasure.'—'Sir,' said Lord Mansfield, 'your Grace likes the *comfort* of reading newspapers—the *comfort* of reading newspapers!—Mark my words. You and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman, Mr. Scott, may,—or it may be a little later,—but, a little sooner or later, those newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out their titles and possessions, and the country out of its King. Mark my words for this *will* happen.'"

Jemmy Boswell.—"At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement,—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him, and half a crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of 'Quare adhæset pavimento,' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attornies for books, that might enable him to distinguish hinself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that ad-

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heres pavimento? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?' The bar laughed. At last one of them said, 'My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night adhæsit pavimento. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'"

Trial by Jury.—"I remember," says he, "in the Anecdote Book, Justice Gould trying a case at York; and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box: where is the twelfth?'—'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"

We conclude with two anecdotes of Lord Thurlow:—As Sir John Scott's reputation increased, the Prince of Wales became curious to learn the real merits of a lawyer so highly estimated by his party, and by the public. "I should like to hear *your* opinion of him," said the Prince to Lord Thurlow. "Sir," said Lord Thurlow, "I know him to be a very sound lawyer, and a very honest man." In after-times, when it devolved upon Lord Eldon, as the chancellor of George the Third, to take part in proceedings distasteful to the prince, His Royal Highness said tauntingly to Lord Thurlow, "What think you now, my lord, of your old friend Scott, whom you puffed to me as a sound lawyer, and an honest man?"—"Indeed, Sir," answered Thurlow, whose advanced age had abated neither his convenient courtliness nor his jocular coarseness, "I think he has lost the little law he once had, and is become a very great scoundrel."

Lord Thurlow, when chancellor, called me into his room at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and, among other things, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in Chancery. I told him that I should be glad if such a machine could be invented, as my stationer's copy of my pleadings generally cost me more than the fees paid me by the solicitors. Many years after this, and when he had ceased to be chancellor, and I attorney-general, a bill was filed against his friend, Mr. Macnamara, the conveyancer, and Lord Thurlow advised him to have the answer sent to me to be perused and settled. The solicitor brought me the answer. I read it. It was so wretchedly ill-composed and drawn that I told him that not a word of it would do; that I had not time to draw an answer from beginning to end; that he must get some gentleman to draw an answer from beginning to end who understood pleading, and then bring it to me to peruse. I went down to the House of Lords the same day to plead a cause at the bar there. Lord Thurlow was in the House, and came to the bar to me, and said, "So I understand you think my friend Mac's answer won't do."—"Do!" said I, "my lord, it won't do at all: it must have been drawn by that wooden machine which you formerly told me might be invented to draw bills and answers."—"That's very unlucky," says Thurlow, "and impudent too, if you had known the fact that I drew the answer myself."

SINE DIE; OR, WHOLESALE ROBBERY.

To see the scoundrels of our day,
My swelling bosom often grieves,
Since robbers in the wholesale way,
Like these, are never trounced as thieves.

Though horses, coaches, houses, lands,
And to amounts that must appal,
Are seized by their unhallowed hands,
A brief rebuke they get—that's all.

Where villiany is proved so black,
That Satan from it would have turned,
After some dull unmeaning clack,
The case is *sine die* adjourned.

But that proceeding, be it known,
Lest it should scare a timid dunce,
Is used, it quickly could be shown,
In six or seven years only once.

And this, perhaps, is right at last:
The scamps described I must agree.
Before my judgment seat, if past,
Would get no *sine die* from me.

That others might not justice brave,
And hope through life to get on gaily,
Such heartless, cowardly thieves should have
A *die*—and that, too, in the *Old Bailey*.

THE MURDEROUS SECRET.

In real life perhaps a secret never yet was heard of, so awfully important, as that which last week indisputably proved to be in the possession of Capt. Warner. It has been shown by actual experiment, in the presence of thousands, that a small vessel may be provided with the means of destroying a much larger one, and that, too, in the course of a few minutes, and at a great distance.

The discovery which has produced so tremendous an engine may lead to the most important results. What becomes of the sovereignty of the seas, if a proud fleet can be destroyed by one individual in a packet-boat in a single hour?

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Captain Warner, it is understood, offers to sell his secret. In the time of William IV it was proposed to purchase it, but for the sake of humanity never to suffer it to be used in war, but in case of invasion.

A wish has now been expressed by some well meaning persons that the invention should be discouraged. That cannot be done to any good purpose. However lamentable the consequences may prove, this destructive power is known to exist, and the state must possess it. It would be weakness to suppose that it can always remain exclusively ours. Other parties as scientific as Captain Warner will have their attention directed to the subject, and something equally formidable may be produced. At all events, at some time or other the secret must transpire. Where can it be deposited with safety? Capt. Warner no doubt is a man of honour, but can he, through a series of years, have conducted his experiments with such secrecy that no mortal but himself knows how such effects can be realised. If from such a quarter,—if from him, no revelation of the secret can be feared, it will still leak out, and the nations of the world generally, must have destructive powers at their command till now unknown. How, then, are the future differences of states to be settled—by a war of extermination, or by a reference to appointed umpires. Will the labours of the gallant captain cause a future illimitable slaughter of the species, or will its effect be a saving of human life which philanthophy could never have hoped to behold?

THE WATER DRINKER.

[A New York paper contains the following elegant stanzas in praise of water, lately recited by Professor Green, at the Collegiate institution].

Oh, water for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again:
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity,
Oh! water, bright water for me, for me,
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim,
Let the flowing chrystal kiss the rim;
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.
So water, pure water for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length.
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light!
So water, I will drink nought bnt thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hill, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;
Oh! cheerly then my voice is heard
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold, grey cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meashes o'er land and sea.
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night!
So hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah! for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

Reviews.

A New Pocket Guide to the Isle of Wight. To which is prefixed a chapter introductory. By Alfred Whitehead. London: H. G. Clarke, 1844.

"He will carry the island home in his pocket," is the very happy, and very appropriate, motto, from the "Tempest," inscribed on the title-page of this very lively, and yet very useful, *vade mecum* for all travellers to the *kingdom* of the Isle of Wight. For we learn from Mr. Whitehead what we confess our previous ignorance anent, that the Isle of Wight was created a kingdom for the nonce by Henry VI, and very appropriately bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, whose name is so associated with "king-making" in general. A chapter introductory, and a chapter or two descriptive of the railway route to Southampton; and, to beguile the steam-boat passage to the Island, a chapter geological, philosophical, natural-historical, and historical-general, occupy one-third of the volume, when we incontinently find ourselves landed at Cowes, which we here present to our readers as a specimen of the artistic adornments of the work. The remaining two-thirds are variously and pleasantly filled up with descriptions and reminiscences of every locality of interest or importance in the island; a geographical representation of which, forming the frontispiece, is, by the way, one of the best specimens of the new art of glyphography we have yet seen.

We cannot do better than quote the "Arrival at Cowes."

"At length we have arrived. Delightful trip. We are at Cowes. And now we are besieged by lusty but importunate porters, who board us the moment the packet has ceased to agitate its paddles. 'Cowes—West Cowes—East Cowes—porter, sir, porter'—is the cry, *da capo*, from three-score-

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and-ten voices, in every note on the gamut. 'Want a boat — a boat to East Cowes, sir?' 'No, I don't, I'm going to West Cowes.' 'Shall I carry your luggage, sir?' 'No, you sha'nt — I've nothing but a carpet-bag, and I can carry that by myself.' 'A portmanteau, and these here boxes?—yes, mum — a precious crab, that old file, Bill. This way, mum, to the Fountain.' And so, having gained the pier, and passed through the fearful ordeal prepared by self-interest and competition for all travellers, at home and abroad, we make the best of our way to an hotel, wherein to take our ease for half-an-hour, and lay plans for future operations; and in a few minutes we are quietly ensconced in the Vine, which is near the quay, and kept by "mine host" Roper. The view of Cowes from the packet is lively and imposing. The scene is greatly heightened by the quantity of shipping in the harbour and roadstead. The town itself, which is divided into East and West Cowes, being situated on the opposite banks of the river Medina, will not fail to excite in all but the most phlegmatic, vivid anticipations of pleasure and novelty."

An illustration of Osborne House, and a detailed and eugolistic description of it, is apologised for in the preface on account of its having been the rumoured choice of the sovereign for a residence. The apology is quite requisite. The building is in the modern workhouse or penitentiary style of architecture, which, alas! may be historically called the Victorian, in contrast with the Elizabethan order; and would have been a most unhappy and misappropriate selection for one whose station exposes her to no *work* to be *repented of*.

Travels in Ireland. By J. G. Kohl. Translated from the German.

We are well pleased to perceive that the travels of Mr. Kohl have commended themselves sufficiently to the popular taste, to justify this extremely cheap edition of his work. We need not enter here into the political question, whether O'Connell's agitation, which has so long distracted Ireland, has been the cause of English neglect of such a glorious field of profitable investment, or whether it was itself but the effect of that very neglect which it yet tended to confirm. Ireland bids fair to be quiet and calm for a while: let us even take the tide at the flood.

The details presented in this remarkable volume of Irish character and Irish capabilities, afford inexhaustible themes for reflection, and stimulus to beneficial exertion. Ireland possesses in itself the germ of agricultural as well as commercial wealth, the developement and encouragement of which might restore health and courage to British enterprise, and take the sting from the party feeling which now sets the owners of land and loom in angry opposition to each other. There is room for the creation of a home-market in Ireland more valuable than any extension of foreign markets now possible can ever be to England! above all foreign, above all colonial, value: combining, indeed, the established wants of the foreign market, with the virgin wealth of distant colonial fields; an abundant population, an abundant soil, only partially cultivated and partially reclaimed from the dominion of nature. Shannon commissioners, and boards of public works, and grand juries, and other corporate and governmental boards, have, from time to time, aided to give effect to aspirations for such objects as we are now discussing, but everything hitherto has been done without system, and therefore without efficient result. "The reclamation of Ireland," says the *Herald*, a few weeks past, "like the embanking of the Thames, will be, to a great extent, an evil, and not a good, if not authoritatively and systematically conducted. Just as a coal-owner's wharf here, and a wood-merchant's quay there, are productive only of accumulation of mud-banks on the

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river side, while a regular embankment would improve the navigation and beauty of the river; so the enclosure here and there of a reclaimed bog has for its first result the creation of local pain and disaffection, while the general drainage and improvement of the vast wilds and morasses of Connaught might convince even the orators of Covent Garden of the futility of neglecting the developement of our own home market out of a rare sensibility for the wants of Polish serfs and Egyptian bondmen, whom we prevent from exchanging their surplus corn for our cottons and calicoes."

Mr. Kohl, in the observations which occur throughout his work on this topic, points to a difficulty in the character of the native Irish, who have, in many cases, opposed themselves to improvements commenced by the Irish landlord. But this objection, as is fully demonstrated by the morning journal from which we have just quoted, is completely met by remembering that the reclamation of a bog, like the enclosure of an English common, for the benefit of an individual owner, is not part of any systematic improvement for the general good. Wherever the commissioners of public works have entered upon this great work, they have been cordially seconded by the Irish labourer, who has come many miles from all quarters of Ireland to obtain employment under them, and diligently and quietly prosecuted his task for years. We commend Mr. Kohl's work to all persons desirous of understanding the true position of Ireland: and the travels are not less entertaining than philosophical.

French Language acquired in Four Months. By M. de Beauvoisin.

The method adopted by M. de Beauvoisin, has a greater recommendation than novelty to back it—simplicity is its predominent feature, and anything simple must be fully appreciated by the tyro. This, we doubt not, in a great degree, accounts for the popularity which M. de Beauvoisin has acquired as an eminent teacher of the French language. With regard to the title of the book, to the practicability of learning a language in four months, we have our doubts; but if the title was given in contradistinction to the many abstruse grammars, "swollen big" with intricate rules and embarrassing exceptions, now in use, little fault can be found with "French acquired in Four Months."

The author, in his preface, gives, in a few words, an idea of his method, which is carried out with clearness in each of the numbers now before us. He says:—

"The method I adopt in teaching the French language may be illustrated from the lesson which forms the first part of this work. My first object is to impart a proper pronunciation; and the pupil is therefore requested to read with me the French text, without reference to the meaning of the words. The translation is then accurately learned, so that the pupil may render the English word into French, or the French into English. The accuracy of the pupil's knowledge is tested by his attempt to give the literal meaning of each French word without the assistance of the translation. His next effort is to read the French from the English, or, in other words, to translate the English into French. For this purpose, a piece of plain white paper is placed between the transparent leaf on which the English translation is printed, and the French text. When this can be done, the pupil finds, with great surprise, that he has obtained, in an exceedingly short period of time, a command of many French words; the difficulties which were at first feared, disappear; and he is encouraged to make a new and greater effort."

This little work certainly merits recommendation.

The Gatherer.

Importance of Dwarfs.—"It should be known for what reason God created the great giants, and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he created the dwarfs because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs with wisdom and craft, that they could distinguish between good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems, that some of them gave strength to the wearer, and others made him invisible, which were called 'fog caps.' The reason why God created the giants, was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms, dragons and serpents, and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But, after some time, it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much havoc to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle size, between the dwarfs and giants. Among the dwarfs were many kings who had giants for their services."—*Preface to the "Book of Heroes."*

Mortality in London.—The number of deaths that occurred in London in 1697, was 21,000; in 1797, the number was only 17,000, notwithstanding the increase of the population. About the middle of the last century, the annual mortality in the same city was as high as 1 in 20; in 1830, it was 1 in 41.

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The Gospels used at the Coronations of Anglo-Saxon Kings.—In the Cottonian Library of the British Museum, there is preserved a volume of great historical interest, being a manuscript of the four gospels written in the Latin language, respecting which, there is abundance of evidence to prove that it was at one period the property of King Athelstan: that it was presented by him to the cathedral of Canterbury; and that it was employed in the coronation services of the Anglo-Saxon kings. It is of the quarto size, and each of the four gospels has the first few words illuminated, and occupying an entire page, opposite to which is a drawing of the respective evangelist, in a very rude style of art.

Commemoration of Burns.—A festival in honour of the poet Burns, and to welcome his sons to the banks of the Doon, is to take place, near to the monument erected to his memory, about two miles from Ayr, on Tuesday, the 6th of next month, at which Lord Eglintoun, lord-lieutenant of the county, and Professor Wilson, are to preside.

Art Unions.—The bill, now in its progress, will legalise all past transactions, and provides, that on approval of the Board of Trade, any societies might in future be legalised after the 1st of January next.

Dr. Wolff.—Letters received from Trebisond announce that Dr. Wolff had arrived at Bokhara, and been well received. No particulars are given.

Schools in France.—Education was in a low state in France till the restoration of the Bourbon family, since which time it has become a government object, and made a rapid advance. The elementary schools instructed 737,369 pupils in 1815; in 1828, this number was raised to 1,500,000; being *one-twentieth* of the population. It is calculated that one-third of the people of France are unable to read or write.

Comparative Honesty of Men and Women.—Some crimes women are not, from various causes, liable to commit; but the gentler does not appear to be the honester sex; for the proportion of female to male committals for theft without violence, is as 84 to 73 per cent., a difference of one-sixth against females.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Opinion on Mrs. Siddons.—"There is a power of mind for which we seem to want a name: even that of Genius is inadequate. It is of a more close and compacted nature; heavier, therefore, and not so easily set in motion; but but once moved, progressively increasing in force as large and falling bodies acquire a velocity in proportion to the height they are dropped from. Mrs. Siddons is exactly of this stamp. The more she wills to do, the more she does. Give her but time in conversation, and a subject large enough for her mind, and nothing of brilliancy or wit would stand against her; the more she advanced in it, the greater would be her power of advancing."

Cromwell and His Portrait.—When Lely painted his portrait, Oliver ordered him to be faithful in representing every blemish or defect that he could discover. Cromwell's nose, which was remarkably red and shining, was the subject of much ridicule. Cleveland, a writer of the day, remarks:—"This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle whether she be lawfully begotton: but all is not gold that glistens."

On Captain Warner's blowing up Mr. Some's Ship.

When Warner vowed his word to keep,
And blow a ship up from the deep,
Men thought it but a bum.
But when her masts were seen to fall,
Her sides sink in—'twas proved to all,
No doubt remained with *Some*.

Should other nations do the same,
When playing "war's terrific game,"
We cannot mock the corner.
England, at least, has had her day,
And must acknowledge, come what may,
That she has now a *Warner*.

Letter Opening.—The science of opening letters at the post-office is said to have been brought to great perfection, and that of resealing is equally so. We are told a score of spurious seals can be produced in a few minutes with the utmost precision. A cast of the original is taken in plaster of Paris. In the secret or inner bureau of the post-office, the appropriate apparatus for casting is always in readiness. It consists of a small cylindrical annular brass mould, about an inch in height, which opens and shuts like a bullet-mould. After the seal has been oiled, to prevent the plaster adhering, this mould is placed upon it, and the plaster of Paris, mixed in the usual way, is poured into it. In about five minutes it hardens or *sets*, as it is technically called; and in about as many minutes more, is fit for resealing the letter, which has been opened by the application of a hot iron to the seal. If a wafer has been used, a little hot water or steam removes it.

A Magnetic Telegraph is in operation between the cities of Washington and Baltimore. At half past 12 o'clock, the following was sent to Washington:—"Ask a reporter in Congress to send a despatch to the *Baltimore Patriot*, at 2 o'clock, p. m." In about a minute, the answer came back thus—"It will be attended to." 2 p. m.—The despatch has arrived, and is as follows:—"1 o'clock—There has just been a motion in the house to go into committee of the whole on the Oregon territory. Rejected. Ayes, 79; noes, 86." "Half-past 1 o'clock—The house is now engaged on private bills." "Quarter to 2 o'clock—Mr.

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Atherton is now speaking in the Senate. Mr. S. will not be in Baltimore to-night." So that Baltimore papers are thus enabled to give their readers information from Washington up to the very hour of going to press."—*New York Daily Sun.* [The distance between Baltimore and Washington is 34 miles.]

Decoration of the New House of Lords.—The Commissioners of Fine Arts have given a commission to six artists to execute cartoons, for the decoration of the House of Lords. The subject of Religion is given to Mr. Horsley; that of Justice to Mr. Thomas; that of Chivalry to Mr. Maclise; that of the Baptism of Ethelbert to Mr. Dyce; that of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V, acknowledging the authority of Chief-Justice Gascoigne, to Mr. Redgrave; that of Edward, the Black Prince, receiving the order of the Garter from Edward III, to Mr. Cope.

A Banker's Wit.—"There was a report," says Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, "that the Duke of York said to Mr. Coutts, 'I think, sir, you have been my banker for more than twenty years;' and that Coutts replied, 'Your royal highness, I think, may be said to have been my banker during the whole of that time; as my money has been in your hands, not your money in mine.'"

Proportion of the Sexes.—Many millions of observations have been made upon births in the various countries of Europe, from which one uniform result appears, that about twenty-one boys are born for twenty girls.

"*Who dares say the reverend Prelate lies?*"—"I met," says Lord Eldon, "a prelate, who was at that time bishop of a see not very richly endowed, coming out of his majesty George the Third's closet at Buckingham House, as I was going into it. The king asked me if I did not very much like sincerity? I answered, "Yes, sir." "So does that prelate," said the king, "for he has just assured me, that he is perfectly content with his present preferment: he should wish, indeed, he said, to have Salisbury instead of it, but he added, that he so wished for no other reason whatever, but merely that he might have the honour of giving me a breakfast in my way to Weymouth. Can you," he added, "believe that, when a bishop says it? *I* can't."

Mortality in England.—During the eighteen years, from 1813 to 1130, there were registered as buried in England and Wales 3,938,496 persons, of whom 1,942,301, were females.

St. Giles's Mockery.—"What are you beating that boy for?" said a gentleman, to a young Frogtodite of the Rookery: "you are too big for him. What has he done?" "Vy, he dropped his knife; I picked it up, and now he wants me to give it him back again, and 'cos I won't, he's sarcy."

Astronomy in the Thirteenth Century.—The wildest notions prevailed on the subject of astronomy in the thirteenth century. Alberic, the monk of Trois Fontaines, speaks of *leaps* which he had seen the sun take. Other chroniclers told that the sun passed the night in lighting up purgatory; that the earth was sustained by water, by stones, the stones by the four evangelists, and they by the fire of the spirit. The universe was compared to an egg, the earth the yolk, the water the whita, and the air the shell.

Gover's Patent Removable Window-Sash.—Some weeks since, we referred to this ingenious and highly useful domestic improvement, and commended it on the score both of convenience and safety. Since then, a model has been deposited with us, the duplicate of one lodged at the office of the Woods and Forests, where the invention has been highly approved. We shall have pleasure in exhibiting the model to any one interested in such matters, for a few days previous to its proposed removal to the Adelaide Gallery. We may mention that in the model left with us a modification has suggested itself to the inventor, by which the window may be made a very efficient medium of ventilation as well as light, viz., by adapting a wire gauze sash to be occasionally substituted for the glazed sash in a crowded assembly, or in very warm weather: a very commodious, and not very expensive, luxury, which is obviously incompatible with the present construction of window-frames.

Invention of Spectacles.—The *camera obscura* and spectacles are said to have been originally contrived by Roger Bacon. "In a manuscript of 1299, the author complains that he is no longer able to read without spectacles; and in a sermon preached in 1305, it is said that they were invented about twenty years before."—(*Tiraboschi*, t. iv. p. 196—199.)

CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. A. C." is thanked for his suggestions. They, with his communications, will be immediately taken into consideration. The price of the volume to which he refers is 5s. 6d.

The sketch from the Greek Revolution is received. Heroic poetry, with such words as *scenes* and *kings* for rhyme will not suit the "Mirror."

"Well-wisher." The engravings will be continued. The portrait of T. Attwood, M.P., and index, may be had separately, price 2d.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street Covent-garden.

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The Mirror

OF

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THE WANDERING JEW.

DAGOBERT AND THE BURGOMASTER.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE JUDGMENT.

The worthy burgomaster of Mockern, robed in his official garments, was seated on a form, and Dagobert, his cap in hand, stood before him, trying to read in the countenance of the magistrate the extent of justice which would be dealt out to his cause, or rather that of the orphans.

"What have you to say to justify yourself?" demanded the judge, in an angry tone.

"Nothing, your worship,—it is I who have cause for complaint—I am not in fault."

"The prophet says otherwise."

"The prophet!" retorted Dagobert, with an air of contempt.

"The prophet is an honest and pious man, and incapable of telling a falsehood."

"As to that, your worship, I can say little; but you are too just, and have too good a heart, to condemn me without hearing my defence." Dagobert paused a moment, then added, softening his voice as much as possible, "A gentleman like you could not be guilty of such injustice. You would not turn a deaf ear to the appeals of reason."

"The ear has nothing to do with it. Have I not seen, with my own eyes, the lacerated hand of the prophet?"

"That may be, your worship; but if the prophet had shut the door of his menagerie, the accident would not have happened."

"Not at all; it is your fault; you ought to have fastened your horse to his manger."

"You are aware, your worship, that it is not meet that a poor fellow like me should

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contradict you; nevertheless, if some one, from mischief, had unfastened my horse, and led it into the menagerie, you will admit that the blame could not rest with me."

"But who, in the name of wonder; who, I ask you, would be guilty of such an act."

"I do not know, your worship."

"You do not know! I dare say not." Then the burgomaster added, with impatience, "But what's the use of troubling me with foolish suspicions about a worthless horse."

The countenance of the soldier changed, and he said, in a grave and firm voice, "My horse is dead! It is true that it will no longer bear those who are dear to me. It is now only a carcase—food for dogs. It was not, your worship, worth your while to tell me of this in that harsh manner; for I loved my horse—yes, I did love my old companion, Jovial."

These words moved the burgomaster, who said, in a milder tone, "Yes, I understand; you regret the loss of your horse; but what can I do. It is certainly a misfortune."

"A misfortune! yes, your worship, it is a sad, sad misfortune. The young girls that accompany me are not strong enough to walk far on foot, and are too poor to hire a coach; still we must be in Paris before the month of February. I promised their mother, on her dying bed, that I would take them to France, but now that my horse has been killed, what am I to do? I am sure you are a good man; and perhaps you are a father. Well, if your children should one day be like my poor orphans—having, for wealth, for every earthly resource, an old soldier who loves them, and an old horse that bore them; if, after having spent a childhood of misery, their happiness was to begin at the termination of a long voyage, and that the death of the horse, rendered it impossible for them to complete their journey, would you not, like me, consider the loss of that horse irreparable?"

"Certainly. I now understand the importance that you attach to the death of your horse. I am interested in these orphans. How old are they?"

"Fifteen years and two months. They are twins, your worship."

"Just about the age of my Frederique."

"You have a daughter of that age," said Dagobert, with joy in his countenance. "To tell you frankly, I am no longer uneasy about my poor orphans; you will see justice done to them."

"Justice. It is my duty to do so. After all, I think the prophet and you are about equal in this affair. On one hand you did not fasten your horse properly, and, on the other, the prophet left the door of his menagerie open. This one says, 'I have had my hand lacerated:' that one, 'My horse has been killed;' the loss of which, owing to circumstances, is irreparable. Your cause is good; still the prophet, just and holy man though he be, had arranged the matter otherwise. Indeed, I admit that I came here with the intention—"

"With the intention," interrupted Dagobert, with a smile, "of finding me guilty. The reason was, that you were not out of your sleep—you had only one eye open."

"Well, that might be the case," added the judge, in good humour, "for I did not conceal my intention from the prophet, who said, with apparent generosity, 'Since you are going to condemn my adversary, I will not blacken his case by telling you certain things—'"

"Against me?"

"Yes; but like a generous enemy, he held his tongue, when I told him that I would force you to indemnify him for the injury he had sustained."

"You see, your worship, that the most just are sometimes deceived. But the prophet will find that, for once in his life, he has been mistaken."

"You are right. The prophet's prediction will be found wanting. The damage is almost equal on both sides—you have lost your horse, and the prophet has had his hand lacerated."

"But how much will you force him to pay me?" demanded the soldier, with *naiveté*.

"How much!"

"Yes, your worship; what sum shall he pay me?"

"What sum!"

"Yes; but before fixing it, I must tell you one thing—I think I need not make use of the whole of the money in buying a horse. Near Leipsic I may find a stout little ass, and—"

"What sum, and what horse, and what ass are you speaking about?" interrupted the magistrate, in anger, "I tell you that you owe the prophet nothing; and that he owes you as little,"

Dagobert looked at the burgomaster in anguish. This decree again destroyed the hopes of the soldier; who said, with a changed voice:—

"You are too just, your worship, not to take into consideration that the prophet's wound does not prevent him from continuing his affairs, while the loss of my horse prevents me from continuing my journey. He must indemnify me for my loss."

The judge thinking that by exculpating Dagobert, he had rendered him a great service, seemed irritated at the request of the soldier. "Instead of thanking me you ask more. Enough! enough! Where are your papers?"

"O! your worship, pray have pity on

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those two children. Arrange it so that we may continue our voyage."

"I have done all that I can do—indeed, more than I ought to have done. Once more, your papers."

"First, let me explain—"

"Away with your explanations. Would you have me to arrest you for a vagabond?"

At these words, Dagobert became pale, he tried to conceal his anguish, and to assume an air of confidence, to render him more favourable in the eyes of his judge. Two unlooked-for, powerful auxilliaries came to the succour of the soldier. The orphans becoming still more uneasy, and hearing Dagobert speaking on the staircase, rose and dressed themselves; and just as the magistrate was saying with a harsh voice, "Your papers, your papers!" Rose and Blanche, holding each other by the hand, appeared.

At the sight of these two lovely young creatures, whose black dresses rendered them still more interesting, the burgomaster stood lost in surprise and admiration. Dagobert took the orphans by the hand—"Behold them," he said, "behold these poor little things, your worship:—can I show you a more genuine passport?"

"Poor dear children; orphans at so early an age. Have they travelled far?"

"From the heart of Siberia, where their mother was exiled before their birth. It is now more than five months since we began our journey. Is it not a hard fate for children of such tender years!—it is for them that I ask your favour and assistance. Just now, when looking in my bag for my portfolio, in which were my purse and papers, I could not find it—this loss caused me to insist so strongly on indemnification."

"How and when did you meet with this loss?"

"I am sure I had the portfolio yesterday evening.

"Where did you leave your bag?"

"In the room with the young girls—But that night—"

Dagobert was interrupted by footsteps. It was the prophet, who had overheard the whole of the conversation. He was afraid lest the kindness of the burgomaster might spoil the plans which he already looked upon as completed.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE DECISION.

Rose and Blanche, on perceiving Morok, started back in fright, and drew closer to the old soldier, whose countenance plainly showed the animosity which he bore Morok—the originator of his sad embarrassments. He was ignorant, however, that Goliah, at the instigation of the prophet, had stolen the portfolio and the papers.

"What do you want here?" demanded the burgomaster. "I gave orders to the innkeeper to admit no one."

"If it had not been to render you a service, I would not have disturbed you. I repent allowing myself to be led away by false pity."

"Well, then, what have you to say?"

Morok approached the burgomaster, and whispered in his ear. The magistrate appeared astonished, and from time to time exclaimed, "Indeed! can it be possible!" casting, at the same time, a scrutinising glance at Dagobert and the orphans. It was observable that the words of the prophet were progressively effecting a change in the magistrate.

"The devil!" he said, starting up, "I never thought of that! You have certainly rendered me a great service. Like a bird I was about to be caught in a trap. What have I been thinking of? Still you must admit that we are sometimes influenced by appearances. What say you, my dear Morok."

While this mysterious conversation was going on, Dagobert plainly foresaw that a storm was about to break out, and he resolved at all events to master his temper. Morok, in looking at the orphans, again approached the judge, and whispered in his ear.

"Ah!" cried the burgomaster, with indignation, "you are going too far."

"I avouch nothing," Morok hastily uttered; and again he began to whisper in the ears of the judge.

"Well, it might be so," said the burgomaster; "these people are capable of anything. He says he came with the girls from the heart of Siberia. This may be an impudent falsehood."

"Do not be too hasty in giving your judgment," Morok said. "May the Lord forgive me if I am wrong. The truth will soon be known, and in a month or two they will be liberated, if they are innocent."

Dagobert saw plainly that his efforts to reconcile the judge were completely baffled by the interference of the prophet, and losing patience, he walked up to the latter, and said, in a gruff voice:—

"It is about me you are whispering to the magistrate?"

"Yes," Morok said, in returning his fixed look.

"Why do you not speak aloud?"

"Because the things are such that it would make us blush to do so."

Dagobert's arms were crossed on his breast. With a rapid movement he closed both his hands, and looking at the burgomaster, he said, his teeth gnashing with rage, "Your worship, make that man leave, or I will not answer for what I'll do."

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"How," replied the burgomaster, haughtily, "you dare to order me."

"I tell you to order that man down stairs, or something dreadful will happen."

"Dagobert, Dagobert," cried the orphans, "Oh be calm, be calm!"

"It becomes you, indeed, miserable vagabond," said the burgomaster, in fury, "to give orders here; you thought you could palm upon me for truth the story of your lost papers; and that you had brought those girls, who, notwithstanding their innocent appearance, might be nothing more than—"

"Wretch," cried Dagobert, casting a fierce look at the burgomaster; then taking the orphans by the arm he led them into their room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and rushed up to the burgomaster, who started back, holding by the staircase.

"Listen, sir," said the soldier, seizing the burgomaster by the arm. "Whilst that miserable wretch insulted me I bore everything. A few minutes ago, I listened patiently to lies and idle stories, because I thought you were interested in these unfortunate children; but since you have neither heart, nor pity, nor justice, I warn you, burgomaster though you are, that I shall treat you as I did that dog there (pointing to Morok) if you do not speak of those orphans as you would of your own children—"

"How," muttered the burgomaster, choking with rage, "you say if I speak of those two adventurers—"

"Hats off when speaking of the daughters of Marshal Duke of Ligny," cried the soldier, snatching the hat from the head of the burgomaster, and dashing it at his feet.

Morok was pleased at this aggression, while the burgomaster seemed bewildered. Dagobert plainly foresaw that there was now no chance of reconciliation; he looked hastily round him, and perceiving a door half-open opposite the room where the orphans were, he rushed upon the burgomaster, seized him by the throat, and before he had time to utter a word, he thrust him so forcibly against the door that he rolled into the middle of the room, which was totally dark. Then turning to Morok, who was trying to escape, he caught him by the hair of his head, drew him to him, clutched him in his iron grasp, put his hand upon his mouth to stifle his cries, and, in spite of the prophet's desperate resistance, he dragged him into the middle of the room, and left him with the bewildered burgomaster.

After having locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, Dagobert rushed down stairs, found the door of the inn shut, the rain pouring down in torrents, and saw, by the light of the fire, the innkeeper and his men waiting to hear the decision of the burgomaster. To bolt the door, and thereby intercept all communication with the court, was, for the soldier, the work of a moment, and in another second he was in the room with the orphans. By that time Morok, recovered from the sudden attack, was calling out for help with all his might, but the pelting of the rain, and the rustling of the wind, stifled his cries. Dagobert thus had nearly half an hour to himself.

"My children," the old soldier said, on entering, "now is the time to prove whether you have a soldier's blood in your veins." He then ran to the bed, tied the blankets together, fastened one end to the window, dropped over the other which reached the ground; took the children's pelisse and his own bag, threw them out of the window, and making a sign to Rabat Joie, which the faithful animal understood well, it with one bound disappeared after them. Rose and Blanche half stupified, looked at Dagobert, without uttering a word—"

"Now, my little ones," the old soldier said, "the doors of the inn are locked—then pointing to the window he added, "courage—courage. If we do not make our escape we shall be arrested, put into prison—you in one place, and I in another. They have killed Jovial, so that we must try to go on foot to Leipsic. When you are tired I shall carry you in turns. We will meet with somebody on the road who will take pity and give you something to eat. A quarter of an hour's delay may spoil all—come, my children, trust in me, and show your Dagobert that the daughters of General Simon are not cowards—there is still hope left for us."

The sisters taking each other by the hand, their faces pale from their recent emotion, looked affectionately at the devoted soldier.

"To the road," Dagobert said; "you are as light as feathers, the blankets are strong, and we are only eight feet from the ground. Rabat Joie is waiting for you."

Rose, after having kissed Blanche, ran to the window, took hold of the blanket, and, with the assistance of Dagobert, alighted safely by the side of Rabat Joie. Blanche, with equal courage, followed the example of her sister.

"Poor little things," Dagobert said, despairingly; "what have they done to merit such hardships? It seems as if there was a curse upon this ill-fated family."

A quarter of an hour after Dagobert and the young girls had left the inn, a violent crash was heard. The door had given way to the efforts of Morok and the burgomaster, who had made use of an old heavy table as a battering ram. Guided by the light they ran to the orphan's room. Morok, seeing the clothes hanging from the

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window, shouted, "Your worship, they have escaped by the window. They are on foot, and as the night is stormy, cannot have proceeded far. We are sure to catch them."

"Miserable scoundrel," cried the burgomaster, "I shall be revenged. Quick, Morok, our honour is concerned in this affair."

"Aye, there is more than that, your worship," Morok replied. He then hurried down stairs, and opening the door which led into the yard, shouted out,

"Goliah, let the dogs loose; and you, my worthy host, get lanterns and torches; arm your servants, unbar the doors, and fly after the fugitives. They cannot escape. We must have them dead or alive."

(To be continued.)

PIETY, GOSSIP, AND TIPLING.

Herr Von J. H. Blasius, a German professor, has just given to the world a narrative of his travels in European Russia. Much as we have lately read on the subject, the remarks of this intelligent foreigner, cannot be other than acceptable. The picture he gives of the religious observances of the Russians, mixed up as they are with ordinary worldly matters, is not a little striking. His visit to St, Cyril, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, withdrew from the haunts of men to live in solitude, and founded a convent, discreetly enjoining the pious while attending divine service to abstain from spirituous liquors, is full of interest. Having on Sunday attended divine service, our traveller obtains the courteous services of an abbot.

He was a man of about fifty, a strong and almost rustic figure, with a face of ruddy brown, and an uncommon openness and ease in his expression and manners. He first led us to the original dwelling-place of the holy Cyril, a miserable, log block-hut, in which a man could hardly stand upright. Though it is only distinguished from other block-huts by its wretchedness, no antiquarian will deny it the date of 1398, if only it can be proved that pine-wood would endure so long. There stood the cross which the holy man bore, and the cup from which he drank hangs by an old chain close by the holy fountain. He showed us, too, the other articles of furniture belongiug to the saint, and remarked, 'These are not for us, for the present generation! We go about decked with gold and gems; but that is all right, for we are no saints like the great Cyril.' We were next led into the principal church. From the floor to the roof it is covered with rich decorations—gold, silver, precious stones, and saintly figures. Among the last, the legends of the founder occupy the largest space. Here he is represented feeding the poor, healing the sick, and sheltering the destitute. Several of these figures are certainly of ancient date, and yet it would not be easy to discriminate between them and those of modern days, as all the monastic painters adhere closely to the style and colouring of the originals, imitating the brown shades cast by time over the hands and faces of the old pictures. Almost every monk and every nun in Russia paints, and all labour to produce the same saints in the same situations. The abbot showed us the rich coffin of gold and silver wherein rest the earthly remains of the saint, to this day efficacious in wonder-working, of which a pale young monk told us many striking instances. We saw the saint's coarse garments, his bag, his sheepskin, and the chain he wore for a girdle, which looks just like a chain of the nineteenth century. He who would doubt of the authenticity of these relics must be ignorant of the truth that the genuine relics are those that have the living idea connected with them. Before this coffin that greatest of tyrants, Ivan, the Cruel, fell down on his knees, and here he longed, amid the corpses of those whom he had persecuted and murdered, to end his days as a pious monk. We next glanced through the armoury, which has been despoiled of many of its trophies, but is still rich in old weapons, axes, halberts, swords of various patterns, and shirts of mail. The convent library once possessed many manuscripts of historical importance, but most of them have been scattered. Even the founder of the institution played some part in literature, and the convent seems to have been once friendly towards letters, though its inmates were so strictly warned to beware of philosophy. The abbot, however, seemed to be but little attached to literature. He handed us an old Russian manuscript, but, unfortunately, he placed it before us in an inverted position, which the young monk, slightly blushing, rectified. The abbot then accompanied us to the convent wall, and took leave of us with his benediction and pious wishes. Next, the town-church attracted us by its neat and cheerful aspect. At its entrance we found an old white-headed

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man standing, with withered face, hollow eyes, and an almost spectral expression. He was the founder of the church. He had retired from business with half a million, had built this church, and now found his greatest pleasure in performing the sexton's duties, and guarding his own burial-place; which, against law and precedent, was allotted to him inside the church. This seemed to me a religious turn of mind, recalling the middle ages, and beloging to the East; but the Greek church affords many striking instances of it. Yet the first admiration of such apparent piety is liable to correction, by a second thought, on the numerous similar actions which have arisen out of the alarms of conscience; and Russia has had many examples of such piety. What ruler ever exceeded the enormities of Ivan the Cruel, and yet who cast himself more obediently to the dust before offended Heaven! who built more churches and convents than this reproach of humanity! The religious ideas of the Greek church, which place all the value of piety in the strict fulfilment of the prescribed external ceremonies, favour such delusions. Well may the Greek worship be styled 'performing service,' for it is, indeed, a real religious toil. One would think that its law must be, 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou gain food from Heaven.' The whole congregation is in perpetual motion, crossing, kneeling, prostrating themselves until their foreheads touch the floor. For these purposes the interior of the church is quite open, and unencumbered with seats. Meanwhile, the pope (a secular priest) mechanically reads a sermon or recites the liturgy. The first view of such a service is the most favourable, for afterwards it is anything but edifying to see how the people go through their religious exercises, as if doing a sum in addition, not only counting their kneelings and prostrations, but measuring the angles of their devout postures, and estimating the length of the crosses they make; else how could they, in the intervals of their performances of this kind, chatter carelessly with their neighbours till the paroxysm comes upon them again? The women are great proficients in the work, for they contrive to carry on the pious process of kneeling and crossing while gratifying their love of gossip and observation at the same time."

At Unitug Velekoi he had another opportunity of witnessing the doings of the clergy, and the manner in which they are treated. The benevolent, though undesired, attentions of which he was the object, are amusing. It seems the custom for the ministers, at certain times, to perform domestic worship with their followers.

"The pope, or secular priest, at such times, comes with some of his subordinates, bearing saintly images and the crucifix, and sings mass in the house. Whoever desires to be known for piety, or feels the need of such offices, can, for a small sum, call in the help of the clergy at any time. Our landlord, in whose house I was very ill, had no high reputation for fair dealing among his neighbours. A portrait of him, in my chamber, was written all over with his characteristics, and not one good one could be found among them. Yet he was famous for the employment which he afforded to the clergy, often requiring their services more than once in the week. As I lay, half conscious with feverish fantasy, I heard a strange monotonous singing constantly in my ears, day and night; at last I seemed to hear it more distinctly, and suddenly awoke from my reverie. Close by my bed stood a tall athletic figure, with a rosy face, a long flaxen beard, and long hair hanging about his shoulders. Over my bed hung a picture of the Virgin, beaming with gold and silver, with folded hands and eyes upraised to Heaven. In the same attitude stood the pope beside me, unceasingly repeating his formulary, 'Gospodin pomilui!' I soon discovered that he was in haste to despatch me to Heaven. Though I could not judge how far this kindness might be necessary, I felt moved by this instance of benevolence and toleration. I called for some persons in the next apartment to tell the saintly man that I was a heretic, and did not mean to die just then; but he would not be hindered in his kind purpose towards a sick heretic, so before he left me he blessed me thrice, made a cross over me, and, as he went out of the room, cast back a kindly look upon me. To a western European there seems to be a contradiction in the station of the Russian clergy. The priest in his canonical dress, and during the performance of his sacred offices, is in the highest authority. Wherever he appears, all bow before him, cross themselves, and even cast themselves at his feet; but let him only put off his official robes, and he is instantly reduced to a nullity. In the

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very same house where he has just performed his sacred functions he will not be even tolerated by the company."

The eagerness with which the Russian peasant seeks strong drink immediately after his devotions are performed, seems to justify the rule laid down by St. Cyrill, that he should not indulge in it during their progress.

"When divine service is over, the peasant goes to the Kabak, and soon drinks himself under the table; and if his priest is not willing to do the same, he is reckoned proud and unsociable, and must be content with the meanest pay for his services. What other sect can boast that, like the Russians at Topperdorfe, near Moscow, they provide Christian burial for unknown strangers and celebrate masses for the souls of men whose names, origin, and creeds, they know nothing of?"

Some of their pious acts provoke a smile. The Russians, he says, "whenever they see a church or a church-spire, near or distant, stop to uncover their heads and cross themselves. The dimensions of the crosses they make vary with their stations, decreasing in proportion to their respectability; and I have seen gentlemen make their tiny crosses under the cover of arranging their cravats."

The peasant not merely seeks liquor after going to church, but drinks to excess. What follows? the strange exhibitions of tippling and honesty, and last, not least, the wife-market, are eminently calculated to gratify the curious. We read:—

"At every festival, the natural course of the people is from mass to the Kabak. At the door the peasant counts his cash, reckons how much he can afford to drink, and takes his dose at one deep draught. The effect is speedy, and, as the Kabak cannot accommodate many, the drunkards are carried into the street to lie there until they recover their senses. On the morning after a festival, the roads are strewn with drunken sleeping men, and no one notices the customary scene. This drunken disposition extends to the women as well as the men. Of course, the Kabak keepers are prosperous people; and if, in any poor little town, you meet a female dressed in silk or satin, you may be sure it is the landlady. The brandy is often adulterated, though the apothecaries have authority to examine it from time to time; but the landlord of the Kabak takes care to supply the appointed inspector with liquor sent to his own house so liberally, that he has ample opportunity to test its qualities, by experiments upon his own person, without the trouble of going to the shop. The honesty of the peasantry is remarkable: no one in Ustiug can remember when a peasant was convicted of theft. Of this honesty we have a proof just opposite our house, where a market-maiden, who keeps a stall, sits regularly, totally drunk, one afternoon in every week. Her customers take what they want from the stall, and pay down the proper money, so that she loses nothing during her sleep. Many of the customs of the people here have an originality which has long since vanished from the interior of Russia. Among other customs of this kind, the young maidens who are willing to find husbands come to a *bride-show* in Ustiug at certain seasons, bringing their dowries with them: they travel in carts or in boats, and exhibit themselves, with all their treasures, in the market-place. The marriageable young men proceed to the exhibition, and choose, according to the weight of the dowry and their personal inclinations, their brides at first sight. These willing wives, as they generally come from the country by the Jug and Suchona rivers, are here denominated the "Upswimmers."

PIG KILLING AND ANIMAL BLESSING AT ROME.

Mr. Waterton, the translator and eminent crocodile writer, has published a second series of "Essays on Natural History." This volume he tells us is "an unsolicited donation to the widow of his departed friend, Mr. Loudon." It mentions many entertaining facts connected with a journey or pilgrimage which the author made to Rome. One graphic sketch we transcribe.

"As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy, for an extensive plain, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four

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men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hog, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the mean time, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; and the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams."

The formal blessing of beasts of burden is equally striking.

"The day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilirating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place. When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them; and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close. As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English gentleman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly. 'If it be folly,' said I, in answer to his remark, 'to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on setting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, do not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman, if present? "Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino!" Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it?—"Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts!"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF THANET.

Arms.—Sa., an eagle, displayed, erm., within a bordure, ar.
Crest.—A sea lion, sejant, ar.
Supporters.—Two eagles' wings endorsed, erm.
Mottoes. — *Fiel pero desdichado.* — *Ales volat propriis.*—"Faithful, though unfortunate." "The bird flies to his own."

The surname of this family was originally written Toketon, and derived from a place so called in Kent, of which its remote ancestors were feudal lords.

Their descendant, Nicholas Tufton, of Northyam, in the county of Sussex, married Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Heaver, of Cranbrook, in Kent. Dying December 31, 1538, he was succeeded by his son, Sir John Tufton, knight, of Hothfield, high sheriff in the eighteenth of Elizabeth. He was created a baronet, June 19, 1611. Sir John married Olympia, daughter and heiress of Christopher Blower, esquire, of Sileborn, in Kent, and had three daughters, Anne, Elizabeth, and Margaret. By a second marriage, he had six sons and four daughters. On his death, in 1624, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Nicholas, who was one of the gentlemen that met king James I at Newcastle-

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upon-Tyne on his coming into England. From that monarch he received the honour of knighthood, April 13, 1603. On the first of November, 1626, he was raised to the peerage, under the title of baron Tufton, of Tufton, in the county of Sussex, and created earl of Thanet, August 5, 1628. He married lady Francis, daughter of the first earl of Exeter, and had issue by her one son and three daughters. John, the son, succeeded to the title on his lordship's decease, July 1, 1632. This nobleman, in April, 1629, married lady Margaret Saville, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Richard, earl of Dorset, by Anne, baroness Clifford, only daughter and heiress of George, earl of Cumberland. By her he had issue Nicholas, John, Richard, Thomas, Sackville, and George; and four daughters. The four first all came in succession to the title. His lordship, John, the second earl, was obliged to compromise for his estate with the sequestrators of the rebel parliament, and paid no less a sum than £9,000, being the greatest compromise in the list of 1654. He died May 6, 1664, and was succeeded by his eldest son. This gentleman had, in 1653, been committed by Cromwell to the Tower. He was soon released, but again sent there, and detained nearly two years. In 1664, he married Elizabeth, second daughter of Richard Boyle, esquire, of Burlington, by whom he had no issue. On the death of his mother, in 1678, he inherited the barony of Clifford; on the twenty-fourth of November, in the following year, he died, and was succeeded by his brother John, who died unmarried, April 27, 1680, when Richard, the third brother, became the wearer of the title. From him, in like manner, on his dying unmarried, it devolved upon his brother Thomas, who, in 1684, married Catherine Cavendish, daughter and co-heiress of Henry, duke of Newcastle, by whom he had three sons, who died in their infancy; and four daughters, his co-heirs. These were Catherine, Anne, Margaret Mary, and Isabella. He claimed the baronies of Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey, in right of inheritance from his grand-mother, and that of Clifford was confirmed to him by the House of Lords, December 12, 1691, when he assumed the additional title of qaron Clifford, which barony, at his decease, in 1729, fell into abeyance between his daughters and co-heirs, and so continued till 1731, when the crown interposed to give it to Margaret, countess of Leicester, his lordship's third daughter. On her dying without issue, in 1775, it relapsed into abeyance between the sisters, which was again terminated by the crown, in favour of Edward Southwell, who had married Catherine, the daughter of his lordship's eldest daughter. The earl of Thanet's other honours went to his nephew Thomas, the sixth earl, who succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle. He married, in 1722, lady Mary Savill, youngest daughter and co-heiress of William, marquis of Halifax, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The son, Sackville, on his father's death, succeeded him. By his wife, Mary, daughter of lord John Sackville, and granddaughter of Lionel, first duke of Dorset, and sister of John Frederick, the third duke, he had three sons, and two daughters: he died April 10, 1786. His eldest son, Sackville, succeeded him, and on his decease, without issue, in 1825, the title then came to his brother Charles. He remained unmarried, and departed this life April 20, 1832, when it descended to the third and only surviving brother, Henry Tufton, the present earl, who was born January 2, 1775.

HISTORY OF ROME.

By Punch a la Romaine.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER III.—ROMULUS AND NUMA.

The Sabines would have made the best of their forced bargain, seeing that bloodshed was not likely to mend the matter; seeing also that a wholesale divorce would have been not less an evil than the unexpected wholesale marriage of the two nations; seeing also that the daughters of Cures being thus comfortably settled, promised to save all manœuvring mothers much trouble in match-making: but some exceedingly kind friends at length convinced them that they must have satisfaction. Accordingly, the Sabine towns, one after another, entered the field, and one after another came, saw, and were conquered; the generous Romans punishing them no farther than by colonising their kingdoms and eating up their corn. But last, not least, Tatius, king of Cures, with an army of 25,000 Sabines, succeeded in obtaining an entrance into the city, be-

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ing treacherously admitted by an unfair member of the fair sex, rushed upon Romulus like twenty-five "thousand of bricks," and would have gained the day had not the lately married Sabine women stept in and spoilt all the fun. It was agreed that Romulus and Tatius should divide the crown, which was divided horizontally accordingly, Romulus securing the brim; that the Sabines should send one hundred representatives to parliament; and that the Romans should be called Quirites, which does not, as might be presumed, signify queer customers, but was a memento that they had been a little cured of fighting by Cures. By the union, also, the Sabines were to suffer none of the disabilities of aliens or Sabine Catholics. The union, however, was soon after repealed by the death of Tatius (killed, of course), and Romulus recovered the Sabine half-crown, which was again soldered to the Roman one.

Romulus now began to assume great airs. Like the Charles's and James's of former times, and the king Whigs and king Tories in these days of Commonocracy, he began to legislate not so much for the people as for himself, passing bills for the nonce to repeal that part of the laws which he had broken, and making the same law more stringent upon his fellow thimble-riggers. Accordingly, a Young Rome party was got up in opposition, and one fine morning, poor Romulus *non est inventus*. However, the new party made ample amends for burking him, for scarcely was the breath out of his body, when he was unanimously elevated to the House of Gods under the title of Quirinus; and more oxen were presented to him as a god, than he had ever eaten beefsteaks when a monarch.

As there happened to be no Cromwell amongst the Young Rome party, the House of Lords played the king in turns, at the rate of a king a week. But this sort of hebdomadal monarchy did not suit the sober Romans, who thought that a pack of kings was as bad as a pack of knaves, and that all trumps were just like no trumps at all, or like a plum pudding without paste. They therefore presented a petition to the Lords for one king, even if it should be a king Log; and strange to say, their petition was not thrown under the table, but actually granted, and Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, was elected to the throne.

Numa was a thorough humbug: not a single battle in all his reign; no colonies taken from their natural enemies, their neighbours; no plundering of villages; no prize money; no monster agitation; no nothing. Indeed, what could be expected from a king whose education totally precluded anything like the possession of royal or noble sentiments. Instead of fighting like a gentleman, his whole life had been spent in studying political economy and moral philosophy, mathematics, physics, the languages, and the science of legislation; and what is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh. Accordingly, when he came to the throne, he was more fit for a paltry professorship, or to edit a Quarterly Review; instead of entertaining dukes, and field-marshals, and lieutenant-colonels, his table was surrounded by the Dickenses, and Hugos, and Wordsworths, and Aragos of the day, and though such a man as Louis Philippe or the king of Saxony would have been hailed as a brother, he would have thought no more of an emperor of all the Russias, or of his diamond snuff-boxes, than of the boy Joinville. He was very intimate with a lady of the name of Egeria, who is described as a perfect Mrs. Somerville, and from whom he professed to learn the connexion of the sciences. For our part, we believe he was no better than he should be, and that he was herein guilty of an infringement of that bulwark of the constitution, the Royal Marriage Act, which so severely guarantees the hereditary descent of royal wisdom. The various petty states which surrounded the Roman centre at that time, were ready at the least spark to break out into a flame of fighting and rebellion. Here was an opportunity for a magnificent war to support the balance of power! But this philosopher set about reconciling their squabbles, instead of taking advantage of them; and when the Sabine part of the kingdom was calling out for a repeal of the union, instead of sending soldiers to stop their mouths, like a poltroon he redressed their grievances, built them schools and churches, compelled the two nations to respect one another's prejudices; divided the conquered lands, not into baronies of 30,000 acres, so as to give due encouragement to the building of castles and palaces, and to impart a dignity to the landed interest; nor yet into small allotments, to create the necessary class of cotters, to diversify society: but into moderate farms, with fixity of tenure, so that in-

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stead of the glories of war, nothing was thought of but the mean pursuits of peace and agriculture; instead of the balance of power, the balance of production and distribution; and, inverting the natural order of things, this pedant inculcated the rights of labour and the duties of property, as if labour had any rights but to obey the law, or property any duties but to enforce its rights.

Thus, having reigned forty-three years in ignoble peace, even in death he acted in opposition to the ancient wisdom of his ancestors, ordering himself to be buried in a stone coffin, and his works (proh pudor! a king's works!), consisting of twenty-four volumes crown folio, to be buried by his side in another. Much good his library would do him there!

Long may it be before the practical John Bull submit to be governed by such theoretical liberals as Numa Pompilius! Such quacks as these it is, who in our own days would substitute vulgar science and industry for that heaven-born invention, the sliding scale; who would limit the expansion of the currency, not by the substantial ingots of Mr. Cotton's bank, but by the national property; and who would overwhelm the roast beef of old England and its glorious constitution in a common annihilation!

Questions for Examination.

1. Did the Sabines obtain "satisfaction?"
2. What were the terms of the Act of Union?
3. Did Romulus now play fantastic tricks before high heaven! and did not some Coningsby give it him?
4. Under what title was he elevated to the House of Gods?
5. Was "Young Rome" a Cromwell or a Peter Borthwick?
6. What sort of a Joint Stock King Co. did the House of Lords make?
7. Was Numa Pompilius worth his meat?
8. Did he believe in Jeremy Bentham?
9. Who was his Princess Frederick Augustus?
10. What havoc would Numa have made on the Corn Laws and the currency?
11. Erect a parallel at right angles between Numa Pompilius and Sir James Graham.
12. What would John Bull think of such heroes as Numa Pompilius?

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXII.—POLITICAL CLUBS.

When every man—even the petty tradesman—felt as deep an interest in the state questions of the day as the prime minister himself, and devoted the greater portion of his time to a strict attendance at the coffee-house, it was not to be wondered at that clubs and societies should be formed for the discussion of politics. The "Jacobite Club," which had for its object the restoration of the exiled Stuart family to the throne, the "London Corresponding Society," whose motto, "United for a Reform of Parliament," sufficiently expresses its intentions, and the "Constitutional Society," advocating the cause of the revolted colonies of America, were the principal political clubs of the eighteenth century. Such assemblies, being contrary to law, were always held stealthily—generally in the garrets of mean and miserable houses, to which no suspicion was likely to attach; and, in these apartments, the malcontents, at whose head a lord or a baronet was usually to be found, were accustomed to assemble to consider some intricate political subject, or to concert a plan for the subversion of the government.

Whilst thus engaged their debates were occasionally disturbed by the entrance of a band of soldiers, and then physical took the place of moral force. The most elaborate arguments were at once upset—so were the chair and tables—and frequently he who had been the loudest in expressing his determination to "die in the field," or "shed the last drop of blood for his country," was was the first to scramble through the trap-door and escape upon the house-top, while those who were less valorous in their professions, gallantly disputed every inch of ground.

Such exalted models, of course, had many smaller imitators, and scarcely was an apprentice or a shop-boy to be found in London, who did not attend his debating society (or as it was vulgarly called, his "spouting club"), regularly every evening, "to arrange matters of the greatest importance to the nation," to prove offences of omission and commission against the ministry, and to show how dead the people were to their own interests in not delivering the management of their affairs into the hands of the aforesaid apprentices and shop boys.

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On the whole, the eighteenth century was the age of clubs—political, literary, and social. The "Kit-Kat," and the "Beef-steak" clubs, the "Johnson," and the "Apollo," as well as the taverns and coffee-houses at which they assembled, have been celebrated by their connexion with the most eminent characters of their day. At one, Garrick listened with rapture to the conversation of his brother wits; at another, Johnson grumbled forth his philosophy, whilst the obsequious Boswell directed the attention of the company, in an under tone, to some peculiar observation of his Magnus Apollo. At this, Goldsmith enjoyed a few hours when he could steal out and escape from the vigilance of his bailiffs; at that, Foote was the "lion" of the evening. Dean Swift and Laurence Sterne, Fielding and Smollett, Colman and Sheridan, each was indebted to his club for many hours of amusement, and from the diversity of character which it presented, they drew those admirable sketches of human life which render their works such correct delineations of men and manners, their virtues and their vices. It was at these clubs, too, that the timid author, who had just obtained an introduction to the Muses and the literary world, ventured nervously to read his first tragedy or early poem, and received the praise or condemnation of the critics.

They were social assemblies, too, where the wise and the learned met together, and profited by each other's remarks. Sacred must have been that box to the Muses, and barbarous must have been the hands that destroyed it, in which Addison and his talented companions sipped their coffee, and wrote their essays, and the rays of whose genius from that humble corner of Button's coffee-house diffused themselves over the entire country, shedding the light of knowledge through the length and breadth of the land, and glaring so brightly that vice sunk before them as their brilliancy exposed its hideousness to the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.—PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

Shame on the Reform Bill that put an end to rotten boroughs, and *threatened* to put an end to bribery and treating! Shame on these degenerate days when voters are allowed to exercise their elective franchise, and to send their representatives to Parliament, without having first become drunk on the bounty of the candidates! "Ah," say the old, with a sigh to the memory of bygone days, and for the wickedness of the present, "Ah, I can remember when it was very different, and when a conscientious voter always received his reward"—when a comfortable sinecure in the customs, or a lucrative situation "under government," were the sure remunerations for a vote in favour of the ministerial candidate.

Hogarth, in his "election" prints, has given us as correct a representation of the manner in which such affairs were managed in the last century as it is possible to conceive. First, came "the Feast," at which the constituency was regaled at the candidate's expense, and at which the aspirant to a seat in Parliament, who, before he solicited their suffrages, was too proud to notice the best of them, now condescended to preside, and to invite his guests, with smiling face and conciliating voice, to "eat, drink, and be filled"—an invitation which they accepted by filling even to overflowing. Then followed "the canvass," at which consciences were put up to auction like merchandise, and the electors' votes sold to the highest bidder. But at length came "the polling," when the "enlightened" freeholders, on whom the rich candidate's gold had acted with magnetic influence, joined the gaudy procession which was to conduct him to the hustings—and to victory! Lastly, and as a sort of wind-up to the series, came "the chairing," at which the successful candidate was hoisted on the shoulders of his party, and carried through the town amid the shouts of his friends and the hisses of his foes. And then, when this ceremony was over, the fumes of the liquor which flowed like water from the taverns, mounted into the heads of the hostile politicians, until the heavy blows which were dealt in the general combat that ensued, broke a few, and thus allowed them to evaporate.

But in what respect does this picture differ from the scenes which are still attendant on a Parliamentary election? Only that party spirit does not run *quite* so high, or party money *quite* so fast; and that, whereas one house was, in the last century, allowed to form "a borough," and to return its representatives accordingly, a borough of a thousand houses has been disfranchised, and has no voice in the election of the Parlia-

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ment. Then, as to the price which was paid for votes: there was nothing exhorbitant even in that; for, when one individual suffrage commanded a seat in the House of Commons, it was of just the same value as are, now-a-days, the votes of an entire borough; and, accordingly, the money which was paid for that alone is now the price of several hundreds. The fact is the market is full, and the commodity is depreciated in value: but the same amount of capital has been, in recent instances, expended in the purchase of a representative seat, as was paid for the same distinction in the eighteenth century. But I am trespassing upon proscribed ground; I did not caution my reader that I should introduce a political dissertation, and, consequently, I must not force it on him.

A. Andrews.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Two volumes have been published under the above title, professing to give pictures of American life, by Jonathan Slick. It is written in the same gibberish which was served up by Sam Slick. There is some shrewdness in it, but for those who would "hate even Garrick at second hand," we think there will be "something too much" of "this sort of thing." Take as a specimen the picture supplied of a dinner given by a purse-proud republican to Lord Morpeth. Jonathan's cousin Jase wishes to propose a toast:

"It warn't of no use a speaking to him, there he stood a strutting over back, with a glass in his hand, and a singing out, 'Our noble guest, Lord Morpeth!' like all possessed. Every critter at the table, excepting Lord Morpeth and I, jumped up with glasses in their hands, and begun to drink like a patch of seed onions after a six weeks' dry spell; but Lord Morpeth and I sot still and looked as if we didn't know what possessed the critters; but the minit they sot down, up he jumped like a house a fire, and the way he cracked jokes and said smart things made the fire fly from every body's eyes round the table. I swanny! if he didn't take me a'most off the handle, with his consarned sweet voice and harnsome manners. It raly was eenamost as good as a play, to hear him reel out the common sense and soft sodder about this land of liberty and old England. When he sot down, it was as much as I could du to keep from going right up and giving him a hug, if he was a lord. Arter this we mixed in the talk together, like lemon, and sugar, and brandy, in a punch-bowl, as sociable as so many chickens in a coop; till by-am-by, Jase he begun to swell up and talk to Lord Morpeth about the Slicks, and the crouchants, and lions, that belonged to the family coat of arms, as he called it; he gin us all to understand that the Slicks warn't a family to be sneezed at by any of the English lords, and gin out some purty broad hints about a barron-night, and a lord, that gin a start to the name ever so long back in England; then the consarned shote branched out into a sarmon about ancient birth, and pure blood, a running from one generation to another, without being siled by anything low since the Slicks cum to this country, jest after the pilgrims, aud a hull lot of of the darndest stuff that ever a trans-hand-cartman thought on. I'd topped off my cider with two or three glasses of hock, the feller called it, and it made me feel dreadful 'smart, and I felt jest like tackling Jase in his own camp.—'Look a here, cousin Jase,' sez I, 'what on arth do you want to make out that we Slicks are anything but jest what we be, for aint it a darned sight more to our creedit, Yankees as we are and Republicans as we ought to be, to own it at once, that we had to hoe our own row up, and found it a purty tough one? * * It is too bad, you're trying to make out that you're a English big bug, when you can prove yourself as good a nobleman as any that ever lived, by going back to our grandpar, the brave old shoemaker, that swung his lapstone over his shoulder when the revolution broke out, and jined the patriots when their struggle was as dark as the grave. The old man never gave way once, but fought like a lion when fighting was to be done. He clung to his companions in good and bad luck, and though he fought, and marched, and suffered with the toughest of 'em, never once gin out or got discouraged, but arter a long day's march would unsling his lapstone, take out his rusty tools, and hammer and stitch away half the night long, to make up shoes for his tired and sore-footed feller-soldiers, whenever he could find a scrap of sole leather or a piece of cow-skin to make up!'—I was going on, but Lord Morpeth he got up, and sez he, 'Let us drink to the memory of Mr. Slick's ancestor, the 'brave shoe-

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maker.' '—Jase look'd sort of ugly about what I'd said—but I couldn't help that, and when Lord Morpeth jined in, the hull biling on us got up, and another squad of wine-glasses was put into action. When the rest had sot down, I felt as if I couldn't break off so, but I thought it wouldn't do no harm to give 'em a short specimen of Weathersfield chin music, seeing as there was a lord to hear me.—' Now,' sez I, ' it's of no use denying that we Yankees do think a good deal of noble birth and pure blood, and all them ere things that the English have boosted up their throne with so many hundred years.' "

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

The following sketch is abridged from the *Citizen*, a Dublin periodical, as told by a young lawyer, who had been *forced* to become a *volunteer* in the French service :—

"On entering the circle of Swabia, Moreau published an order of the day, expressly prohibiting, under penalty of death, all ' generals of division, quarter-masters,' &c., from levying the slightest contribution of any kind, on any pretext whatever. Our division, commanded by General X— (he is gone to his account; I shall use a fictitious initial, from respect to his family), occupied Memingen, a town, or rather small city, grown rich by trade. We were in extreme want of almost everything—money, provisions, and baggage. The general sent for his quarter-master (Paulmier), who had been long attached to the army in that capacity; and, after a few words of conversation on the position of affairs, told him, that it would be absolutely necessary, seeing the urgency of the case, to raise a contribution on the inhabitants. Paulmier spoke of superior orders. The general insisted. ' This state of things cannot last,' he said; ' the soldiers are murmuring; they must have bread; besides, what have you to fear? If there be danger, I will share it with you—I will take the whole on myself; so you have nothing to do but simply give your signature.' Paulmier gave it. The requisition stated, in the usual terms, that ' *vu l'urgence*' it was ordered and enjoined to the mayor and authorities of the mayor and authorities of the town of Memingen, to supply with the briefest delay, to the corps under command of General X—, to the amount of five hundred head of cattle, such a sum of money, so many team of waggon horses, &c. The demands were complied with.

"Cited before a court-martial, on the grounds of disobedience and contempt of orders, quarter-master Paulmier gave his testimony in full, stating the facts precisely as already mentioned. Several other witnesses were examined, among them the mayor, Meinheer Gaflaxen. I can never forget either the name or the appearance of this worthy old man, nor his look of venerable anguish, when he discovered the awful position in which the prisoner stood, and how much his deposition had tended to make that position hopeless. He affirmed, as well on behalf of himself, as of his colleagues in office, that he had acted solely and exclusively according to the letter of the instructions contained in a document bearing the signature of Paulmier, which he identified among the papers of the *procédure*.

"As soon as the whole of the witnesses on the list of court had been heard, I stood up (knowing that I had been for a long while occupied in legal pursuits, they had made choice of me to fill the function of judge-advocate), and after having shortly, and in the manner I thought most likely to prove favourable to the accused, grounded my conclusions, I submitted, ' that the court, not finding itself sufficiently informed as to the facts, should adjourn to a future day; and, ordering the prisoner to be kept in safe custody, invite the general commanding, M. X—, to appear in court as soon as possible, there to give an explanation of the facts relating to him in the matter.' The words had scarcely passed my lips, when the president, starting from his seat, cried out warmly, in a loud voice, ' Sir, you don't know what you are saying.' Nettled as I was, I replied with temper that I persisted in my conclusions, ' and with so much the more perfect feeling of conviction,' I added, addressing the other members of the court, ' that I have observed on the face of the material document in the cause, evident marks of an erased signature, which, in my soul, I believe to be that of General X——.' These men carried forward by the sway of their luminary of a president, then high in favour and power, did not listen to me, and retired to deliberate on the sentence, scarcely even going through

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the formality of having my objections minuted.

"In less than three-quarters of an hour, they returned with it. I recollect the precise terms of this decree of iniquity, but will not trouble you with repeating them. It is sufficient to say, that the sentence was death, and execution to take place within twenty-four hours. The voice of our startling hero of a president did, could not but, falter a little as he read '*the decree.*'

"The following morning, at break of day, Paulmier was led out to death. The drum beat to arms. The division, drawn up in two files, took its position on the '*Place d'armes.*' I had seen many die guilty; I wished to see how one would die innocent. I got up. It was a dreadful day; hail, rain, thunder, in turns; the sky appeared at intervals literally on fire. It was with difficulty I could at first discern the bared head of the victim, and his face drenched and beaten by the storm. He advanced slowly through the ranks, took his place, standing in an attitude of calm resignation; fixed a serenely steady look on the fatal platoon of veterans in front; laid his right hand over his heart, and fell almost instantly. Such was the effect of the thunder shower, that only five or six muskets went off. They were enough.

"Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed, when his wretched wife came, rolling herself at my feet, tearing her hair in anguish, harrowing my very soul—she had that moment returned from head-quarters. In her hand was an order to stay the execution, signed 'Moreau'—a quarter of an hour too late!"

The Hampton Court Hand Book.

Now that the fine season has arrived, many hundreds of the industrious classes visit daily the ancient palace of Hampton Court. Last year we gave a detailed account of some of the beautiful spots in its vicinity, but the multitudes who, on every bright morning in July, repair thither that they may fully enjoy their holiday, and know what they are looking at, would do well to procure this pretty little hand-book. Besides giving many curious facts, collected from authentic sources, it furnishes a catalogue of the pictures. Its small price will make but an insignificant addition to the expences of the day, and it will amuse going and coming, besides contributing very largely to their gratification while there. It is most liberally embellished, many views of the palace being supplied, drawn by Delamotte and engraved by Gilks. "The archway looking east," which we subjoin, will show that no pains have been spared to render this little publication worth possessing.

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THE MIRROR.

IN A CENTURY OF HEXASTICKS.

(Continued from page 62.)

8. DILLETANTISM.

The connoisseur upon his critic throne,
The landscape in the "Mirror's" medium views,
And softens, so he says, each tint and tone.
To connoiseurs who will his faith refuse.
Even so reflected in *our* "Mirror," who
Owns not new life in Eugene's "Wandering Jew!"

9. LINES AND DOTS.

There is (or was) on Somerset House Wall
A rare congeries of curves and lines,
Which on cylindric mirror made to fall,
And lo! the royal head of Edward shines.
But without cylinder, save pen or chalk,
George Cruikshank has made dots and lines to walk.

10. TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Some folks, by "Mirror" at the window set,
Can all unseen see who 'tis knocks and rings.
And thus prepared, their house in order get,
And can tell Bet to take away "the things."
But we need no such "biting of the thumbs,"
But each friend welcome to our "Mirror" comes.

11. LONDON.

L ondon, the "Mirror" thou of various life,
O f luxury and love, wit, wisdom, wealth,
N or less of folly, avarice, sloth, and strife,
D espair and sorrow, want and guilty stealth,
O for one hour of all thy inward shows,
N o century elsewhere such wisdom knows.

12. MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES.

O'Driscoll, "Mirror" thou of magistrates,
What, because thou didst whip a paltry boy,*
Shall these vile Whigs, whose party spirit mates
The party spleen of Tories, mar thy joy
And glorious triumph? Whip! in name of God.
Who hates the child alone doth spare the rod.

13. ALL IS NOT VANITY.

There is a bright and lovely vanity,
'Tis when, adorned with blushes, the young maid,
Whom Heaven, its very favour mystery,
Hath clothed with beauty and with truth arrayed,
Sees in the "Mirror" her own magic mould,
And weeps for those deformed, decrepid, old.

14. IDEALISM.

And is each thing of sense around which we
May taste, and see, and hear, and smell, and press.
But the Mind mirror's phantasmagory?
A substance sensible, yet substanceless?
And in the dreamer's sense as true and deep?
And life a dream, death shaking us from sleep?

15. AU REVOIR.

As one who in a mirror views himself,
And straight forgets what manner of man he was,
Doubtless our "Mirror's" taken from the shelf.
Perused, restored, forgotten; our wise saws
"And modern instances" obliterated,
Even as to-day, when a new day is dated.

* See *Times* leader of 18th July, 1844.

The Gatherer.

Sang Froid.—At the battle of Salamanca the officers who carried the colours of the 88th Regiment believed them to be shot at by one of the enemy. Lieutenant Moriarty, who carried the regimental colour, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me!" "I am devilish glad to hear you say so," replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the king's, with much coolness, "for I thought he had me covered." He was not much mistaken, for the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulettes.

Mrs. Pearson.—A full-length portrait of Lord Chief Justice Denman, painted by Mrs. Charles Pearson, has been presented to the Corporation of London. The portrait is well spoken of, both as a likeness and a work of art.

Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.—The somewhat unexpected news has been received from Dr. Wolff, that the unfortunate objects of his mission were really executed. The savage, recognised as the sovereign of Bokhara, avows the act, and states the one to have treated royalty with disrespect, and having turned Mussulman to have afterwards returned to christianity; while the other is accused of falsely representing himself to be an ambassador from England, and of stirring up certain tribes to make war against him.

German Experiences.—The Court Journal describes a strong sensation to have been created at Heidelberg, by William Howitt's book, and hints that he has attacked some of the German seminaries on the report of an ex-teacher in one of them, who himself is not the most immaculate of men. We have it on good authority, that with a few honorable exceptions, the Germans have ample reason to complain of their English visitors—retired publicans or flashy shop-keepers making holiday, who give themselves intolerable airs, and try to pass for English gentlemen, though from calumniators' ignorance the assumption i eminently ridiculous.

CORRESPONDENTS.

A notice of Chaucer appeared in a former number of the "Mirror."

"The Trumpeter's Daughter" is pleasantly sketched, but the character of the lady requires softening down. It has evidently been too hastily thrown off, but with some corrections may appear.

"The Sabbath Bells" next week.

All communications to be addressed to be Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

MULTANGULAR TOWER, YORK.

"In order to present an idea of this ancient Roman fortification, Benjamin Langwith, D.D., rector of Petworth, in Sussex, a native of York, contributes this plate, 1736."

It is thus that the venerable Roman ruin above represented is introduced by Drake, in his *Eboracum*, published a hundred and eight years ago. He also quotes the following description of it, as having been given by Dr. Lister to the Royal Society.

"Carefully viewing the antiquities of York, the dwelling of at least two of the Roman emperors, Severus and Constantius, I find part of a wall yet standing, which is undoubtedly of that time. It is the second wall of the Mint-yard, formerly the Hospital of St. Lawrence. It consists of a multangular tower, which did lead to Bootham bar, and part of a wall which ran the length of Conyng Street, as he who shall attentively view it may discern.

"The outside to the river is faced with a very singular *saxum quadratum* of about four inches thick, and laid in levels like our modern brick walls, but the length of the stones is not observed, but are as they fell out in hewing. From the foundation twenty courses of these small square stones are laid, and over them five courses of Roman brick. These bricks are laid, some lengthways, some endways, in the wall, and were called *lateres diatoni;* after these five courses of brick, other twenty-two courses of small square stones as before described are laid, which raise the wall some —— feet higher, and then five more courses of the same Roman bricks are laid, beyond which the wall is imperfect and capped with modern building. Note that in all this height there is no casement or loophole, but one entire and uniform wall, from which we may infer that the wall was brought some courses higher after the same order. The bricks were to be as thoroughs,

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or as it were so many new foundations, to that which was to be superstructed, and to bind the two sides together firmly, for the wall itself is only faced with small square stones, and the underpart thereof filled with mortar and pebble.

"These bricks are about seventeen inches long of our measure, about eleven inches broad, and two-and-a-half thick. This, having caused several to be carefully measured in round numbers, I do find them to agree very well with the Roman foot, which the learned antiquary Groves has left us, viz., of its being half an inch less than ours. They seem to have shrunk in the baking more in the breadth than in the length. This demonstrates Pliny's measures to be true, and not those of Vitruvius, where he says, '*genera laterum tria.*' And, indeed, all I have yet seen in England are of Pliny's measure.

"I shall only add this remark that proportion and uniformity, even in the minutest parts of building, is to be plainly observed, as this miserable ruin of Roman work shews."

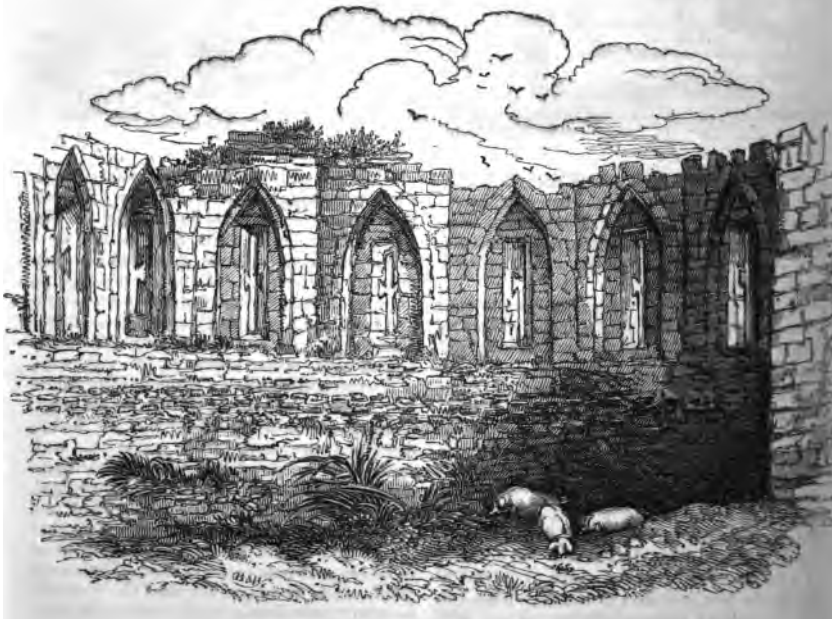
"I have to remark," adds Drake, "that the stones of the wall are not of the grit kind, but of the common free-stone, there being no occasion to fear fire in an exterior fortification. Next that the building of the tower is the same on the inside of it as on the out, and runs as a common wall to Bootham bar, under the vallum or rampart that hides it that way.

After Dr. Lister's time, on digging a cellar in Conyng-street, in the line of the Roman wall just mentioned, a stone was discovered with an inscription on it. Of this Mr. Thoresby, of Leeds, gave an account to the Royal Society, in which he described it to be dedicated to the genius or tutelary deity of the place. It was twenty-one inches long and eleven broad, and was inscribed, *Genio loci feliciter.*

"The author of this votive monument," Mr. Thoresby goes on to say, "seems to have had the same superstitious veneration for the genius of York as those at Rome had for theirs, whose name they were prohibited to mention or inquire after. Hence it is that upon their using the name of this deity is never expressed, but in a more popular manner, by 'Genius P. R. or Pop. Rom.'"

The view, given above, from Britton's "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities," shows the Multangular Tower to have remained in 1830 nearly as it appeared in 1736. We copy with a feeling similar to that of Dr. Langwith, given at the opening of this article, a view of the interior.

The upper walls, Mr. Britton supposes, cannot be older than the thirteenth or fourteenth century.



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The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART II.—RUE DU MILIEU DES URSINS.

CHAPTER XV.—THE MESSAGES.

In looking over the rules of the Jesuit order, entitled De Formula Scribendi (Institut 2, ii., p. 125), we are astonished at the number of letters, registers, and writings that are preserved in the archives of the society, evincing a better organized system of police than that of any other government. The Venetians themselves were surpassed by the Jesuits, who, when expelled in 1606, had their papers seized, and were censured for their culpable curiosity. That police—a secret inquisition—carried on to such a degree of perfection, accounts for the power of a government instructed by parties on all hands—a government, so persevering in its projects, so powerful through unity. It is easy to conceive the immense power which that society acquired, and how the Jesuit-general could say to the Duke of Brissac, "From this chamber, sir, I govern not only Paris but China; not only China but the whole world, without any one knowing how it is done."—*Constitutions of the Jesuits with the Declarations.* Latin Text, from the Prague edition, page 476 to 478. Pauline, Paris, 1843.

When Morok saw Dagobert deprived of his horse, his papers, and his money, he concluded that it was impossible for the soldier to continue his journey, and therefore dispatched Karl to Leipsic with a letter, which he was to put into the post on his arrival. The address was—

"Mr. Rodin, Rue du Milieu des Ursins, Paris."

Near the middle of this solitary street, situated near the Quai Napoleon, stood a house of modest appearance, with an arched gateway, and two windows barred with iron. Nothing could be more simple than the interior of this silent dwelling; the walls were covered with old grey wainscoating; the red floor was carefully polished, and white calico curtains hung before the windows. At one end of the room stood a globe, about four feet in diameter, covered with small red crosses, on the north, south, east, and west, serving evidently for points of reference.

Before a black, wooden table, heaped up with papers, stood an empty chair, and further on, between two windows, was a large desk, surmounted by shelves, filled with cards.

Near the close of October, 1831, about eight in the morning, a man was writing at this desk. That man was M. Rodin, the correspondent of Morok, the prophet. He was about fifty years of age, wore an old olive frock coat, a pocket-handkerchief instead of a cravat, trousers with straps reaching his ankles, and a short waistcoat, exposing the loops of his braces. His feet, which were encased in a pair of huge shoes, were resting on a small square of green carpet. His thin gray hairs, combed straight over his temples, partially hid his bald head. His eyebrows were scarcely perceptible, and his eye-lids heavy and drooping, almost concealed his small bright black eyes. His thin and colourless lips were confounded with the sallow complexion of his livid countenance, which, from its sepulchral immobility, would have been taken for that of a corpse, had it not been for the rapid movement of M. Rodin's fingers.

By the aid of a secret alphabet, he was busily transcribing certain passages from a long document.

As the clock struck eight, the knocker of the outer gate fell heavily: several doors were opened and shut, and a personage entered the room, at whose appearance M. Rodin rose, bowed twice, then resumed his occupation. A singular contrast existed between these two individuals: the new-comer, although older than Rodin, appeared to be no more than thirty-six or thirty-eight years of age. He was of tall stature, handsome in the extreme, with eyes that sparkled like polished steel. When he took off his hat to replace it with a black velvet cap that lay on the table, he disclosed a head of bright chesnut hair, not yet touched by the silvery hand of time. His penetrating glance and high forehead indicated a powerful mind, whilst his broad shoulders and well-developed chest denoted a powerful physical organisation. Indeed, his distinguished air, his graceful movements, the careful manner in which he was dressed, at once told that he came within the common acceptation of the term, *a man of the world.* His smile, which circumstances regulated, at one time affectionate, then sarcastic; cordial, then cunning; gay, then forbidding, indicated also that in his undertakings, whether important or frivolous, success was sure to be the result. Notwithstanding his seductive influence, the urbanity of his manner, his pleasing conversation, his insinuating flattery, and cheerful smile, they left an impression of inquietude behind, as if some secret snare were concealed under his blandishments.

Rodin, who was the secretary to the last comer, continued writing.

"Any letters from Dunkirk, Rodin?" demanded his master.

"No, sir, the post has not come."

"I trust I shall have good news this morning respecting my mother's health; I shall not be easy till I have had a letter from the princess of Saint-Dizier."

"It is to be hoped so," said the secretary, in a humble tone.

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"It is indeed," rejoined his master, "it is impossible to express the happiness I experienced when the princess informed me that the disease had yielded to the skill of those by whom she was surrounded. If she were not convalescent, I would have started, for the princess's, notwithstanding the importanee of my presence here."

Then going up to his secretary's desk, he demanded,

"Have you looked over the foreign correspondence?"

"Yes, here is an abstract."

"Read; if I must answer any of the letters myself, I will tell you."

Then, placing his hands behind his back, he began to walk up and down, occasionally dictating to the secretary.

The latter took the abstract, and began thus:

"Don Rancon Olvares acknowledges the receipt of letter No. 19, from Cadiz. He will conform to what is enjoined therein, and will deny all knowledge of the elopement."

"Well, class it."

"The last cargo of the *Histories of France*, dedicated to the faithful, has been disposed of, and there is a demand for more."

"Make a memorandum, and write to Duplessis. Go on."

"M. Spindler sends the secret report concerning Ardouin, from Namur."

"To be analysed."

"Don Stanislaus has just started for Baden with queen Marie Ernestine. He announces that her majesty will receive the intelligence with gratitude, and will reply with her own hand."

"Take a note of it. I will write to the queen myself."

While Rodin was making a few notes on the margin of the paper, his master approached the globe, and surveyed it thoughtfully for several minutes.

Rodin continued:—"Father Orsini writes that the state of mind, in some parts of Italy, has given rise to agitation, and that the agitators are now turning their eyes towards France. He thinks it advisable to circulate pamphlets against the French, our countrymen, accusing them as impious, debauched, dishonest, and blood-thirsty."

"Excellent idea! a recapitulation of our ravages in Italy during the republican war, will serve our purpose. We must give Jacques Doumoulin the pamphlet to write. The pen of that man is charged with gall and venom."

"The cardinal prince Almafi will conform to the three first points of the memorial. He has his scruple at the fourth, and wishes it altered."

"No alteration. Full assent to all is required. If not war will ensue—a desperate war, in which neither pity for him nor his will be shown.—Go on."

"Fra Paolo states that the patriot Baccaro, the head of a formidable secret society, exasperated on finding his friends accuse him of treason, resulting from suspicions instilled into their minds by Fra Paolo, has taken away his own life."

"Let Duplessis send Fra Paolo twenty-five louis."

"Hansman announces that Albertine Puconnet, the French *danseuse*, sways the Prince Regent. By securing her interest the purported design will be effected; but she does nothing without consulting her lover, who is condemned in France for forgery."

"Let Hansman communicate with this man, If his offers be reasonable, accept them. Inquire if the girl has any relatives in Paris."

"The Duke d'Orbano, states that the king, on the notified conditions, will authorise the new proposed establishment."

"Away with conditions. Assent or a positive refusal. It is thus that we can distinguish our friends from our foes. The more circumstances seem unfavourable, the more we must show our firmness, and assume confidence in ourselves."

A knock was heard at the door. Rodin rose and went out. His master; after pacing the room several times, stopped before the globe, and contemplated in silence the numerous crosses, which, seemed to cover the whole surface. Then, drawing near, he placed his hand upon it, and thinking, without doubt, of his power, which extended over the whole globe, he knit his expansive forehead, raised his tall form to its full height, assumed an arrogant and menacing look, while his whole form, evinced an air of energy, and haughtiness. An artist who wished to paint the demon of craft and pride, the genius of insatiable dominion, could not have chosen a more appropriate model.

When Rodin returned, the countenance of his master had taken its usual expression.

"The postman," Rodin said, showing the letters which he had in his hand. There is not one from Dunkirk."

"No letter," cried his master "No news from my mother. Other thirty-four hours." of anxiety. If I do not receive intelligence to-morrow I shall set out for the princess's. I am afraid that the air near Dunkirk does not suit her constitution." After a moment's silence he added "Well, where are those letters from?"

After Rodin had examined the postmarks he said, "Out of the four letters three relate to the important affair of the medals."

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"God be praised, provided the news be good."

"The one from Charlestown no doubt relates to Gabriel the missionary, that from Batavia refers to the Indian, Djalma, and the third from Leipsic, no doubt confirms that of yesterday from Morok, the prophet; that, according to the orders which he had received, he had succeeded in preventing the daughters of General Simon from continuing their journey, without exposing himself to the least suspicion."

At the name of General Simon a cloud passed over the countenance of Rodin's master.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE ORDERS.

"The provincial houses correspond with those of Paris, and are in communication with the General, who resides at Rome. The correspondence of the Jesuits is so well organized, that the principals are furnished with every required information. In the central establishment at Rome, registers are kept, in which are the names of all the Jesuits, of their confederates, and of those with whom they have matters of business. These registers contain an impartial life of each individual, and detail the conduct of a loose female with as much exactness as that of a statesman. When proceedings are instituted against any one, this book is opened, and his life, his character, his projects, his family, his friends, and his most secret connections are immediately known. It is easy to conceive the influence such a book, embracing, as it were, the world, gives to a society of this description."—*Libri*, Memb. of the Institut. —*Lettres sur le Clergé.*

After having overcome the involuntary emotion which the name of General Simon had caused, Rodin's master said,

"Do not open the letters from Leipsic, Charlestown, and Batavia; we will class them by and bye. Have you finished the document relative to the medals?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Read it; I wish to know if it is sufficiently explanatory. You have not forgotten that the person who is to receive it is not to know all."

"I remember, and wrote accordingly."

"Read it."

"One hundred and fifty years ago, a French protestant family, foreseeing the speedy revocation of the edict of Nantes, and to avoid the decrees issued against the Reformers,—these enemies of our holy religion,—fled from their native land, and took refuge in divers countries.

"One of the members of the family went to Holland, others to Poland, Germany, England, and America. At present there are only seven descendants of that family, who have undergone strange vicissitudes of fortune, since the present representatives are found in all grades of society, from the sovereign to the artizan.

"The descendants on the mother's side are Rose and Blanche Simon, minors, General Simon having married a descendant of the family at Warsaw.

"Mr. Francis Hardy, manufacturer, at Plessis, near Paris.

"Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, king of Nondi, Kadja Sing, married a descendant of that family in 1802.

"Those on the father's side are—

"John Rennepont, mechanic,

"Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of Count Rennepont, of Cardoville,

"Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Each member of this family possess, or ought to possess, a bronze medal, on which is engraved the following inscription:

"Victim of L. C. D. J. Pray for me. Paris, 13th February, 1682.	"Paris, 3, St. Francis-street. In a century and a half will be the 13th February, 1832. Pray for Me."

"These words show the importance of their being personally in Paris on the 13th of February, 1832. But it is of as great interest to others that none of the descendants should be at Paris except Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Gabriel, therefore, at all cost, must be the only one who will keep the appointment made by his ancestors a hundred and fifty years ago.

"Much has been done to prevent the other six from being present, and much remains to do to ensure the success of this affair, which is considered the most important of the age, on account of its probable results."

"That is too true," interrupted Rodin's master; "add that the consequences of success are incalculable; that we dare not think of failure. Continue."

"To ensure the success of the affair in question, it is necessary to give particulars respecting the seven persons who represent this family.

"Note 1.— Rose and Blanche, twins, about 15 years of age, beautiful in face and form, and of amiable disposition; so much alike that one might be taken for the other. General Simon, who was separated from his wife before their birth, is ignorant that he has two daughters. To prevent the mother from coming to Paris orders were given to send their mother to the heart of Siberia, but she died, and the governor thinking that our decree only referred to the wife of General Simon, allowed the daughters to go to France accompanied by a resolute soldier, who is looked upon as dangerous. It is hoped that they are now detained near Leipsic."

"Read the letter from Leipsic," said Rodin's master, "you can now give the last information."

After reading the letter, Rodin exclaimed, "Excellent news. The two girls

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and their guide succeeded in making their escape from the White Falcon, but they were caught about a league from Mockern, and are now in prison in Leipsic. The two girls are apprehended as vagrants, and the soldier is accused of using violence to a magistrate."

"It is certain that they will not be here by the 13th of February. Add this to the note."

Rodin obeyed, then continued:

"Note 2.—Francis Hardy, forty years of age, rich, intelligent, active, and adored by his workmen. He is deceived as to the importance of the medal, and is constantly watched; his dearest friend deceives him, and through him we know his secret thoughts.

"Note 3.—Prince Djalma, eighteen years of age, brave and generous, and special favourite of General Simon. His mother died at Batavia at an early age. He is ignorant of the importance of the medal, which formed part of the property of Djalma's mother."

"Now read the letter from Batavia," interrupted Rodin's master. "It will complete the information."

After reading the letter, Rodin said—"Good news. M. José Van Dael, merchant, learns from his Calcutta correspondent that the old Indian king was killed in the last battle with the English, and that his son, deprived of his father's rights, is now a prisoner in an Indian fortress. Should he effect his escape, having nothing left in the world, he will naturally go to Batavia to claim his inheritance from his mother. In that case reliance may be placed in José Van Dael."

"But he does not allude to General Simon, in connection with Djalma's father."

"Not a word," the secretary replied.

Rodin's master paced the room in silence, then said—"Continue."

"Note 4.—James Rennepont, workman in Baron Fripeaud's factory. He is drunken, idle, quarrelsome, and prodigal. A clever agent, one on whom we may rely, has formed an acquaintanceship with his sweetheart, Cephyse Soliveau, through the interest of whom we may depend on his not being at Paris on the 13th of February.

"Note 5.—Gabriel Rennepont, missionary, a foundling, who was adopted by Frances Baudoin, wife of the soldier Dagobert. Gabriel is five-and-twenty, of amiable disposition, and truly virtuous; he was brought up with Dagobert's son, Agricola, who is fond of his mother, honest, laborious, but not at all religious, and consequently very *dangerous*; this renders his intimacy with Gabriel so much to be feared. Notwithstanding the good qualities of the latter, he sometimes gives uneasiness, which accounts for our not entrusting him with the whole, for one false step might make him most *dangerous*. Precaution, therefore, is to be observed till the 13th of February, for on his appearance at that time everything depends—*hope* and *interest*. We have allowed him to form part of the American missions, for he unites calm intrepidity and an adventurous spirit, with his mild disposition. Instructions, however, have been sent to his superiors at Charleston never to expose so valuable a life to danger. They ought to send him to Paris at least a month or two before the 13th of February."

"Read the letter from Charleston; then complete the information on that point."

Rodin read it, and replied, "Gabriel is daily expected from the Rocky Mountains, where he insisted on going alone."

"What imprudence!"

"Nothing, however, has happened to him, since it is he who gives the information of his arrival at Charleston. They will send him to France about the middle of this month."

"Add this to the note that relates to him. Then continue."

"Note 6.—Miss Adrienne Rennepont, of Cardoville, distant relation of John and Gabriel Rennepont; she is ignorant of the relationship. She is twenty-five years of age; remarkable for her beautiful countenance, as well as for the originality of her mind; possesses a large fortune. When we think of the daring character of that young girl, we shudder at her future fate. Fortunately her guardian, Baron Fripeaud, is in our interest, and almost entirely dependent on the aunt of Miss Cardoville. We rely upon this worthy relation, and upon M. Fripeaud, to avert the strange and daring projects which that young girl fears not to announce, and which we cannot altogether fathom."

A knock at the door interrupted the secretary, who ran to open it, and returned holding two letters in his hand, "The princess," said he, "has taken advantage of an express, and sent—"

"Give me the letters, that I may see how my poor mother is."

Scarcely had he read a few lines before he became pale, and his whole countenance expressed the most poignant grief.

"O God!" he cried, "my poor mother." Her convalescence proved deceptive—she has had a relapse, and little hopes are now entertained of her recovery. She is always mentioning my name, saying that if she saw me once more she would die in peace. Her request is sacred; may God grant that I may arrive in time. It will require two days, though I travel night and day, to reach the princess's."

"What a misfortune!" Rodin exclaimed.

His master rang the bell, and said to an old servant who answered, "Put everything

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that I may require for a journey into my carriage, and let the porter go for post-horses." The servant withdrew hastily.

"This letter, also," said Rodin, "was brought from M. Duplessis. It is urgent."

At the sight of the letter, the countenance of Rodin's master assumed an expression of fear and respect. With a trembling hand, he broke the seal, and read:

"Leave everything; lose not a moment; start, and come. M. Duplessis will take your place."

"O, God!" he cried, "must I then give up all hopes of seeing my dying mother? O, dreadful thought!"

He gave the fatal letter to his secretary, told him to endorse it with the number, and said, "M. Duplessis will tell you what to do. Give him your notes respecting the affair of the medals; he knows where to send them." He then withdrew to his apartment. Three quarters of an hour afterwards, the servant knocked respectfully at the door, and informed Rodin that the carriage was ready. The secretary, with equal respect, knocked at his master's apartment. The latter, grave and composed, but pale, came out, holding a letter in his hand.

"This is for my mother," he said, "send off a courier instantly."

The secretary, accompanied his master to the carriage. "What road, sir," asked the postillion.

"The road to Italy," Rodin's master replied, suppressing his emotion.

Rodin bowed profoundly as the carriage drove away, then returned to the cold and naked room. The whole appearance of this personage seemed suddenly to change; he was no longer an automaton, moved mechanically by the spirit of obedience. His immoveable features, his downcast looks became suddenly animated, evincing a spirit of craftiness.

In his turn he stopped before the large globe, and contemplated it, like his master, in silence. He then rubbed his hands, and with a sneer went to the desk, and wrote, by means of private figures, unknown to his master, the following letter:—

"Paris, Quarter to ten, a.m.

"He has gone, but he hesitated. When he received a letter from his dying mother, stating that his presence might save her, he cried, 'Not to go to my mother is actually matricide.' I keep a constant watch on his actions. These lines will reach Rome at the same time as he will. P.S. Tell the cardinal prince that he may rely upon me."

Rodin sealed the letter, placed it in his pocket, and went out.

While those two men were weaving a net to ensnare the seven descendants of this once proscribed family, a mysterious being was trying to preserve that family, which was also his own.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PRESS.

In the chapter which considered the state of the "Literature" of the last century, it was scarcely pertinent, or proper to include a notice of the public journals, for they were so far removed from the intellectual meaning that that word conveys—they dealt so in fictions and frivolities instead of instruction and intelligence, as to be undeserving of notice in the same paragraph with the works of Goldsmith, Fielding, or Smollett. Newspaper literature was in no very advanced state; the editors, instead of infusing sound argument into the columns of their journals, and of giving the world early notice of all that was really necessary to be known, were content to publish the simple details of "accidents and offences," which, in nine cases out of ten, had no existence except in the imagination of the industrious "penny-a-liner." Reports were put forth, "rumours of wars," and accounts of glorious victories, merely to afford the journalist an opportunity of filling a vacant corner of his next paper with a refutation; in one day's journal the readers were congratulated on some triumph over the French—in the next day's sheet they were informed that no such triumph had been achieved. Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," gives an outline of the newspapers of his time, and verily, if it be a correct delineation, they were far behind the *Times* and *Herald* of our day. The foreign intelligence which they communicated was generally taken from "Letters from the Hague," or "Letters from Paris"—there were then no "Our own Correspondents," or "Extraordinary Expresses," to give to the Londoners the Paris intelligence of the day before; news travelled slowly, and it is frequently amusing to notice how far back the date of "the latest advices from France" is from that of the paper in which they are announced. Then the home news was as uninteresting if not quite so stale; and, as a "sign of the times," it may be noted that the intelligence from the provinces was conveyed, like that from the continent, in "Letters from York," or Liverpool, or some other considerable town, provincial papers being then unthought of; but, in process of time, these prodigies sprung up, and then the "post-boy" and the "Gazet-

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teer" gave way to the "Public Ledger;" and occasional essays and poems, and, at length, even outlines of the proceedings of Parliament, and remarks thereon took the place of annals of intrigue, accidents, and offences. Such functionaries as penny-a-liners were, however, still retained about the offices of the newspapers, but they were only the occasional contributors, not the entire writers of the journals, and, at the close of the century, the public press may be estimated to have put forth, when all was balanced, about an equal proportion of truth and falsehood. Now-a-days, the result is in favour of the former, and the increased facilities of communication from every quarter of the globe afford sufficient true and accurate information to fill even the enlarged sheets of our modern journals.

CHAPTER XXV.—LITERARY PATRONS.

Any one who has seen the dedications prefixed to the books of the eighteenth century, will lament that so virtuous a generation should so completely have passed away, for we meet with nothing but accomplished dukes and intellectual earls, who are at once represented as the most generous, the most talented, and the most exemplary of mankind, ornaments of their species, and patterns for angels. But, in too many cases, the noblemen whose virtues were emblazoned in such glowing colours, were the most ignorant and conceited blockheads in the country, otherwise they would not have encouraged such fulsome flatterers. How different from the sketch which Horace has preserved of his accomplished patron —the courtly Mæcenas; how different from the simple and unaffected testimony which Goldsmith bears to the talents of *his* patron, Dr. Smollett, is the following inflated dedication of the play of "The Modern Prophets," which is copied into No. 43 of the "Tatler." The author thus addresses his patron.— "Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with them that does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, etc., does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And that above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself higher than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality seldom fails to affect other possessors with pride, seems, in this case, as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility. But I find, sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merits, of this plauditory nature, yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and lest the plain justice I have done you should by my proceding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery (a thing *the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate*), I will conclude this my humble dedication."

To complete the absurdity of these compliments, it is only necessary to add that the person to whom they were addressed was an illiterate citizen, who, having amassed a considerable fortune, was enabled to retire from business, and by its means to purchase flattery, consideration, and ultimately knighthood!

A man of letters was, in the last century, a sort of indispensable attendant at the tables of the great; he was to furnish his employer with ready-made opinions upon all fashionable topics, to applaud every word, and laugh heartily at every abortion of a joke which issued from him; and, although his superiority of mind must have rendered his patron's conceited ignorance the more apparent and intolerable, he was to laud him to the skies, and declare him at once the gentleman and the scholar. Then, whenever he wrote a tragedy or a novel, a sermon or a history, the hanger-on was expected to dedicate it to his patron, and to inform him — and, at the same time, the world at large—that he was the very personification of virtue and excellence, and the beau ideal of a man of taste. And, as if the falsehood were not base enough in any shape, and palpable enough in any type, it was put forth in all the attractions of capitals and italics, and a score of paragraphs, forming a string of unmerited compliments, were, by dint of extra type and broad spaces between the lines, made to occupy two-thirds of the entire volume. But large type and falsehood were usually not considered sufficiently emphatic to impress upon the world the numerous virtues of the patrons; and the aid of artists was called into operation, and the dedication embellished with wood-cuts. First, and most prominent, was a parallelogram, in which angels and satyrs were flying a-

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bout in the most glorious confusion, and, with horns and trumpets, proclaiming the fame of the patron. Then, the first letter of the first paragraph, the initial of the dedication, was to be found lurking in a hedge or hiding behind a tree; now the most conspicuous object in a rural landscape, now borne high among the clouds; and then, at the conclusion, came another rectangle, as full of angels, and urns, and armorial bearings, and initials, as the first.

And thus was the poet of the eighteenth century compelled to prostrate himself at the feet of some ignorant peer or clownish knight; to subscribe himself his "most devoted slave;" and to prostitute his talents to the degrading task of sketching an exemplary and angelic character, and then applying it to his patron. He could not hope for success without noble patronage, and he could not purchase patronage without flattery.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ABERCORN.

Arms.—Quarterly; first and fourth, gules, three cinquefoils, pierced ermine from Hamiltons; second and third, ar., a ship with sails furled, sable, for the earls of Arran.

Crest.—Out of a ducal coronet, or an oak, fructed and penetrated transversely in the main stem by a frame saw, p.p.r., the frame gold.

Supporters.—Two antelopes ar., horned, ducally gorged, chained and hoofed or.

Motives.—*Through* and *Sola nobilitas virtus.* "Virtue alone is nobility."

The only noblemen who enjoy distinct peerages in each of the three kingdoms are the marquis of Hastings, the earl of Verulam, and the marquis of Abercorn. The last is the senior male branch of the house of Hamilton, represented in the female line by the dukes of Hamilton and Brandon.

Lord Claud Hamilton, the third son of James, second earl of Arran, duke of Chatelherault, was one of the partisans of Mary Queen of Scots, and for his fidelity to her was requited by James I, July 29, 1587, with the grant of a whole barony, that of Paisley, with the dignity of baron Paisley. He married Margaret, only daughter of George Seton, and had four sons and one daughter by her. These were James, Claud, George, Frederick, and Margaret. Their marriage and children would lead us into a history of many highly distinguished personages. James, master of Paisley, was created baron of Abercorn in 1603, with remainder to his heirs male, and advanced, on the 19th July, 1606, to the earldom of Abercorn, with the minor dignities of baron Hamilton, Mountcastle, and Kilpatrick, attached. He was subsequently summoned to the House of Peers in Ireland as an earl. His lordship Claud, the first lord Paisley, died in 1621, and was succeeded by his grandson, the son of James his eldest son, master of Paisley, who died in 1617. James, of whom we now speak, the second lord, had been previously raised to the peerage of Ireland, May 8, 1617, by the title of lord Hamilton, baron Strabane, which honour, upon his lordship's petition to Charles I, was transferred to his next brother, Claud Hamilton. The earl was excommunicated by the general council of the Church of Scotland in 1646 as a Roman Catholic, and ordered to depart the kingdom. He married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Gervais, Lord Clifton, of Leighton Bromeswold, relict of Esme, duke of Richmond and Lennox, and had three sons, James, William, and George, and a daughter, Catherine, who was first married to William Lenthal, Esq., and afterwards to Charles, fifth earl of Aberdeen. James and William died before their father, who, on his death, was succeeded by his third son, George, who, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his cousin, Claud, second son of James, master of Paisley, who, as above mentioned, had been previously created lord Hamilton, baron of Strabane. He received the title and estates as fourth earl of Abercorn. After the Revolution he came with King James II from France, and was sworn into the Privy Council on his arrival in Dublin. When the battle of the Boyne was lost he embarked for France, but died on the voyage. He had been outlawed in 1691, and the estates and title of Strabane forfeited, but the earldom of Aberdeen devolved on his brother Charles. This nobleman, on the last lord's attainder being reversed, succeeded likewise to the restored title and estates of Strabane. He died in 1701, without issue, when the title came to his kinsman, James, the son of George, the fourth son of the first earl of Abercorn. He had been previously known as Captain Hamilton. This gentleman had adhered to King James, but afterwards

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espousing the cause of William, took a distinguished part in the siege of Londonderry, against his former royal master. Having succeeded to the earldom of Abercorn, he sat in 1706 as a member of the Scottish Parliament. He, however, for the most part, resided in Ireland, and of that kingdom he was created a peer, December 2, 1701, by the title of baron Mountcastle and viscount Strabane. He married, in 1686, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Reading, Bart., of Dublin, by whom he had issue nine sons and four daughters. He died November 28, 1734, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James, who married, in 1711, Anne, eldest daughter of Plinner, of Blakesware, in the county of Hertford, and had one daughter and six sons, of whom James, the eldest, on his lordship's decease, January 13, 1744, became the eighth earl. He was created, August 8, 1786, a peer of Great Britain, by the title of viscount Hamilton, of Hamilton, in the county of Leicester, with remainder to his nephew, John James Hamilton, who succeeded him on his decease, October 9, 1789, and on the second of October, in the following year, was advanced to the dignity of marquis of Abercorn, and subsequently installed a knight of the garter. On the 20th of June, 1779, he had married his first wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Sprotborough. By her he had issue two sons, James and Claud, and three daughters. Her ladyship died September 13, 1791, and on the 4th of March, 1792, he married his cousin, Cecil, eighth daughter of the Hon. George Hamilton, from whom he was divorced by act of parliament in 1799. On the 3rd of April, 1800, he married a third wife, Anne Jane, eldest daughter of the second earl of Arran, and relict of Henry Hatton, Esq., of the county of Wexford. By her he had no issue. He died January 27, 1818, when he was succeeded by his grandson, James, the eldest son of his son James, who deceased in 1814. The present peer was born January 12, 1811, and married October 25, 1832, to lady Louisa Jane, second daughter of John, fifth duke of Bedford, by whom he has, with several daughters, a son and heir, viscount Hamilton, born August 24, 1838.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA REVIVED.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles has been revived at Paris with as close an aproximation in the usages of ancient Greece, as scholarship can supply. Room could not be found in a modern theatre to give the choruses on the same scale as was once witnessed at the Acropolis, but in most respects, the old theatrical representation was as carefully *represented* as the drama. Its success was complete. This is an important fact, as we may expect the knowlege of it will cause a similar effort to be made at no distant day in England. Some idea of the effects we shall endeavour to give, from an elaborate article in the *Athenæum*, which however, is too long to copy into our pages.

"The story is simple even to nakedness: Antigone, contrary to the commands of Creon, bestows the rights of burial on her brother's corpse, and for this crime is put to death; Creon's son, to whom she was betrothed, commits suicide, and the whole of the royal line is involved in his fate. It must, however, be remembered that the Antigone in its original existence, does not stand alone; it forms the conclusion of that wondrous trilogy, which depicts the results of involuntary crime, in the horrid fate of the house of Œdipus; it is the termination of an unavailing struggle against the power of Fate.

"We enter the pit, which, on this occasion, has been laid out so as to give no bad notion of the Greek stage, and which the Parisians have rather inappropriately called "the amphitheatre;" we observe in front of the stage, and before the curtain, a segment of a square column, about four feet high, on the top of which are placed some green boughs and chaplets. This is the *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus, before which the priests of the god and the chief magistrates of Athens offered prayers, libations, and sacrifice at the commencement and conclusion of each day's performance. There also stood the author, or his deputy the Didaskalos (teacher), to direct the movement, and aid the memory of the persons who composed the chorus. This has formed no part of the modern revival, but in its place we have one of Mendelssohn's finest overtures.

"The curtain, instead of being raised to exhibit the stage, falls, and disappears under the platform; this was the Roman custom, but in Greece the scenes were never hidden from the view of the spectators. The proscenium and scenery are now before us, constructed strictly on the principles laid down by Pollux. The scene represents the peristyle of Creon's palace, having a large gate in the centre and smaller entrances on each side. The centre is the royal gate, through which, according to the Greek rule, the princi-

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pal personage of the drama made his entrance and exits, the side-doors being used by the second and third-rate characters; the *parascenia*, or wings, have also gates, not used in this drama; the one for vehicles coming from the country, the other for persons and matters connected with the sea. The reader will remember that it is through one of the side-gates in the *parascenia* that Agamemnon and Cassandra make their entrance, when coming from the siege. There is another object on the stage, connected with the Agamemnon, to the right of the great gate of the palace, a small tapering column supporting a little tray. That is the *Aguieion*, or altar sacred to Apollo Agueius (guardian of the public streets), and it was to this object that Cassandra addressed her raving prophecies when all the horrors perpetrated by the house of Pelops arose before her frenzied imagination. The anguish of her reproach to Apollo receives much point from the presence of his altar, at the threshold of the house, where she, the chosen object of his love, was about to be butchered.

"Antigone and Ismene enter from the palace; Sophocles pre-suppose you to be acquainted with the characters of both; he had introduced them in the second drama of the trilogy, the Œdipus Coloneus, and had there shown the tenderness of affection combined with the firmness of purpose in the mind of Antigone, while Ismene exhibited the timidity and weakness of a feeble girl. The conversation between the sisters tells the history of the family of Œdipus during the interval which elapsed between the closing of the second tragedy at Colonæ, and the opening of the third in Thebes. This is one of the occasions on which we sensibly feel the injury that has been done to Sophocles by dissevering the *Antigone* from the rest of the trilogy. Her opening words to Ismene, declaring that they, though feeble girls, must not expect to escape from their share in the fearful doom to which the house Œdipus is predestined, to be fully appreciated require that the catastrophes of the two preceding dramas should be fresh in the minds of the audience. They were vividly impressed on the heart of the young actress, Mdlle. Bourbier, to whom the part was intrusted; she came upon the stage with the air of one who felt that the previous circumstances of her unhappy life were known and had won sympathy; and she assumed the tone of one who had accepted her destiny, and who had embraced misery without yielding to despair. Her purpose to disobey the royal mandate, by giving the rites of sepulture to her brother, is then announced in a tone of calm determination; and her replies to the remonstrances of Ismene were given in tones of sorrowful reproach, particularly the final declaration of her unchanged resolution. The Chorus now makes its appearance, entering by the side-scenes, and not according to ancient rule descending by a staircase from the *parascenia*. The space allotted to the Chorus, or as it was called the orchestra, was too contracted to admit of those graceful evolutions, or sacred dances, which appear to have been more valued by the Greeks than any other accompaniment.

"Creon comes now upon the stage. M. Bocage, who represented the tyrant, possesses none of the wonderful art by which Mdlle. Bourbier showed to the audience that she had a past history which had predestined her present position. His personation of Creon was that of a simple tyrant, not of a tyrant whose character had been moulded and formed by the force of preceding circumstances. In other respects his performance was excellent; his gestures had the sculptural and statue-like character of the antique; slightly indeed as the proscenium was raised at the Odeon, it was sufficient to show that the statuary and the theatrical representations of Greece had a close and intimate connexion. In the scene that follows, when the guard declares that the royal edict had been disobeyed, and that dust had been scattered over the body of Polynices, we find that the French translators were fettered by the ultra-classical rules of Racine, and did not, like Sophocles, exhibit the coarseness and terror of the soldier, but made him more like a courtier of Louis XIV. This same timidity was exhibited in several other scenes, so as fully to prove that the classical drama of France has adopted rules different from the classical drama of antiquity. The discovery of Antigone by the guard, her condemnation by Creon, her refusal to allow Ismene to share her fate, are greatly softened down in the French representation, and still worse havoc is made of the scene in which Hæmon, the son of Creon, and the affianced husband of Antigone, remonstrates against his father's unjust sentence, and ends by renouncing his filial obedience.

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All this was sadly vexatious, and we only recovered our temper when the Chorus sang that wondrous ode, the invocation to Love, in which Mendelssohn has put forth his whole strength, and produced one of those pieces of music which is sure of immortality. Antigone rushes in, clasps the altar of Bacchus, and appeals to the Chorus, as elders and princes of Thebes, for protection. This scene was wrought up to the intensity of agony, and the spectators seemed to hold their breath in sympathy as the hapless girl appealed from one to the other, when she was finally dragged off by the order of Creon.

"The entrance of the blind prophet Tiresias, worthily represented by M. Rouvièare. again reminded us that we only had a fragment of the trilogy. His previous appearance in the Œdipus Tyrannus is the key to the horror which his presence is now designed to inspire. Creon's rejection of his advice, and his subsequent yielding when the Chorus shows that the words of the prophet had produced their effect, have so direct a reference to the Œdipus Tyrannus that the scene is scarcely intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the first part of the trilogy.

"A messenger announces that Hæmon has committed suicide; Eurydice hears the cry of grief, enters from the palace, and learns her son's fate; not a word betrays the mother's mortal agony; she folds herself in her veil: no words could tell such a tale as this simple action.

"As Eurydice is borne off to the palace, Creon enters bearing in his arms the dead body of his son; we were irresistibly reminded of Lear holding in his arms the lifeless form of Cordelia. But the agony of Creon is imbittered by remorse and conscious guilt; and it is scarcely increased when a messenger announces that his queen had followed the example of her son, and at the same time the opening doors of the palace display the body of Eurydice extended before the statue of Minerva. Nowhere is the wondrous art of Sophocles, in exciting pity, so conspicuous as in this catastrophe; Creon between the lifeless bodies of his wife and child, maddened by memory of the past, and destitute of hope for the future, gives a fitting conclusion to the series of overwhelming calamities. The reflection on the evil consequences of human pride which leads men to assert their independence of Destiny, given by the Chorus, as the moral, is applicable to the entire trilogy, and not specially of the Antigone; so that the end as at the begining, we are forced to feel that we have only witnessed a fragmentary representation. At the close, too, we look to the *Thymele*, standing in front of the curtain, with the expectation of finding it connected with something additional. In Athens it would have smoked with incense, while the judges decided on the merits of rival dramatists, and the archon prepared the prize to bestow on the successful competitor. For this ceremonial, the calls for the authors and the actors were but an imperfect substitute.

BARBA TASSI:

A TRUE SKETCH FROM THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

"My Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

While I remained in Greece, it chanced for me to fall in love. Oh! that I could but refresh these withered feelings by once more watering them from the pure fountains of the heart; it would be worth worlds! But that golden bowl is indeed broken at the fountain; and it is with a tearless eye, now cast upon the bewildering ocean of eternity, that I bid them farewell for ever.

One of my schoolfellows, with whom I was most intimately acquainted, was Antonio P——, whose sister Marietta, and my cousin Helena, were both boarders at the convent of S——. The convent is attached to the cathedral, in which a latticed gallery, having a secret entrance by a vaulted passage, is set apart for the sisterhood.

I was in the habit of going every Saturday afternoon to the convent grate, to carry messages to my cousin, as well as muslin, for the purpose of being flowered; an art which the directing nuns had carried to a high state of perfection. My cousin and Marietta always came to the grate, accompanied by the abbess, a lady of a stern and forbidding aspect, who, in my eyes, deserved but little credit for devoting her thoughts to the other world, she being apparently so very unhappy in this. The nuns themselves, as well as the boarders, were under strict discipline, for the rumoured feats of an English naval officer at Madeira, and of another gallant of the same service at one of the Azores, had reached even this distant convent. It would

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therefore have been vain for me to have gone there on any other than the appointed day of the week, as I should certainly not have seen Marietta, nor even my cousin Helena. Marietta was beautiful, according to the ideas of our country; her eyes were blue, her hair yellow and silky, and without any claim to a classicality of beauty in each feature, yet the expression of the whole, more especially when lighted up by a smile, was bewitching and irresistible. Her figure was inclined to be tall; her hands and feet, contrary to the established rule in Greece, were beautifully small, and her voice was melody itself. Had I never even beheld her countenance, I could have fallen deeply in love with the sweet tones of her voice, which failed not to touch the heart of every hearer. How different was she in this respect from her countrywomen in general! I can never forget how my heart beat as I entered the abbess's parlour on each anxiously-waited for Saturday. How my steps trembled, and my voice faltered, while a faint shivering seized my whole frame! Alas! those happy days, and dearest feelings of emotion, are now gone for ever.

How did I count each hour of the week, till the welcome Saturday returned! how often have I left my couch, weary and sleepless, to wander during the night by the convent walls, soothed by the thoughts of being near to her, and listening to the solemn hymn of the sisterhood, which rose to heaven in the stilly night, singling her voice from the many until it entranced me. And yet for a year or more, I had no opportunity, nor did I even deem it requisite, to declare my passion, so thoroughly understood the sympathy of sentiment seemed to be. At length, her brother permitted me to place a letter in the small basket which he was in the habit of carrying to her weekly, and by this means we subsequently corresponded. After a considerable time, a letter from her reached me, conveying more than my worst fears had anticipated, and that her father wished to wed her to Count ——. "Oh! Tassi," she concluded, "I shall go distracted! But no! before I become the wife of another, I will—yes, Tassi—I will die! Your constant Marietta."

Little did I then imagine that the poor girl was so sadly in earnest; I wrote her a reply in the most soothing terms, even recommending, if found unavoidable, a marriage with my rival, for that, if she died, I would not survive her.

One night, preceding the Saturday after the above-mentioned circumstances, on which day I expected to receive a communication from Marietta, I was about midnight awoke from a frightful dream by a loud knocking at the door, and heard the voice of her brother Antonio, vehemently calling for me. "Tassi! oh, Tassi! Marietta is dying!"

On starting up, and joining him in the street, he seized me by the hand, and we both ran towards the convent grate, where we heard the sound of iron bars being removed, while Father ——, in his canonicals, with the host, accompanied by attendants, chanting as they went. In the excitement of the moment, I rushed towards the door to follow, but a priest seized me by the collar, and the ponderous gate of the convent closed heavily, leaving Antonio and myself, with a few stragglers, standing without.

The ceremony of confession could scarcely have been concluded, when we heard the sweet-toned voices of the sisterhood in full choir, chanting the requiem for the dead. Never, never will the effect of that hymn upon my feelings, be effaced from my memory, and at this moment, through the dreary vista of forty years, I still hear its sad melody. With an agonised shriek, I cast myself upon the stones, and fainted. How is it, that while others ever find the gentle stream and verdant pasture refresh their hearts, I have found only the desert and the simoom, leaving me weary and dejected, not to death, but to life?

When I again recovered my senses, I found myself lying on my couch, with my aunt and cousin standing near me, bathed in tears.

It is the custom in Greece and the adjacent countries, more particularly in the hot season of the year, to bury the dead at most twenty-four hours after their decease, more generally twelve hours. On the following evening, therefore, notwithstanding the importunities of my aunt, I attended Marietta's funeral. My uncle was to perform the service, and when Antonio and I arrived at the church door, we found a crowd of people collected. On the doors being opened, we perceived the church was brilliantly lighted up, so that the golden sanctum glowed amid the full blaze of many tapers.

The body of Marietta, dressed as when

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alive, in pure white, lay with its face exposed, in the centre of the church; her head encircled with a chaplet of roses, and the dress, even to the tying of the sandals, scrupulously exact. My uncle stood at her head, clothed in his priestly robes, mournfully undoing the clasps of his missal, upon which I could perceive, occasionally, a tear drop; and he proceeded with the service for the dead, his voice completely broken with emotion—his clergy, each bearing a lighted wax taper, solemnly giving the responses.

The shadows which flitted across the vaulted gallery, as well as an occasional sob from that quarter, showed us that the nuns were in attendance; and while my uncle was in the act of closing his missal, there arose again that solemn requiem for the dead, the nuns merely chanting.

Who can describe the power of music over that sorrow-stricken heart!

I remained there some time, struggling with thoughts indescribable, while a cold thrill shot through my heart, and pervaded my whole frame. One thought oft arose, and it was sincere, that the dead could arise, and that I could lie there in her stead.

The hymn ceased, and the bearers began to raise on their shoulders the remains of Marietta, lovely even in death, when Antonio, agonised with grief, seized me by the arm, and I followed him from the place, listless and bewildered, but without shedding a tear: grief was too intense to find such relief.

G.

HISTORY OF ROME.

By Punch a la Romaine.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER IV.—TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

In England the king never dies; the abstract king being a chain with which each king in the concrete is beautifully inter-linked and inter-locked; the continuity having been broken only once for any length of time; and, truly, Oliver Cromwell's temporary suspension of the "standing order" was of about the same importance as that of the Irishman in the story, who endeavoured, by a sort of hanging chain of his countrymen, to reach down from a bridge to the river, and who properly requested his friends below to howld on for a moment till he should spit on his hands. In old Rome, however, kings reversed this rule—they always died; and until a new one could be found, the House of Lords kindly did the honours, as we have described in the preceding chapter. The evil consequences of such a system can perhaps be no better illustrated than by the consideration that if this Roman process of vote by ballot had been followed in the English constitution, it is very probable that we should never have had the benefit of being ruled by the "first gentleman in Europe."

The Sabine Numa was well replaced by the Roman Tullus Hostilius, who restored that glory to Rome which Numa, by his political economy and pusillanimous philosophy, had done much to arrest. Romulus himself, or even Black Beard, the pirate, was nothing to this prince of fighters. Before his vigorous and systematic audacity, and his unconquerable determination to create an honourable quarrel, the puny attempts of the Dupetit Thouars, on the other side of the channel, sink into insignificance. The motto of this magnanimous monarch was

"Whoever gives, or else does *not* give place,
Must leave Hostilius face to face."

The Albans happened fortunately to be in one or other of those predicaments, and a war was accordingly determined on. But just as the two armies met and were about to commence the performances of the day, the king of Alva Longa proposed, in order to save blood (although it was even then well known that "population is always pressing on the means of subsistence"), to decide the dispute by a duel. "Three twin" brothers, according to Dr. Goldsmith, of the name of Horatii were chosen on the Roman side—three ditto, named Curiatii, on the Alban. They commenced in regular Deaf Burke style; slashing away at one another till it was difficult to distinguish the Horasses from the Curiasses, the respective quantity of *glory* increasing, of course, in the inverse ratio of their recognizability. The fight becomes fast and furious—two Romans are killed—number three turns his back, apparently acting on the maxim that

"He who runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The Albans pursue:—a hundred to one against Rome—*taken; mistaken*, for Rome suddenly wheels round, and one after the other immolates the three to the glory of Rome.

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This principle of tossing up and determining the glory by the best throw out of three is not to be scouted. To this complexion, thanks to Captain Warner, it is probable that we must come. If the Tower of London and all the shipping in the Thames, or, on the other hand, if all the monarchial fortifications of republican Paris, and the steam-navy of Young France can be, like Don Juan

"In the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere their time,"

by a sudden and inviaible contrivance, need it be argued that all fighting—we mean national glory—must become a question of heads or tails; for who will go to war to realize "heads, nobody wins, and tails, every body loses." We again leave out all Malthusian considerations. If paupers must be shovelled out of sight of decent christians, not having yet, like the dogs of the metropolis, the good fortune to be considered as *property*, that of course alters the case, for to embody them as a militia would, under the new circumstances of war, be an infallible specific for reducing the poor-rates; the only possible objection being that, as in bleeding, the process gives a greater stimulus to the future operation of the evil cause, and so requires constant repetition.

The sister of the surviving champion of Rome was the sweetheart of one of the fallen Albans; and weakly bewailing his death, was slain by the brave and magnanimous conqueror. Parliament and the laws did not approve of this sort of retail butchery, not considering it proper that any soldier should perpetrate glory on his own account; but the people, more consistent, insisted on his pardon.

Hostilius reigned, or rather fought, thirty-two years. He was destroyed by *lightning*—the sort of lightning, we presume, that is concocted by skilful hands, *behind the scenes*.

ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

"Sir,—The proof of the existence of two distinct and opposite electric currents, was verified by the favour of Professor Bachoffner, July the 12th, 1844, upon pieces of glass which were prepared for the purpose, by Mr. Collins, accurator to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, at the snggestion of Dr. Serny.

"A battery, consisting of twenty four jars, the size of each jar being one foot eight inches in height, by two inches in diameter, foiled inside and out, eleven inches in height, making from eighty to ninety square feet of coated surface.

"This battery was charged by the Hydro-Electric machine, and discharged with a grain weight electrometor, weighted to twenty grains, and at each discharge taking place, the pieces of glass were perforated.

"The force with which these two opposite currents rush towards each other to unite, is equal to 288,000 miles per second, as is proved by Professor Wheatstone, making the two forces unite in opposite directions, equal to 576,000 miles per second.

"The *Mirror*, for February the 17th, 1844, explains the matter fully; as also the accidental circumstances which caused the discovery of the two electric currents. The *Lancet* for December 23rd, 1844, has also an account which I wrote on the evidences of two electric fluids, in the structure of 'Nervous Febrils,' and on 'the Nature of Light.' It is necessary to give a name to these two fluids, and I propose calling the positive and negative electrical fluids (the names that have long been admitted by electricians), when singly insulated, the electro inecremento—*because* they repel the particles of bodies from one another; and they may also be called 'the electro decremento fluids,' because on their union together the respective particles of each, being of a different electrical fluid, instantaneously collapse into one body. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the quantity of the same electrical fluid, more or less, in two different bodies, constitutes the plus omninous, and their union is the restoration of the equilibrium. Messrs. Canton, Dufey, and Symmer, have proved that there are two electric fluids apparently the same, which are produced by different ways, meeting in two opposite currents, with immense velocities, as stated by Professor Wheatstone.

I am, Sir, very truly your's,
JOHN B. SERNY, M.D.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.

Mr. Jones, the proprietor of this public place of amusement, succeeds in drawing large audiences by the successive novelties with which he is constantly tempting the curiosity of the public. Tom Thumb, in conjunction with the excellent band of music which is in constant attendance at the gallery, drew large audiences, and is doing so this week, which is advertised as the last of the General's appearance. He is to be succeeded by a curious piece of machinery, which bears the name of the "Automaton Writer and Draughtsman." It was manufactured at Paris, and, from its ingenuity and admirable construction, is well entitled to a visit.

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The Gatherer.

The Duke of Sussex's Library.—The sum produced by the sale of the first portion of the library of the Duke of Sussex was 8,308*l.* 4*s.* More than 2,000 volumes were purchased for the British Museum.

Dr. Parr and Dr. Johnson.—Dr. Parr at one time intended to have written the life of Johnson: "Sir," said the eminent scholar to a friend, "it would have been, with two exceptions, the most learned work ever offered to the world. Instead of the droppings of Johnson's lips, I would have given a history of his mind."

A Letter of Condolence to the Duke of York, born August 6, 1844. on his not having seen the light one day sooner.

Oh! why, please your highnes, did you not come quicker?
If hastened your advent had been by a day,
Your name, while we quaffed off our wine or our liquor,
Had ranked with the famous Sir Reginald Bray,*
Still better—though chapel be built with fair cloisters—
It would have been felt both by noble and scrub,
That we on your birthday might look for good oysters.
And join with your praises the *tale of a Tub.*
Though Englishmen sometimes seem misers of treasure,
Your natal day all our best feelings would claim,
For *opening* our hearts we should *shell* out with pleasure,
And make a song worthy of *Milton's* rare fame.†
And while in new wars your great name might be frightening
Our foes, vindicating your family motto;
Your birthday would still be the *natives enlightening*,
With Young England's strain, "Pray remember the grotto."

Sonnet.

I love to wander in the sounding wood,
When Autumn's fingers touch the fading leaf;
As now I stand so I in boyhood stood,
And felt a pleasure mingling with my grief.
It touched my heart the summer pomp to see
Fading away, and yet a glorious change;
Yea Nature doth attire more beauteously,
When Winter cometh with his aspect strange.

So when Consumption with his burning hand,
Culls from the daughters of the earth a bride;
And when the fiend hath press'd her to his side,
Her cheek more lovely as with roses fann'd,
Blushes beneath the poison of his breath,
And bright her eye doth sparkle, tho' in death.

Tight Shoes.—Corns are undoubted offspring of tight shoes; and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence it is plain and obvious, that a pointed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes.—*Waterton.*

Sabbath Bells.

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells,
Sweet ye fall upon the ear,
In your solemn music swells,
What to me is passing dear.

I remember youthful hours,
When your pealing summons woke,
Slumb'ring thoughts 'mid life's gay bow'rs,
And in warning accents spoke.

"Heedless wand'rer, turn thy feet
From the path which now they tread,
Happiness ye will not meet,
Where her ev'ry flow'r is dead.

"Tho' my sounds reverberate,
Through the silence of the tomb,
I proclaim a blissful state—
Paradise in deathless bloom.

"Who would not the pathway choose,
Deem'd by you a sombre way,
To a land of glory—whose
Loveliness will not decay.

"Turn thee, seek the temple where
Blessings bright are freely giv'n,
And the penitential pray'r
Wings its way to God in Heav'n."

Welcome still, sweet Sabbath bells,
Still ye charm my list'ning ear,
Ever in your music dwells
Blest remembrances most dear.

L. M. S.

Information collected by Travellers.—Mr. Johnson, in his travels in South Abyssinia, gives a ludicrous instance of the sort of information sometimes collected from the notices of Europeans:—"Himyak asked me if I had ever seen an Elephant. I did not know the meaning of the word '*feel*,' which is the arabic term for elephant, and, as I hesitated, Ebinzaac, supposing I had never seen or heard of one, pointing to a large mimosa tree, informed me it was a *cow* as high as that; whilst another, with the butt end of his spear, drew a circle on the ground, having a diameter of about six feet, and swore positively that was the size of the animal's foot.

Ancient Ensign.—The dove was the standard of the Assyrians, hence, in the Bible it is represented as an oppressor.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. P. J." next week.
For a first production "The Water Lily" is one of great promise, but it requires careful revision. Some of his rhymes, the author will discover, are very faulty.
Mr. Vane's poems will appear,
"Found at Last" in our next.
Jacques's Enigma he must be content to *find out* of these pages.
"Elephanta Cave," in our next.

* Sir Reginald Bray, a statesman, a warrior, and the architect of Henry the Seventh's chapel, was born August 5th, 1503.

† Milton oysters are in great demand at the opening of the season.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 7.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844. [Vol. 2, 1844.

HAWTHORNDEN.

Akin to that devotion which consecrates the ground on which a martyr bled, which for centuries has attracted multitudes to look on the spot where Becket sunk in his own cathedral beneath the assassin's blow; which annually draws thousands to examine the chamber in which the unhappy Rizzio was dragged screaming from the presence of his affrighted royal mistress to be instantly murdered; and which still draws the curious and the contemplative to the centre of a noisy cattle market, to look on the ground where former champions of the Protestant faith perished at the stake;—is that interest felt for any place in which celebrated men are known to have met. This will give value to the cut which we this week submit of Hawthornden, a place celebrated indeed for its romantic vicinity, in which Bruce was found striving to baffle his fierce and powerful enemies, but still more so for its having been visited by Ben Jonson, in the year

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1618, the recollection of which has been preserved for posterity by an exact record of the conversations which took place between him and a brother poet, William Drummond, of Hawthornden, whose guest Jonson became.

Here it was that the two bards gave themselves up to a social discussion of the merits of their literary contemporaries; and here we obtain the best "present tense view" of "Rare Old Ben" that time has spared. Here we find him speaking of his own plans for the future, and exhibiting his labours past. From Drummond's report of what passed, we learn that Jonson proposed writing an epic poem, entitled "Heroologia, or the Worthies of this Country rowsed to Fame;" that he condemned Dr. Donne for writing what he called "blasphemies," and considered that he deserved hanging "for not keeping accent." Here he spoke of Shakespeare, as having "wanted art," and laughed at his shipwreck at Bohemia; "cursed Petrarch for reducting verses to sonnets—which he said were like that Tirrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short." Here, too, he read the preface to his "Arte of Poesie," founded on Horace's Art of Poetry; sneered at Beaumont for loving himself, and his own verses too much; described Sir Philip Sydney to be "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples; narrated his own love affairs; the pranks played upon him by young Raleigh, who went to France with him; and furnished a startling picture of royal vanity in old age. According to him Queen Elizabeth "never saw herself after she became old in a true glass." This he explained by saying those about her painted her, and "sometymes would vermilion her nose." Flattery was carried still further, for said Ben, "She had always about Christmas dice that threw sixes or fives (not knowing they were prepared for her) to make her win, and esteem herself fortunate." Here, too, it is supposed that Jonson gave to Drummond his stinging epitaph on the earl of Leicester:

"Heere lies a valiant warrior,
who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier.
who never kept his word!
Here lies the Earle of Leister,
who govern'd the Estates;
Whom the Earth could never living love,
and the just Heaven now hates."

The fruits of Ben's visit to Hawthornden present some things still more curious; witness the following picture, which he sent to Drummond, of himself. His person, as here described, was not then very captivating:

"I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,
For else it could not bee,
That shee,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee,
And cast my sute behinde:
I'm sure my language to her is as sweet,
And all my closes meet
In numbers of as subtile feete
As makes the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
O! but my conscious feares,
That flye my thoughts betweene,
Prompt me that shee hath seene
My hundred of grey haires,
Told six and forty yeares,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockye face,
And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her eares."

Space will not permit of our going further, but other matter may hereafter be noticed in some measure connected with Hawthornden, and the visit paid to the poet Drummond.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—RIOTS AND POPULAR COMMOTIONS.

The strong political feeling which prevailed during the last century, frequently led to outbreaks and resistance to the authority of the executive. The Revolution of 1688, and abdication of James II, occupied the latter portion of the seventeenth century, and the constitution had not been completely adjusted and arranged, when the eighteenth opened. The Jacobite invasion of 1715, and the rebellion of the Young Pretender in 1745, proceeded from this change of the succession; and in 1780, before the excitement of the rival factions of the houses of Stuart and Brunswick had subsided, the rage of the people against the Catholics burst out in the famous "riots of '80." Thus the country was kept in an almost continual state of excitement from the early to the latter part of the century, and the entire land distracted by what can be called little short of a civil war.

The rebellion of the Young Pretender was the most formidable of these disturbances, and, insignificant though his first attempts were considered, and unworthy of the serious attention of the government, he soon forced it to acknowledge the threatening nature of the insurrection, and to send an army to oppose his progress. The contemned forces of the Jacobite adventurer, after gaining two decisive victories over the king's regiments, quitted the Highlands of Scotland, and set up the standard of the exiled James Stuart in the city of Carlisle. Nor did the Londoners consider the distance which separated them from the Jacobites a sufficient security, and when the young prince announced his intention of marching to the capital, they anxiously flew to arms, prepared the City Trained Bands for immediate service, and

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formed themselves into bodies of Volunteers. After a few hopeless struggles, the gallant but unfortunate prince was compelled to abandon his ambitious enterprise, and to escape, as best he could, to France.

Thirty years before this, the father of the Young Pretender, and son of the abdicated monarch, made a feebler attempt to recover the lost sovereignty of his family, but with less courage—or, it may be, temerity—of his son, retired to his asylum on the continent as soon as he found himself disappointed in the promised assistance of the Stuart party.

Then, in 1780, the Protestants of London, jealous of the toleration which was afforded to the Papists, and encouraged by the debates in Parliament, enrolled themselves under lord George Gordon, and marched through the city much in the same manner as did Wat Tyler and his mob four centuries before; throwing open prisons, releasing prisoners, destroying the houses of the Papists, and firing their chapels; leaving only such citizens unmolested as exhibited their blue ribbons in token of their Protestantism. And when the reign of terror was over, and the riots were suppressed, a scene of equal horror followed in the punishment of those who had taken part in the commotions. Scaffolds were erected before the houses of the offenders, and the malcontents executed within sight of their friends and neighbours. The rewards offered for the conviction of the rioters were so great, that in many instances false information was given, and innocent persons hanged as participators in the disturbance. For the prime mover of the riots, the man who had instigated the mob to commit their lawless acts,—for lord George Gordon himself,—he was tried for high treason, and, whilst many of his followers had been convicted upon much slighter evidence, he was actually acquitted, and restored to liberty. Such was the justice of the time!

But prince James and prince Charles, lord George Gordon and lord Lovat, were not the only ringleaders in these popular commotions. John Wilkes, the mayor of London, was also a malcontent of the first water, and, when his sedition and his treason had brought down upon him the vengeance of the government, he called upon the people to defend him, and they, ready to believe him a martyr in their cause, responded to his summons, and resisted the punishment of the law. But the time came when this "firebrand," as he gloried in calling himself, was literally burnt out, and his admirers, no longer instigated to violence in the pages of the "North Briton," remained for a time in peaceful rumination for some new motive of insurrection.

The importance of making a severe example of those who took part in the rebellion, was so felt by the government that the bloodshed which marked the battle of Culloden, and the havoc and desolation which followed it, were not enough for vengeance. Besides the lords who were beheaded on Tower Hill, some eighty persons suffered. The following passages, from a modern history of the rebellion, may serve to show the spirit, as well as the usages, of the time. After Balmerino and Kilmarnock had suffered,

"James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald Macdonald, forming a selection from the Scottish officers taken at Carlisle, were the next victims of the offended state. They were condemned at St. Margaret's Hill, on the 2d of August (along with Alexander MacGrowther, who was afterwards reprieved), and executed at Kennington Common on the 22d. Nicholson had kept a coffee-house at Leith, and was a man in middle life; but MacDonald and Ogilvie were both young men of good families, the first a cadet of the family of Keppoch, and the other a native of the county of Banff. They were conducted to the place of execution in a sledge, guarded by a party of horse grenadiers and a detachment of the foot-guards. MacDonald and Nicholson appeared at the last solemn scene in their Highland dress. They spent an hour in devotion upon the scaffold, and were then executed in precisely the same manner with Francis Townly and his companions, except that they were permitted to hang fifteen minutes before being dismembered; the horrid circumstances of the former execution having been found too much, even for the feelings of the unsensitive crowd which usually assembles on such occasions."

On the 15th of November following, twenty-two prisoners were condemned, of whom five were ordered for execution.

Their names were John Hamilton, Alexander Leith, Sir John Wedderburn, Andrew Wood, and James Bradshaw.

"The execution of these gentlemen, which took place on the 28th of November, was attended with some affecting circumstances. Before nine o'clock in the morning, the servants of the keeper unlocked the rooms in which Sir John Wedderburn, Mr. Hamilton, and James Bradshaw were confined, and, uttering the awful announcement that they were to die, desired them to prepare themselves for the sheriff, who would immediately come to demand their persons. Although this was the first certain intelligence they had of their fate, they received it with calmness, and said they would soon be ready to obey the sheriff's request. They then took a melancholy farewell of a fellow-officer of the name of Farquharson, who had been res-

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pited, and was confined on the same side of the prison. The keeper's servants proceeded to rouse the rest of the doomed men, besides one of the name of Lindsay, who was as yet expected to share their fate. When they were told to prepare for the sheriff, Wood inquired if Governor Hamilton had been finally consigned to execution; and being answered in the affirmative, remarked, 'that he was sorry for that poor old gentleman.' They were led into the fore part of the prison, and provided with a slight refreshment. On account of the policy of government in granting reprieves at the last hour, Bradshaw still hoped to be pardoned, and endeavoured, on this occasion, to display a confident cheerfulness of manner. Wood, entertaining no such expectations, called for wine, and drank the health of his political idols, boldly assigning to each his treasonable title. Lindsay's reprieve arrived at the moment when he was submitting to have his hands tied, and produced such an effect upon his feelings as almost to deprive him of the life which it was designed to save. The sanguine Bradshaw, whose halter was just then thrown over his head, eagerly inquired 'if there was any news for him?' 'The sheriff is come, and waits for you!' was the awful answer knelled upon the poor man's ear.

"They were drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, Bradshaw shedding tears of disappointment and wretchedness. They arrived at the root of the fatal tree a little after noon, and the execution immediately took place, in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators. Bradshaw, and also Sir John Wedderburn, were observed to look earnestly at the gallows as they drew near to it. The whole prayed for king James, and declared they did not fear death. The waggon was drawn away from beneath them, while they were yet imploring the Almighty to receive their souls. On being cut down, their bowels were taken out and thrown into a fire which blazed near the gallows. Their bodies were afterwards surrendered to their friends."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

LORD RICHARD, THE SON OF RICHARD III.

In the history of Richard III, by Caroline A. Halsted, we find some account of his son, in a curious document which gives all the details of Richard's establishment while he remained duke of Gloucester, and resided at Middleham. One item commemorates the sudden death and burial of lord Richard Bernall, his governor, who, it would seem, expired and was interred at Pomfret, after a journey from Middleham, a specified sum being inserted for "the lord Richard's costs from Middleham to Ponctfret," and another expenditure for "the lord Richard's burial." Various entries connected with this nobleman show the entire association of the young prince with his tutor, and it also proves that Middleham was their fixed abode during Gloucester's active military career. The cost of the young Edward's primer and psalter, together with that of the black satin with which they were covered, are specified in this remarkable fragment, which also demonstrates the nature of the amusements in which the illustrious child was permitted to indulge. These latter items are particularly pleasing, and altogether invaluable, as relates to the private history of Richard, duke of Gloucester, from pourtraying the lenity of his domestic rule, evinced by the encouragement which he gave to the pastimes of the period, such as payment for a pack of hounds, the wages of a resident jester, the election of a king of rush-bearing, and a king also of Middleham, mummeries evidently connected with the district where he resided. Other items are still more important, from the proof they afford of Richard's attention to the comforts and rights of his personal attendants, and those of his offspring. These, together with the frequent and munificent alms-offerings of himself and his family to the religious houses in the vicinity of Middleham, attest his strict observance of the devotional ordinances of the period, and display in a remarkable manner the admirable regularity and perfect order which characterised his domestic establishment.

The Wandering Jew.

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART II.—RUE DU MILIEU DES URSINS.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE EPILOGUE.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The site, wild and savage, was near the summit of a high hill, at the base of which were enormous masses of stone, intersected with oak trees, whose foliage was tinged with the autumnal hue, and whose large branches received the ruddy rays of the setting sun, which in the west appeared like a distant conflagration.

Fom the top of the hill, the eye plunged into a deep and wide valley, fertile and shadowy, over which the evening mist was

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suspended, while the green prairies and clumps of trees, their colours blended, contrasted with the limpid blue of the heavens. The grey steeples of the villages at the bottom of the valley, their spires shooting here and there, bordered a long line of road that extended from north to south.

It was the hour of repose—it was the customary hour when the window of each hut reflects joyously the glare of the rustic hearth, and sparkles midst the shade and foliage, while curling smoke issues from each chimney, and rises slowly towards heaven.

Strange! In this place no such signs of life and animation appeared; and stranger still, all was quiet, save the bells of the distant steeples tolling the knell of departed life. Suddenly, lights appeared in these obscure and mournful villages, but they were not those produced by the joyous cracking of the rustic hearth—they were red phosphorus lights observable in the evening mist. These lights were not stationary; they advanced slowly towards the burying grounds of the respective churches. The mournful sound of the tolling bells became louder and louder; the air reverberated, and wafted at intervals the chauntings of funeral hymns to the distant hill.

Wherefore so many funerals? Wherefore this desolation in that valley, where the wonted merry song that succeeds a day of labour is changed into the hymn of death—where the repose of night gives way to the sleep of death.

What valley of desolation is this, where each village mourns so many deaths, and buries so many at the same hour of night! Alas! mortality had there levelled, with an unerring hand, so many of its shafts, that time was scarcely given to the living to bury the dead. By day, the labours of the field called forth the survivors, and in the evening, worn with fatigue, they dug trenches, where, thick as grains of corn in the furrows, their fellow men were laid to rise no more.

This valley was not the only one that bore these marks of desolation. For years, many a town, many a city, like this valley, had cheerless hearths---- had seen, like this valley, mourning take the place of joy, and the tolls of death usurp the cheerful peals of the merry *fête*—had wept in day time the death of the departed, and at night, by torch-light, had consigned them to their last homes.

For several years a traveller, with ravaging hand, had traversed the earth from pole to pole; from the heart of India and Asia to the wilds of Siberia; from Siberia even to the shores of France. This traveller, mysterious even as death—gradual like eternity—implacable like unto destiny—terrible even as the hand of God—was THE CHOLERA.

The tolling of the bells, and the funereal hymns rose, like a plaintive wail, from the depths of the valley to the summit of the hill; the torches of death were seen amidst the mist that hovered over the valley. Twilight, which had not yet given way to the darkness of night, lent to each decided form an undefined, fantastic appearance.

The stony soil of the mountain resounded beneath slow and firm steps. A man of tall stature, with dark united eyebrows like a fatal mark upon his brow, passed between the dark trunks of the tall trees. That man appeared not to hear the tollings of the distant churches, though two days ago tranquillity, health, happiness, and joy, reigned in these villages, which he had slowly traversed, and which he left behind mournful and desolate. The traveller continued his route absorbed in reflexion.

"The 13th of February draws near," he thought, "that day when the descendants of my beloved sister—the last of our race, ought to meet at Paris. Alas! for the third time, the persecution of one hundred and fifty years has scattered this family over the face of the earth —this family that I have followed in the midst of its migrations, its exiles, its changes of religion, its fortune, and its name, from age to age, for eighteen centuries. What grandeur, what reverses, what obscurity, what lustre, what misery, and what glory, have followed the issue of my beloved sister; sister to me, a poor artizan.* How many crimes have sullied it; how many virtues reflect honour on this devoted family, whose history is that of humanity at large. Through how many generations—through the veins of the rich and poor, sovereign and bandit, the sage and foolish, the coward and the hero, the saint and the unholy—still to this hour, flows the blood of my sister. Who are now of this family, and how many? Seven descendants --two orphans, daughters of an exiled mother; a dethroned prince; a poor missionary; a man in the middle rank of life; a young girl of rank and fortune; and a mechanic. Virtue, bravery, degradation, splendour, poverty, are at present comprised in these, the remnants of our race. Fate has cast them in Siberia, India, America, and France. Instinct warns me when mine are in peril, and then from north to south, from east to west, I go to them; to-day

* The Wandering Jew, as stated in Scripture, was a poor shoemaker of Jerusalem. Christ, bearing his cross, passed before the door of the artizan, and asked him for permission to sit upon a large stone that was before the door. "*Go on, go on*," said the Jew, pushing him away. "It is thou," said Christ, "who will walk till the day of thy redemption."

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amid the ice of the polar regions, to-morrow in a temperate zone, next day under the burning heat of the tropics; but alas, at the moment when my presence might save them, an invisible hand pushes me forward, a tempest drives me away.

"'*Go on, go on.*' Let me complete my task.

"'*Go on, go on.*' Alas, I shall leave those I love on the brink of destruction. '*Go on, go on.*'

"Such is my punishment. If great, my crime was still greater.

"An artizan, subject to privations and poverty, wretchedness made me harsh and churlish. Oh cursed be the day as I laboured hard, fretful and almost in despair, because, in spite of my labour, my children were in want, Christ bearing his cross passed before my door, overcome by blows and insult. He asked permission to rest himself on my stone bench. The perspiration was running from his brow, and the blood was starting from his feet.

"'I suffer,' he said, in a mild and beseeching tone.

"'And I suffer, too,' I replied angrily, 'I suffer and no one helps me. The unpitying make the merciless. '*Go on, go on.*'

"Then, drawing a heavy sigh, he looked at me, and said, 'And thou shalt walk without ceasing even to the day of thy redemption. Such is the will of the Lord, who is in heaven.'

"My punishment then began. Too late I opened my eyes to the light of truth; too late I knew the benign effect of repentance; too late I understood the divine words of him whom I had insulted; too late I comprehended these words, which ought to sum up the law of the human race:—

"'LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'

"To obtain my pardon have I, deriving power from these celestial words, filled the hearts of unfeeling and envious men with love and pity. To obtain pardon have I brought the oppressor and the unjust to a true horror of injustice and oppression; but the day of mercy is not yet come.

"As the first man by his fall brought wretchedness upon his posterity, so have I, an artizan, entailed on all mechanics eternal misery, and have involved them in the expiation of my crime; for they alone, for eighteen centuries, have suffered in bondage. For eighteen centuries the powerful and the prosperous, have said to the labouring classes, what I said to the imploring, suffering Christ—'*Go on, go on;*' and the people, even as he, suffering, and borne down by a heavy yoke, cry out in bitter sadness:

"'O, for pity's sake, give us a few moment's rest. We are worn out, exhausted.'

"'*Go on, go on.*'

"'But should we die from fatigue and suffering, what will become of our children and our aged parents.'

"'*Go on, go on.*'

"And for centuries the labouring classes and I *go on*, without one charitable voice calling out '*Enough.*'

"Alas! such is my two-fold punishment, I suffer for bleeding humanity; I suffer on seeing whole populations condemned without relaxation to hard and painful toil. I suffer on account of my family, for, poor and a wanderer, I cannot always assist the descendants of a beloved sister. When I see a threatening danger, which I cannot avert, about to attack them, then, traversing the globe, I go in search of that woman, who like me, is accursed; that daughter of a queen, who, like me, *goes on* till the day of her redemption.*

"As two planets may meet in their centurial evolutions, so may I meet this woman; and after an interview, abounding in painful recollections, we, wandering stars of eternity, pursue our course. This woman, from one end of the world to the other, responds to my inward thoughts. She shares my terrible fate, and interests herself in that alone which has consoled me for ages. She loves the descendants of my poor sister, and protects them. For them, also, she goes from east to west, from north to south; but, alas! with her as with me—an invisible power pushes her on, and the tempest drives her away."

Whilst this man, absorbed in these thoughts, was pursuing his way across the mountain, the evening breeze increased, the wind began to howl, and the lightning flashed across the heavens, announcing an approaching storm.

Suddenly this cursed being, who could neither smile nor weep, trembled, raising his hand to his heart—

"O!" he cried, "I feel that at this hour several of mine are in great danger. One in the heart of India, others in America, and some here, in Germany. The struggle begins again, and wretched passions are prevailing. O! Herodias; thou who, like myself, art accursed and a wanderer, help me to protect them. May my prayer reach thee in the solitudes of America, where thou now art; may we arrive in time to save them."

As the shades of night fell, an extraordinary occurrence took place. The man made an involuntary movement to turn back, but an invisible power impelled him forward in an opposite direction. At this moment the tempest burst forth in terrific grandeur; a whirlwind, which uprooted

* There is a legend which is not well known—that Herodias was condemned to wander till the day of judgment for demanding the head of John the Baptist.

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trees and shook the rocks, passed over the mountain; and, in the midst of the storm, the man was seen by the glare of the lightning, near shattered rocks and trees that were uprooted by the tempest. His walk was no longer firm and calm, but disordered, like that of a person whom an irresistible power drives on against his will. While extending his hands towards heaven in supplication, he disappeared in the darkness of night, and amid the howling of the wind.

END OF VOL. I.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PART I.—THE THUGS, OR STRANGLERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE AJOUPA.

Whilst M. Rodin was dispatching his letters at the bottom of the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, and whilst the daughters of General Simon, after having fled from the White Falcon, were imprisoned with Dagobert at Leipsic, other scenes, closely connected with these persons, were taking place in the island of Java, at the residence of M. Josué Van Dael, one of the correspondents of M. Rodin.

Java, a lovely country, where the most hideous reptiles are hidden amongst the loveliest of flowers; where the most enticing fruit conceals the most deadly poison; where the shade of splended trees is fatal to life; where the vampire sucks the blood of its victims, and prolongs the sleep of death by surrounding them with fresh and perfumed air; no fan can be moved so rapid as the flappings of the huge wings of this monster.

The month of October, 1831, was drawing to a close. It was noon, an hour almost fatal to those who brave the scorching rays of the sun. An *ajoupa*—a sort of pavilion, made of bulrushes, fastened on bamboo deeply thrust into the soil, and headed by a massive tree, whose luxuriant leaves formed a dome impervious to rain—stood in the midst of a blue shade. The roof was covered with large bananier leaves, and at the extremity of the cabin was a square opening which served for a window, and which was grated with fine vegetable fibres to prevent reptiles and venomous insects from getting into the interior.

At the bottom of the *ajoupa* a young man, lying upon a mat, was sleeping profoundly. The colour of his skin, which was of a transparent yellow, resembled the bronze of a statue enlivened by the rays of the sun. His position was simple and graceful; his right arm supported his head, and his white muslin robe, with large sleeves, exposed his manly breast and finely developed arms. The marble was not firmer nor smoother than his skin, the golden tinge of which contrasted strikingly with the whiteness of his dress. On his breast was a large scar. He received the wound when defending the life of General Simon, the father of Rose and Blanche. On his neck he wore a small medal similar to that of the two sisters. His features were at once manly and noble; his dark hair, parted on his brow, fell gracefully upon his shoulders; his eyebrows, beautifully designed, were dark, like his long eye lashes; his lips, of a bright red, were half open. It was Djalma, whose sleep was heavy and disturbed, for the heat was becoming more and more oppressive.

Stillness reigned on all sides; there was not even a breath of wind to agitate the leaves. Suddenly the head of a man appeared amongst the bulrushes at a short distance from the ajoupa. He remained a few moments motionless; then, moving the rushes with the greatest caution, and creeping on his hands and knees, he approached the cabin. This man, who was of Malay origin, and who belonged to a sect called the Thugs, or Stranglers, listened attentively, then came out from the rushes. Save a pair of checked cotton drawers, fastened at the waist by a belt, he was entirely naked. He began to climb the tree, which overlooked the ajoupa, with the utmost precaution, and when he attained that part which almost touched the roof of the cabin, he thrust his head forward, and looked round to see if he could secure an entrance. At the sight of the young Indian, the eyes of the strangler glared savagely, and a sort of fiendish grin played round his lips. Djalma was sleeping so near the door, that any attempt to open it would at once have disturbed his slumber. The strangler, his body still hidden by the tree, wishing to examine more attentively the interior of the cabin, again leant forward, and to support himself, he placed his hand upon the opening which served as a window. This movement shook a large cactus flower, on which was a small serpent, that rolled down and fastened on the hand of the strangler, who, whether from pain or surprise, shrieked, and drew back.

The young Indian opened his eyes and turned his head towards the small window. Scarcely had Djalma moved, than a shrill screech like that made by the birds of paradise when they take their flight, was heard behind the tree, and was repeated, becoming weaker and weaker, till it died away in the distance. Djalma, thinking he knew the cause of the noise that disturbed him, moved his arm slightly, and

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began to sleep again, without changing his position.

For several minutes, everything was still; the strangler, having lulled the suspicions of Djalma by his faithful imitation of the cry of the bird, descended the tree with equal precaution, although his hand was swollen by the bite of the serpent, and disappeared among the rushes.

At this moment a plaintive song was heard in the distance. The strangler thrust his head above the rushes, listened attentively, while his countenance took a strange expression of surprise mingled with rage.

The plaintive sound came nearer and nearer; and, at the expiration of a few seconds, a young Indian, a slave of Djalma's, who was carrying a message to his master, made his appearance, and directed his steps towards the place where the strangler was. The latter took a long thin cord from his waist, which had a leaden ball, about the size of an egg, at one of the extremities; and, after having fastened the other end to his hand, he again listened attentively, then disappeared among the herbage. As the young Indian approached the rushes, an enormous butterfly, peculiar to Java, with wings about six inches long, flew from leaf to leaf, and at last rested upon a flower. The young Indian ceased singing, and advancing cautiously, stretched forth his hand, and seized the butterfly. At that moment his eyes met the gaze of the strangler; a hissing sound reached his ear—a cord was twisted with rapidity round his neck, and almost at the same instant the lead, which was at the end of the cord, struck him violently on the back of the head. The attack was so sudden and so unlooked-for, that the poor lad could not utter a groan. He fell backwards; the strangler drew the cord vigorously; the bronzed countenance of the slave became black; the blood gushed from his eyes, mouth, and nostrils; he made a few convulsive struggles — then all was over.

During the brief but dreadful agony of the lad, the murderer bent over his victim, and fixing his savage looks upon him, he seemed plunged in an extasy of joy. His nostrils dilated, the veins in his forehead and neck became swollen; the ferocious look of the tiger near its prey was not so terrific as that of this man as he gazed upon his victim.

Remembering that his task was not yet completed, he, with regret, drew his eyes away from this dreadful spectacle, took the cord from the neck of the lad, twisted it round his waist, murmured some mysterious words that seemed like a prayer, drew the corpse out of the road, and without taking the silver rings which his victim had in his ears, he hid the body among the rushes. Then crawling upon his hands and feet to the tent of Djalma, he listened, drew a knife from his belt, made an incision about three feet long in the ajoupa, and looking round, glided softly into the interior.

CHAPTER II.—TATOOING.

The sky, which till the present time had been of a transparent blue, became paler and paler; a vapoury mist began to veil the sun; from time to time a sulphurous odour rose from the ground; the trees became slightly agitated; the heat more and more oppressive; then a mournful silence reigned over all. In this climate these signs are the precursors of a coming storm.

The strangler crawled like a serpent along the mat till he reached Djalma; then, fixing his eyes upon him, he remained motionless like a ferocious beast before it attacks its prey. But soon his hideous features indicated the violent struggle that was passing within him—his thirst for blood, and the orders that he had received not to shorten the days of Djalma, although the object that brought him there might be worse than death itself to the young Indian.

Twice the strangler, while his eyes glared fiercely, placed his hand upon the handle of his knife, and twice he relinquished it with reluctance. His insatiable thirst for blood gave way to the wish of Mahal, who exercised great power over him. It seemed that his desire to take away man's life was carried even to the risk of his own; he was losing time that was precious; for had Djalma, whose courage and strength were well known, awoke, even without arms he would have been a terrible opponent for the strangler. At last the latter, in suppressing a sigh of regret, became resigned, and began to accomplish his task, which, to any one else, would have appeared impossible.

It was important that Djalma, whose face was to the left, and whose head was leaning on his arm, should turn round, so that, if he opened his eyes, he might not see the strangler.

The heat was now intense, which favoured the designs of the Thug, who squatted, began to rub Djalma's forehead, temples, and eyelids gently with his ample and oily fingers, which produced a disagreeable sensation to the young Indian. The strangler continued this manœuvre for a few seconds, when Djalma, still asleep, carried his right arm to his face as if he wished to free himself from the tickling feeling of an insect, and allowed his head to drop upon his right shoulder.

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This accomplished, the strangler could begin his operations with more certainty; but, wishing to render the sleep of Djalma, as profound as possible, he imitated the vampire, by wafting his open hands rapidly before the burning countenance of the young Indian. The lightning now began to flash on all sides, and, fearing that the thunder might awake Djalma, the strangler hastened to accomplish his project.

The young Indian was lying on his back, his right arm on his breast, and his left by his side. The strangler raised the left arm gently, and with dexterity lifted up the large white sleeve as far as the elbow; then thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small box, took from it a small needle of exquisite fineness, and a piece of the root of an herb; he pricked the root several times, from which a dark liquid came, blew gently on the arm of Djalma to cause a sensation of freshness, then with his needle he traced upon the skin of the sleeping youth some mysterious and symbolic characters.

The point of the needle was so fine, and the operation was so quickly executed, that Djalma did not make the slightest movement of uneasiness.

The signs that the strangler had traced became pale, like the white rose; but such was the nature of the juice with which the needle was impregnated, that in less than two hours from the time of the operation, it had become a dark purple.

The strangler, after having so happily accomplished his task, cast a ferocious and covetous look at the young Indian, crept out of the *ajoupa* as he had entered, carefully closing up the incision to avoid suspicion, then disappeared at the moment that the thunder began to roar in the distance.*

CHAPTER III.—THE SMUGGLER.

The storm had abated, and several hours had elapsed since the strangler left the *ajoupa*, where Djalma was sleeping.

A man, on horseback, was seen rapidly advancing up a long avenue, bordered with tufted trees, and headed by a small pond, which reflected the green leaves of the tamarind and the nopal; the water, calm and limpid, exposed, as if incrusted in a mass of blue crystal, small fishes, with silvery, purple, and blue fins; all were motionless on the surface of the water, gleaming in the rays of the sun; a thousand insects, with wings of fire, glided, leapt, and bounded in that transparent water, which reflected in extraordinary profusion the various water-flowers that bordered the pond.

It was Djalma; he had not discovered that the strangler had traced certain indelible signs upon his arm.

A red cap, similar to that worn by the Greeks, sat gracefully upon his dark hair, and showed to advantage the golden tint of his complexion; his neck was bare; he wore a large white muslin robe with large sleeves, and round his waist a scarlet belt.

After being deprived of his paternal rights by the English, and imprisoned by them at his father's death, gaining his liberation, he left India, accompanied by General Simon, and went to Batavia, the birth-place of his mother, to claim the humble heritage of his ancestors. On looking over the papers relative to that heritage so long despised or forgotten by his father, several important documents were found respecting a medal, similar to that worn by Rose.

General Simon was as much surprised as he was delighted at this discovery, which not only established a link of relationship between his family and the mother of Djalma, but promised future advantages to all. To wind up his affairs, and to obtain intelligence respecting a vessel about to sail for Europe, he left Djalma at Batavia, and went to Sumatra, which is a neighbouring island; Djalma also was obliged to be at Paris on the 13th of February, 1832.

A man appeared, walking rapidly up the avenue. He retired for a moment under a cover, and contemplated in silence the noble appearance of the youthful Indian.

This man, who was dressed like an European sailor, with white vest and trousers, and a straw hat, was Mahal, the smuggler. He approached Djalma, and said, touching his hat respectfully, in bad French:

"You are Prince Djalma."

"Well."

"You are the son of Kadja-Sing."

"What do you want with me."

"The friend of General Simon."

"The friend of General Simon," cried Djalma, in astonishment. "Do you come from him?"

"Perhaps," said Mahal, with suspicion; "but are you really the son of Kadja-Sing."

"I tell you that I am his son. Where did you see General Simon."

"Since you are the son of Kadja-Sing, Mahal said, looking at Djalma with a suspicious air, "what is your surname."

"My father was called *the father of the*

* The late Victor Jacquemont, in his "Letters on India," gives us several remarkable accounts of the dexterity of these men. "They crawl," he says, "along the ground, and by the side of ditches, imitating the whistle and screech of every bird. They annoy the sleeper by strange noises, and by gentle rubbing, till the body and all its members take the position that they desire; and so great is their dexterity, that they can even rob the sleeper of the clothes with which he is enveloped. This is no joke, but a plain statement of facts."

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generous," replied Djalma, while a cloud passed over his open countenance.

"You are Prince Djalma," said the smuggler after a moment's reflexion. "General Simon landed last night at a secret spot on the coast."

"At a secret spot. What do you mean?"

"Because he is obliged to conceal himself."

"To conceal himself! For what reason?"

"He did not tell me why, but I rather think that he was concerned in a duel which took place at Sumatra."

"A duel!" Djalma ejaculated, with anguish. "With whom?"

"I don't know. Do you know the ruins of Tchandi."

"Yes."

"The general sent me to tell you that he was waiting for you there."

"You came with him from Sumatra?"

"Yes, I piloted the small boat that brought him. He told me where I would find you; that you were generally in this avenue, waiting his return."

Knowing the courage and hasty disposition of General Simon, Djalma thought that the suspicions of the smuggler were well founded. After remaining a few moments silent, he said:

"Would you lead the horse to my house, which is by the side of the new mosque, surrounded by trees. It would be difficult for it to climb the mountains of Tchandi. I will go quicker on foot."

"I know where you live, General Simon told me; give me your horse."

Djalma leapt on the ground, threw the bridle to Mahal, took a small silk purse from his pocket, and gave it to the smuggler, saying, "You have been faithful; take this; it is little; but it is all I have."

"Kadja Sing well merited the name of *father of the generous*," said Mahal, touching his hat respectfully."

The young Indian leapt into a coppice, and walking rapidly, directed his steps towards the mountain that led to the ruins of Tchandi. He was afraid that he would not reach the appointed place before nightfall.

CHAPTER IV.---M. JOSUÉ VAN DAEL.

M. Josué Van Dael, a Dutch merchant, and correspondent of M. Rodin, was born at Batavia, the capital of the island of Java. He was a man of exactitude in matters of business, spoke little, listened to everything, and never entered into discussions. While Djalma was pursuing his way to the ruins of Tchandi, with the expectation of seeing General Simon, the following scene was taking place at Batavia:

M. Josué opened his desk, and took a long letter, or rather memorandum, from it, which had been written at different times. It was addressed, "M. Rodin, at Paris." He continued thus:—

"Fearing the return of General Simon, whose letters I had intercepted, and which I put to use, in relation to Djalma, I had to use extreme measures, in order to keep up appearances and avoid suspicion. To render a service to humanity alone, induced me to do this. A danger, however, threatens us—the Ruyter steamer called here, and leaves to-morrow afternoon. This vessel goes to Europe by the Red Sea. Its passengers get out at the Isthmus of Suez, cross it, and proceed to Alexandria, where another vessel is waiting to take them to France. This voyage, as rapid as it is direct, will be completed in seven or eight weeks. As it is only the end of October, Prince Djalma might reach Paris about the beginning of January. Your orders, which I executed with zeal, although ignorant of the cause, are to prevent Djalma from being in Paris at that time, as you say it is of the greatest interest to the *society*. Now, if I succeed, as I hope I shall do, in causing him to lose his passage by the Ruyter, it will be impossible for him to be in Paris before the month of April.

"To give you an idea of my proceedings, it will be requisite that you should know certain facts. A sect has just been discovered in India, who call themselves Brothers of the Good Work, or Phansegars, otherwise stranglers—murderers, who strangle their victims not for robbery alone, but to obey the decrees of an infernal divinity, called Bowhawnie. They are devoted to each other, even to heroism! they blindly obey the commands of the chiefs, who call themselves the immediate representatives of this dark divinity. They regard as enemies all those who are different to themselves; and try everywhere to make proselytes by preaching in the night their abominable doctrines.

"Three of the principal chiefs, and one of the men, flying from the pursuit of the English governor, arrived at the Straits of Malacca, which is situated at a short distance from our island. A smuggler, named Mahal, who is connected with their association, brought them here in his boat, and they have taken refuge in a thick forest, where several temples in ruins offer them a safe retreat. Among these chiefs there is one man, named Faranghea, who is gifted with extraordinary energy. He is a mongrel, and speaks English and French tolerably well.

"The smuggler, Mahal, thinking he would obtain a large recompense by delivering up these chiefs, came to me three days ago. He asks a considerable sum,

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with a free passage to Europe or America, in order to escape the implacable revenge of the stranglers. I eagerly seized this opportunity to deliver up to justice these three murderers, and promised that, on certain conditions relative to Djalma, I should apply to the governor on his behalf.

"Should my project succeed---which I shall know shortly, for I expect Mahal here every minute---I shall be more communicative in this affair."

A slight noise attracted the attention of M. Josué, who rose abruptly, and ran to the window.

"Is that you, Mahal?" he demanded, in a low voice.

"It is."

"Has the Malay succeeded?"

"Yes."

"Indeed!" cried Josué, with an expression of satisfaction. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain. There never was a more active and expert devil than the Malay."

"And what of Djalma?"

"I succeeded in convincing him that he would find General Simon at the ruins of Tchandi."

"And where is he now?"

"At the ruins, where he will find the three stranglers."

"Have you examined the subterranean passage?"

"I was there yesterday. A stone in the pedestal of one of the statues turns upon itself—the stair is large. It will do exceedingly well."

"And the three chiefs do not suspect you?"

"No; I saw them this morning; and in the evening the Malay came to tell me what he had done before he rejoined his companions at the ruins of Tchandi."

"Mahal, if you are speaking the truth, your freedom and a large recompense will be your reward. Your place is taken out in the Ruyter; you will set off to-morrow, thus putting you out of the reach of the stranglers, who would pursue you here, to revenge the death of their chiefs. God will bless you for delivering up these atrocious criminals to justice. Go, and wait for me at the governor's door; the things are so important that I do not hesitate to awake him in the middle of the night. Go quickly, I will follow you immediately."

Mahal retired, and Josué returned to his desk, and added these lines in haste to the letter:—

"Whatever may take place, Djalma cannot quit Batavia. Be assured that he will not be in Paris by the 13th of the February of next year. Although it is the middle of the night, I am going to the governor's. I shall add a few words to-morrow before I send off the parcel by the Ruyter steamer.

After having shut his desk, he rose abruptly, and to the great astonishment of the people of the house, he hurried out in the middle of the night to the residence of the governor of the island.

We shall now conduct our readers to the ruins of Tchandi.

CHAPTER V.—THE RUINS OF TCHANDI.

A calm and serene evening succeeded that storm which proved so favourable to the designs of the strangler. The moon rose slowly behind a mass of imposing ruins, situated on a hill, in the midst of a thick wood. Large stone seats, high brick walls, gnawed with age, and vast porticos, covered by vegetation, were lighted up by the silvery beams of the moon, which also shed a light upon two colossal statues, placed at the foot of an immense staircase. The one is broken through the middle, while the other remains whole, and is frightful to behold. It represents a man of gigantic proportions; the head is about three feet in height, with a ferocious-looking countenance. Near one of the walls of an ancient temple dedicated to some mysterious divinity, is a hut constructed of fragments of stone and brick. The door was half open, from which a red light escaped. Three men were in this hut; one was about 40 years of age and was clothed like a European. His name was Faranghea, one of the most redoubtable chiefs of the stranglers, and the second was a negro; the third lay extended on the floor, asleep. They were the three principal chiefs of the Thugs who had taken refuge in Java under the guidance of Mahal, the smuggler.

"The Malay does not return," said Faranghea, "perhaps he has been killed by Djalma in executing our orders."

"The storm of this morning," said the negro, has caused all the reptiles to come out of their holes. Perhaps the Malay has been bitten, and is at this hour only a nest of serpents.

"To be useful to the good work," said Faranghea in a grave tone, "we must know how to brave death."

"And to cause it too," added the negro."

A suppressed scream, followed by some incoherent words, attracted the attention of the two speakers. They lifted their heads, looked round the hut, then fixed their eyes upon the man who was lying on the floor asleep.

(To be continued.)

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JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.

This gentleman, the author of a Summer Tour in the Pyrenees, has unhappily lost his life while attempting, in conjunction with Mr. C. W. Brown, to open a commercial communication with the island of Borneo. It appears that two vessels, composing the expedition, sailed up the river Cote, unopposed, for eighty miles; and anchoring off Tongarron, where the sultan resides, were assured of his friendly disposition and willingness to trade. They soon, however, found reason to suspect these professions; and foreseeing an attack, prepared to fight through the gun-boats and floating batteries, by which they were surrounded; they were anticipated: the batteries opened, and the gun-boats attacked, while they were still at anchor. The *Friend of China* proceeds:—"They slipped their cables, and commenced their almost hopeless attempt to fight their way out of the river, surrounded by numerous boats, which kept up an incessant fire from their long brass guns. On every turn of the river they found a fresh battery to contend with, the boats keeping up the pursuit out of range of the swivels, but not of the long guns, from which, in the Young Queen, there were fired 550 shot, and a proportionate number from the Anne. At one time the *Anna* got on a mud bank, but her consort nobly bore up, and ranged alongside for her protection until she got off. But for this she would inevitably be taken. The night being calm, with a strong ebb tide, the two vessels were lashed together, and allowed to drift with the current, determined to escape or perish in company. Ahead of each was a boat to pull them round when they got broadside on the current. The men in these boats state positively that they heard English voices hailing them from the shore. After thirty-six hours of continuous fighting, they reached within a few miles of the mouth of the river, and escape appeared certain. But, they found a numerous fleet of boats ahead of them, which had entered through some unknown creek. This was the last and most desperate attack, and the number of pirates killed must have been immense. With personal safety almost within his grasp, here poor Murray was killed. He was fighting the midship guns when he was struck by a two-pounder on the breast—death was instantaneous. The ships finally passed the bar and flats, at the mouth of the river, pursued by the boats till sunset. 'poor Murray,' it is added 'was the moving spirit by which they were all influenced; and it is deeply to be regretted that he was cut short in the very vigour of life. With talents and energies, he might have done much to retrieve past misfortunes.'"

THERE COME SAD WHISPERS WITH THE MOANING WIND.

Song.

There come sad whispers with the moaning wind,
That thou my soul's best hope will prove unkind;
That thou wilt leave me—desolate, and cold,
And lone, in this unpitying world—for gold.

Then gentler whispers bring a welcome day,
And so I chase each fearful thoughts away;
For, as I *know* that I would die for thee,
I cannot *think* but thou wilt live for me.

Unlike the earth's bright sun that shines on all—
Love's sun must shine on *one*, or hopes must fall,
And eyes grow dim, and freshness court decay,
Beauty and youth, all withering, fade away.

Thou could'st not look on her and think the while
That there is one all tearful for thy smile;
Thou could'st not plight to her *soft bridal vows*,
When o'er my tomb were waving cypress boughs.

J. H. RICHARDS

Impromptu upon seeing two Officers of a garrison hacking a tree with their swords.

Your operation, though in sport,
With some surprise I mark,
And think the navy is your *fort-e*,
Since you assail the *bark*.

L. M. S.

Worms and Fishes.—An ingenious correspondent in the *Berwick Warder*, vindicated the practice of angling, from the stigma of cruelty thrown on it by Lord Byron. He writes—"Some men consider angling with a worm to be a cruel sport. It is, however, thought by a number of modern naturalists, that the whole class of *vermes*, from their very imperfect formation, or organization, must be in a great measure incapable of feeling acute pain. This there can be no doubt of, when we know that a worm is composed of a series of thin tubes, attached apparently to each other by simple cohesion or attraction; that with the best microscope we cannot discover any nerves or fibres of nerves. Their imperfect formation is also strikingly exemplified by the fact of a worm being cut in two pieces, or even if the smallest piece remains attached to the head, the piece so cut from it is reproduced. Further, when we have the example of Amos the Prophet, Isaac Walton, Wordsworth the poet, Dr. Fowler, Mr. John Geay, Dr. Wharton, Dr. Paley, Sir Humphrey Davy, and a host of others, well known to the world as men of decidedly philanthrophic and benevolent feeling, pursuing the sport with avidity,—we naturally conclude that it may not be considered a very cruel sport. It is also pretty evident, from the experience of anglers, that the whole class of *pisces* have very little feeling; in fact, independent of their peculiar formation and habits, the blood flowing so very slowly in their veins, and their possessing so very little blood, must be a great means of checking acute sensation. Yet though this may be all true, we seriously recommend anglers to be sparing of the means of giving pain."

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HISTORY OF ROME.

By Punch a la Romaine.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER V.—ANCUS MARTIUS.

War is all very well in its way, especially when it is distinguished by such glorious battles as the two immortal loo's of England—Waterloo and Peterloo, the former the climax of that never-to-be-forgotten campaign which, at the paltry cost of some hundred millions, secured the eternal comfort and happiness of the English labourer; the latter a not less lasting memento of the deep sympathy of the aristocracy and dragoonery of England with the humble manufacturer. But there are some luxuries of which a mouthful is quite as good as a bellyful; and so thought the Romans, on the death of Tullus Hostilius, of their past glorious butcheries. Ancus Martius, accordingly, a grandson of Numa, a gentleman of as peaceable tendencies as his grandfather, was now elected, and he lost no time in turning the Roman sword into a carving-knife. Ancus, however, was not quite such a nincompoop as Numa. To him we are indebted for that eminently christian practice, still cherished by the pure, humble, and self-denying Church of England, of blessing the colours when marching to slaughter, and the Latins, Sabines, Volsci, and other neighbouring nations, had the benefit of this blessing in the course of his reign.

Ancus was before his time in many other characteristics. He not only built a prison for malefactors, equal to any of those wherein the English schoolmaster cherishes his fireside at home (yet not loath to come "abroad" with his van full of docile scholars; his happy motto, "cure is cheaper than prevention;" his *vade mecum* Vidocq, and the act of Parliament). Ancus built churches also, and sturdily patronised a church establishment; nor neglected other branches of trade, for he constructed a good sea-port at the mouth of the Tyber, and this Ostia became the emporium of a large commerce, not the least important items being Roman salt and British oysters. Ancus, however, showed a truly wise, and, so to speak, English contempt of schools. Education he sagely entrusted to his priests, with not less successful issue than has resulted to the enlightened and truly moral millions of England from the labourer to the bench of bishops and the almonry of Westminster. For Ancus philosophically held, that the fag system, which is, of course, a necessary part of all education, begins by making truckling slaves, and ends by making selfish tyrants; and he therefore, with a most commendable stinginess, grudged a thousand for a school, while he lavished a million on a penitentiary.

He reigned twenty-four years; some historians allege that he reigned twenty-five. We are preparing an appendix, of which we have already completed about two hundred pages, to prove that twenty-four was the period.

THE FOUND AT LAST.

My heart hath lost its vain desire,
To live from earthly sorrow free,
And now no more do I aspire,
Pure peace to see.

For I, at last, have truly found,
What well I might have found before,
That happiness on earthly ground
Doth grow no more.

And I, at last, have learnt what I
Might well have learnt long years ago,
That never did a life pass by
Uncross'd by woe.

And so, at last, my heart made wise,
(Experience taught) no more doth strive
To gain that state which, to these eyes,
Can ne'er arrive.

Oh! vain and weary life of mine,
Oh! passing years and thronging strife,
Oh sorrows! and oh sins! that twine
Around this life.

How little could I learn to bear
The bitterness of my dark lot,
Had I not learnt, at last, that *here*
It matters not.

Had I not found, at length, that one,
Who sitteth in the glorious sky,
Hath promised long ago that *none*
Shall ever die.

If trusting, and if hoping, aye,
They strive to burst the bonds of sin,
And with their whole strong hearts do pray
For strength to win.

To win—not earthly gold, nor gaud,
Nor wealth—nor pomp, nor aught on earth—
But win a saviour, and a lord,
And a new birth.

That putting off the lusts of old,
Doth only look for life above,
And that e'en here doth aye behold
A father's love.

Come then, oh care! oh grief! oh woe!
Oh troubles! mighty in your kind,
I have a balm ye ne'er can know,
A hopeful mind.

That calmly bowing to its fate,
Its trials, as its joys, can sum
With patience—and with peace can wait,
For Heaven to come.

F. Vane.

PERSECUTION, or the STORY OF COUNT RABY.

The cruelty and meanness of men in power when rendered desperate by the exposure of their nefarious practices, have rarely been more strikingly exemplified in modern times than in connection with the history of Count Raby.

This much injured nobleman was born

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at Presburg, in 1752. His family took its name from Raby Castle, in Bohemia. He was educated in one of the public institutions of Vienna, and attracted the favourable notice of the emperor Joseph II, who, in 1773, gave him the appointment of one of the clerks in the Hungarian Exchequer. He waited on the emperor to express his acknowledgements, when he was told by Joseph that he would soon discover great abuses to exist, and on these he invited him to report. Raby was not long in discovering that the public functionaries were in the habit of robbing the emperor in the most barefaced manner, and outraging his subjects at the same time. He made this known, and the emperor threatened to visit the offenders with the most exemplary punishment if such mal-practices were not discontinued. The members of the Hungarian Exchequer panted to be revenged on a person so obnoxious, but the informer went on making new discoveries. Going one day with a servant at an unusual hour to his office, he, to his surprise, found the director of the department for the transmission of rescripts engaged in the store-room, where the writing materials of the office were, packing up great quantities of writing paper, sealing wax, parchments, and wax candles, which two domestics intended to remove in a wheelbarrow. The director was annoyed. "What business have you here," he angrily demanded, "at this late hour of the day?" Raby calmly replied, "It is my duty to be here—but you, sir, I have proof before my eyes, do not come here for any honourable purpose;" and, while speaking, he pointed to the sheet in which the stolen articles had been wrapped. The director, it afterwards appeared, had been in the habit of thus robbing the office, and selling the plunder to a Jew in a neighbouring market-place. Raby thought it his duty to make known what he had seen to Baron Orezy, the vice-president of the Exchequer. The consequences of this disclosure were more injurious to the maker of it than to the delinquent. By means of a master key his apartment was opened, a large quantity of office paper carried into it, and he was, in his turn, charged with dishonesty, and at once deprived of his appointment. Of this he complained to Baron Pfeffershopher, who had presided at the inquiry which he had caused, who coolly replied, "You are rightly served, for it was not your place to inform against a director. The stolen effects were not your property. You, therefore, were guilty of a flagrant act of insubordination, and are, in consequence, no longer fit to serve in our office." To this, all astonishment, Raby replied by reminding the baron of his oath, which compelled him to make the disclosure. "Go to the devil with your oath, and be more discreet in future," was the baron's reply.

The difficulties which lie in the way of the correction of abuses are not small. Raby, though the object of imperial favour, found it so. Unable to obtain justice at Presburg, he went to Vienna, there to appeal in person to the empress Maria Theresa, the case being particularly recommended to his mother by the emperor Joseph. The result was all he could desire. In 1779, a decree was issued to the Hungarian Exchequer, calling the officers to account for their illegal and despotic proceedings. The return to this was a report grossly calumniating the accuser. He, however, strong in his integrity, proved his innocence so completely that an order was issued to re-establish him in the situation he had formerly held. The body to whom it was addressed had the effrontery to neglect it, and again he found it necessary to appeal to his sovereign for protection. He was received with great kindness by Joseph at Vienna, who presented him with a gold snuff-box, containing fifty ducats, and a valuable watch set with brilliants, at the same time saying to him, "My son, I am fully sensible of the loyal zeal with which you have performed your duty, and present you with this as an acknowledgement of my approbation. I have declared you capable of serving me again, but to spare you further connection with the officers of the Hungarian Exchequer, who have acted so shamefully, I give you permission to apply for a vacant place in my residence." Raby was, however, so impressed with the inability of the emperor to shield him from future persecution, if he again took office, that he did not avail himself of the offer, but returned to his estate in Hungary, which he applied himself to improve.

He had resided there but a short time when a widow lady, named Tanka, owing him a considerable sum, complained to him of the oppression of her brother-in-law, who, immediately after the death of her husband, had entered her house with an armed force while she was from home, and carried off all her valuables with her

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family papers. He even attempted to deprive her of her estate. Raby took up her cause, and made such a representation on the subject at Vienna, that complete restitution by her rapacious relative was ordered. This was an act of justice unheard of in Hungary, and it brought upon him the renewed hostility of his former enemies in increased strength. Another widow, whose cause he espoused, was unsuccessful, and she and her children were reduced to beggary, and he himself was infamously traduced by the judges who decided on the case. He went to Vienna to solicit an order for a new trial. The emperor promised him that justice should be done; but, at the same time, gave him a commission which exasperated still more those who were unfriendly to him. On going to his house at Tirna he found that it had been entered by the local authorities, under a forged order from the emperor. For this he prosecuted the offenders, but without success. He was compelled to stay proceedings, in consequence of a chest having been stolen which contained the documents necessary to support his cause.

The emperor, who entertained the highest opinion of Raby's talents, as well as his integrity, was still incapable of saving him from the vengeance of subordinates. His good qualities were his ruin. In St. André, a market town appertaining to the royal domains of the king of Hungary, the inhabitants suffered much from the exactions of their magistrates. They complained to the emperor, who commissioned Raby to inquire into the alleged abuses. He, in consequence, proceeded, in 1784, to St. André. The population of the town consisted of something more than a thousand souls, and De Raby found that 60,000 florins had recently been paid into the exchequer of this little community, but all had vanished, and the magistrates could give no satisfactory account of their expenditure, while a debt of 48,000 florins had been incurred. On investigating the state of the case, he was satisfied that these worthy magistrates had divided the greater part of the sum which ought to have been in hand among them, and the remainder had been applied to bribe the court, who ought to have called them to an account for so doing. These matters having been reported, the emperor ordered the principal functionary of the county, or district, to which St. André belonged, to form a committee of impartial persons to look into this matter; and Raby repaired to Tirna for certain papers, when, as before mentioned, he found his house had been broken open and stripped of everything valuable. Those appointed to assist him in vindicating the laws had participated in the booty, and did everything they could to harass him, and to degrade his character. Again he was obliged to fly to Vienna for protection and redress; and new orders were issued to the magistrates and others, enjoining them not to throw fresh obstacles in the way of the count, nor to injure his person or property, but to forward his object by every means in their power. He was, notwithstanding, still resisted, but, in spite of all the efforts of his adversaries, the most exorbitant extortion, and bribery the most shameful, were proved; but in the teeth of this the committee reported to the Hungarian chancery at Vienna, "that the accounts of St. André for the last ten years had been examined and found to be correct." He was ordered to verify his report. While waiting for the arrival of the magistrates, before whom he was prepared to do so, he ascertained that the delinquents had amassed a fund of more than 80,000 florins, out of which they bribed the superior courts to wink at their irregularities. The parties inculpated attempted to gain him over by offering him a bribe. They actually sent him 3,000 ducats, which he immediately forwarded to the emperor at Vienna, to be distributed among the poor of that city.

Such a mark of contempt and defiance was not to be forgotten. Exasperated by his perseverance, they threatened to imprison him, and even set guards to watch over him, which would probably have murdered a man so obnoxious to their employers, had not the community of St. André appointed some of their number to serve him as a guard both by night and by day. His rancorous foes, however, by some treacherous artifice, contrived to administer poison to him, and when medical aid was sent for, no physician dared to attend him; and he must have fallen a victim to the diabolical attempt, had not the doctor of another district been prevailed upon to supply an antidote. His health, however, was never perfectly restored, and for ten weeks he remained severely indisposed.

It was not enough to have assailed his life—the most desperate attacks were now made on his character; and when he appeared at Vienna, he was impudent-

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ly accused of bigamy, and of having robbed and murdered a Jew on the highway. It was therefore prayed that he might be committed to prison. The count seems to have been alarmed at the array against him, and laying the calumnies before the emperor, he begged to be relieved from the commission with which he had been charged. Joseph declined complying with his request, but gave a solemn promise to afford him the most efficient protection. This proved of little avail. He was opposed as before—new accusations were preferred against him—the orders of the emperor were not regarded—and at length he was committed to prison, as a rebel against the Hungarian administration, and carried to Pesth, where he was stripped of everything he had about him, and then chained crossways, and confined with eighteen highwaymen, murderers, and other felons, in a dungeon of only nine feet by six, where, instead of those luxuries to which, as a nobleman, he had been accustomed, he had coarse prison fare, and the cold stone pavement for his bed.

(To be continued).

THE ORLEANS GALLERY.

In the history of this famous gallery, its formation, its dispersion, there is something which strongly excites the imagination. It was founded by the infamous Regent Duke of Orleans. In ten short years—that is, between the period of his accession to the regency in 1714, and his death in 1723, he brought together a collection of pictures which can only be compared with that of Charles I. He was all-powerful; he had the revenues and patronage of a great monarchy at his disposal; he had a really fine taste, and was himself no mean artist. Into his gallery were swept many important collections. In the first place, that of queen Christina, which contained forty-seven pictures of the highest class, several of which had belonged to our Charles I; those of the cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin; those of the ducs de Grammont, de Noailles, de Hautefeuille; those of Colbert, Marquis de Seignelai, son of the great minister; of Tambonceau, de Launay, the abbé Descamps, and M. de Chantelou. The old catalogue of the Palais Royal, published in 1724, includes four hundred and ninety-one pictures, of which the descriptions and measurements are sufficiently exact to enable us to identify them. The genuineness of about twenty has been disputed; ten out of the sixteen Raphaels, seven out of thirteen Correggios, and four out of twenty-nine Titians, have been in these more critical times pronounced doubtful or spurious. The regent died in 1723—before the pictures he had coveted were all hung up—before he could have seen some of them—before the catalogue, which was to make his gallery famous and envied through all Europe—was printed. The son of this accomplished, but most abandoned and vicious prince, was a weak, but a conscientious bigot. He has been consigned to the detestation and ridicule of all lovers of pictures, for wreaking his pious fury on the Correggios—the Leda, the Io, and the Danaë. The next duke of Orleans, the regent's grandson, was a commonplace man; he did not cut up his pictures, certainly; he scrupled to disfigure them or to sell them; he only cared nothing about them. Many were locked up during his whole life, and inaccessible. His son, the wretched Philip Egalité, had neither taste, nor scruples, nor conscience. To raise money for political purposes, in the beginning of the French Revolution, he sold, first, the Italian portion of his pictures for 750,000 francs (18,500*l.*), and then the Flemish and Dutch pictures for 350,000 francs, about 9000*l.*, something less than half their value. M. Laborde de Mereville, the purchaser of the Italian portion, conveyed his pictures to England, where, being without any resource, he mortgaged them for 40,000*l.* The Dutch and Flemish pictures were brought over later, 1798, by Mr. Slade.

WAR FOOLERY IN FRANCE.

A large but very foolish party in France, of which the contemptible, upstart clerk Thiers may, perhaps, be called the head, is eager for a new war with England. Those who form it hate the present king because he is a friend to peace. A set of stupid schoolboys, and puppy students, are in the habit of shouting, "Down with England," and the reason they give for indulging this sentiment is, forsooth, that "their honour was wounded at Waterloo!" Had they common sense they would see that in a new struggle the chances are they may get another wound not less severe. With all the strong places in all parts of the world in her hands, England is not so helpless as the half-monkey, half-tiger crew who clamour to avenge the humiliation of Wa-

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terloo, and even the disasters at Cressy may ignorantly suppose. These alone, it is stated, in a report made by a committee to the American Congress, two or three years back, are equal to a million of men in arms! What has France at her command that can all to nothing outweigh this? Let the lovers of war learn wisdom from their ambassador, Count St. Aulaire:—

"The pages of history," said his excellency, at a dinner given at the Mansion House, April 18, 1843, "are filled with bloody records of the struggles for superiority between France and England; and what has been the result of all this bloodshed—this idle and unworthy jealousy? Why, just this—that after ages of mutual exasperation, during which protracted period millions of lives have been sacrificed, and millions of money wasted, both parties have risen up from the chance game of war in pretty nearly the same condition as they sat down to it."

In England, happily, the most distinguished men are equally opposed to war. The Duke of Wellington has proved himself the true friend of peace by numerous acts as well as speeches.

Almost the last words of Lord Hill were formed into a prayer against war. News of our successes in the East were brought to him, when, in fervency of soul, he exclaimed, "No more war; horrid war."

If we must resume the sword, deathful and disastrous be the consequences to those who bring such a calamity on the world. Let France remember what she has gained by peace, and be wise; and let those, on either side of the water, who rapturously gloat on the fondly-imagined glories of triumphant war, recollect the picture given of them by Sir Charles Bell:

"There must ever be associated with the honours of Waterloo, to my eye, the most shocking signs of woe; to my ear, accents of entreaty; outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and noisome smells."

THE VILLA SERBELLONI.

In times gone by this estate belonged to the ducal family of Sfondrati, whose escutcheons adorn the walls. The Sfondrati were a family of Cremona, and the name appears in the pages of Italian history. In Charles V's time, a Sfondrati was employed in various negociations by Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan, and was among the most distinguished of the followers of the emperor himself. Unfortunately, in those days, the Italians of Lombardy were patriots no more, for they had no longer a country. Francesco Sfondrati was named by Charles V, governor of Siena, and restored order to that distracted town! so that the Sienese named him father of their country. As Siena had always been a Ghibelline city, it may be supposed that the majority of her citizens looked favourably on the acts of a governor appointed by the German emperor. Sfondrati had married a lady of the illustrious house of Visconti, and was thus connected with the reigning family of Milan. When he lost his wife, he entered the church. He became, first, bishop of Cremona, and afterwards cardinal. The youngest of his sons was also an ecclesiastic, and became pope, under the title of Gregory XIV; he was known as an author of some works of jurisprudence; and, besides, there exists a poem of his, entitled "De Raptu Helenæ Poema heroicum, libro tres," published in Venice, in 1559. Another member of the same family, also a churchman, made himself conspicuous by defending the pretensions of the court of Rome, in answer to the declaration of the French clergy, in 1682; and was, as a reward, made cardinal. Nor is the name Serbelloni much less illustrious. This family was originally Burgundian; and three brothers of the name left France during the anarchy of the reign of Charles VI, when the factions of Burgundy and Orleans, and the English invasion, distracted that unfortunate country. One brother established himself in Spain, another at Naples, the third in Lombardy. One of the descendants, Gabriel Serbelloni, was particularly famous. Had he supported a good cause, he had been a hero. But the Italians had ceased to be a nation, and fought for France or Spain, as circumstances might direct. Gabriel was a knight of Malta, and fought against the Turks, with reputation and success, in Hungary. His military skill and prowess introduced him to the notice of Charles V; and he invited him to enter his serviee. He fought in Germany and Brabant, and acquired a high reputation. The most honourable circumstance attending his career, occurred when Don John of Austria undertook his famous expedition against the Turks. This prince refused to sail till Serbelloni was added to the number of his generals. Everything that was most illustrious in Italy and Spain made a part of this expedition.

The inimical fleets encountered each other near Lepanto. The greater number of the generals, both Spanish and Italian, were for avoiding the conflict, the Turkish fleet having greatly the advantage in numbers. Serbelloni alone supported the opposite opinion. Don John yielded to his arguments; and Serbelloni, by his subsequent bravery, as well as by his counsels, was a chief cause of the victory. It was in this battle that Cervantes fought and lost his hand: it is one of the most famous naval combats in modern history. Ser-

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belloni was rewarded by the vice-royalty of Sicily. He was employed on other occasions of difficulty and peril against the Turks, and was made prisoner at one time, and was exchanged for thirty-six Turkish officers of rank, taken in the battle of Lepanto. He reaped a better glory when named lieutenant by the governor of Milan. The plague broke out in the city, and the governor abandoned his post; Serbelloni remained, and exerted himself, by wise and humane measures, to alleviate the horrors of the time. He was again chosen by Don John to accompany him in his last campaign in Flanders; he was with him when he died, nor did he long survive him. A more recent Serbelloni—probably grandfather of the present representatives of the family—served under the emperor Charles VI, and distinguished himself in the wars of Italy, and more particularly during the seven year's war. He was afterwards appointed governor of Lombardy. I can scarcely explain why I send you these details. These grounds are so attractive—their sight so romantic—the name of the Sfondrati sounded so dignified to our ears, that we have been hunting for information with regard to them and their successors. I send you a portion of the result. Two brothers now remain of the Serbelloni family—one a general, who served during the wars of the French empire; the other, a church dignitary. Both are childless, and the estates will, on their death, be inherited by their sister.—*Mrs. Shelley.*

LIFE OF CONFUCIUS, AND HONOURS RENDERED TO HIS MEMORY.

"Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good."
Pope.

The popularity of the Chinese Exhibition is a remarkable instance of the advancing intelligence of the age. Of the people of the celestial empire, notwithstanding recent events, very little is yet understood. Little is known, in general, of the features of the country, and the physical condition of that wonderful people: who, for a period of three thousand years, have remained comparatively unchanged: while other nations have fallen into a state of complete *decadence.*

"The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New times have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have in the dust been humbled."

While we find that though there have been changes of dynasty, and unions, and separations of provinces in China, yet the country itself, and the people, in the essential parts of their characters, have been one and the same during this very long period. In other countries there is a constant tendency to wearing out, and passing into desert; and other kingdoms and states have had their infancy, their maturity, and their decline. At the present day Spain, Portugal, and Turkey, are, perhaps, the only ones in which decline *is manifest*; such is not the case with China: which, though it may not have made *rapid* advances in arts, science, and civilisation, yet she has not retrograded, but has remained for such a length of time without any material alteration. Indeed, at no period have we a single instance of a western country remaining stationary for centuries, far less for thousands of years, as is the case with China. It would occupy too much space to enter into the cause of this stability, although it would be by no means uninstructive or uninteresting; neither is it my intention to enter into a fresh discussion of the opium question, or to attempt a description of the resources and peculiarities—physical, political, social, and commercial—of the inhabitants of the "celestial empire," who are governed by a monarch who styles himself "Holy Son of Heaven, sole governor of the earth, and great father of the people." There is, however, one remarkable feature in the government of this singular people. Letters are held in higher esteem than arms: and the civil officers, of course, outrank the military. This may be set down to their credit, as it is certainly a mark of social advancement. No man in China inherits office, nor does hereditary rank enjoy much consideration or influence. This fact is fully established in the following anecdote, related by Sir George Staunton, secretary to Lord Macartney's embassy. Among the presents for the emperor was a volume of portraits of the British nobility. That the inspection of them might be more satisfactory to his imperial majesty, a mandarin was employed to mark in Chinese characters, on the margin, the names and rank of the persons represented. When he came to the portrait of an English duke, from one taken in childhood, and was told that the original was a "*ta-jin*," or great man, of very high rank, he had so little conception of a child's being qualified, by hereditary right, to be possessed of such a dignity, that he gave a look of surprise, and, laying down his pen, exclaimed, that he could not venture to describe him in that manner, for the emperor knew very well how to distinguish a great man from a boy.

The proprietor of the Chinese Collection has judiciously added a gilt statue of Confucius, the Solon and the Socrates of China; a few particulars of whom may be worthy of notice to many of those to whom China is a sealed book. Confucius, or Konfoo-tsee, as he is called by his countrymen, descended from one of the first emperors of

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China. He was born 551 years before Christ, and was contemporary with Pythagoras. He was a mandarin of the first class, and the title of duke is hereditary in his family alone throughout the empire; they are also exempt from the payment of all taxes. He was born at Kea-foo, in the province of Shan-tung, on which account it is held in great estimation by the Chinese. The house in which he dwelt is yet to be seen, and many emperors have paid it a respectful visit. He led a most austere life; nothing but the plainest and most easily dressed food was served up at his table; his drink was water, and his bed the earth. He had no other pillow on which to rest his head but his arm; and often declared that he tasted more solid pleasure in that mode of living than the most voluptuous find in gratifying their passions, and in all the pleasures of debauchery. His first study was to become thoroughly skilled in the learning of the ancients. In the thirtieth year of his age he so entirely devoted himself to philosophy, that nothing could divert him from it. With a superior tranquillity of mind, he looked down on all the revolutions of fortune, and smiled at her efforts to make him unhappy. "He had a soul superior to the attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to philosophy." At forty, he looked on himself as certain of whatever he professed to know; he no longer balanced to assert, and all his doubts vanished like a dream. At fifty, he affirmed the absolute necessity of a divine providence, and that in all our actions we should appeal to the pure light of uncorrupted reason. At sixty, his understanding appeared to have acquired its last period of perfection. At seventy, from a long course of virtuous reflections, to do good was as natural to him as to shudder at conceived immorality. In fine, the authority of Confucius was of far greater weight among the Chinese, as a philosopher, than that of Socrates or Plato among the Greeks; a remarkable instance of which is, that amongst other things at this day, worship is offered by the people to the sun and moon, to the ancestors of the reigning family, and to Confucius. He had as many as three thousand disciples; and in most of the cities of China there are magnificent colleges erected in honourable remembrance of him, with these, or similar, inscriptions, in characters of gold:—"To the great, the eminent, the illustrious, king of the learned." His code of laws is excellent—so is his code of morals—they would do honour to any age or nation. He was at once the philosopher and the legislator of China.

C. P. J.

The Gatherer.

Copyright.—A necessary complement of the International Copyright Act of the present session has been introduced to parliament, by goverment,—reducing the duties payable upon such books, prints, and other works of art, published abroad, as shall have previously obtained her majesty's grant of copyright, by order of council, pursuant to the provisions of that act. The order in council, would, of course, be inoperative, so long as the duties were prohabitory; and this short bill was needed, to give life to the privilege which the former might confer. The bill contains a further clause, rendered necessary by the last, referring to countries whose books and prints we are, by treaty, bound to receive on the same term as those of the most favoured nations,—and empowering her majesty, by order in council, to command their admission on the new scale of duties proposed by this bill. The following is the schedule of the reduced duties:—Works in the language or language of the country of export, originally produced therin, or original works of that country in the dead languages, or other works in the dead languages, with original commentaries produced in that country—the cwt., 15s. All other works published in the country of export, if printed prior to the year 1801, the cwt. 20s.; if printed in or since the year 1801, the cwt. 50s. Prints and drawings, plain or coloured, single, each ½d.; ditto, bound or sewed, the dozen 1½d.

Dr. Wolff.—This gentleman, the latest accounts state, "the Ameer of Bokhara detains an envoy belonging to him; held by the Ameer of Meshed, as a hostage for his safety. As yet it does not appear that any steps have been taken to teach this brutal barbarian that British subjects are not to be imprisoned and murdered with impunity.

Deaths of Eminent Men.—Among the eminent men called away in the month that has just closed, we find the name of M. Fauriel, member of the Academy, who died on the 14th, at the age of seventy-three:—and M. Lepere, the architect, on the 18th, aged eighty-two. He accompanied the expedition to Egypt. The same day saw Mr. Hyman Hurwitz, Hebrew professor at the University College, London, and distinguished by his very extensive knowledge of biblical lore, breath his last; and Dr. John Haslam, well known to the public by his practice and writings in connexion with the treatment of mental disease, died on the 20th, in his eighty-first year.

The Telephone.—The chief object of this powerful wind-instrument, invented by Captain John Taylor, is for conveying signals during foggy weather, by

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sounds produced by means of compressed air forced through trumpets, audible at six miles distance. The four notes are played by opening the valves of the recipient, and the intensity of sound is proportioned to compression of the internal air.

Herr Blum—the most prolific German dramatist, has just died at Berlin, at the age of sixty. He was a modern Lope de Vega. His plays amount to the incredible number of 589! including many translations. But this is not all. Herr Blum was also a composer, his vocal and instrumental works of that description amount to 162, including some comic operas; and his sprightly part songs are sure to be heard, whenever a party of young Leidertafal singers meet together. Besides he executed many of the scenic decorations for the Berlin theatres; was first comic actor at the National Theatre of that city, from 1820 to 1831, and has been its chief manager since 1839.

Doctors die before their Patients.—Casper, of Berlin, published in 1834 a tabular statement of his observations on the sanatory tendency of various occupations. Of 100 theologians, there attained the age of 70 and upwards, 42; agriculturists and foresters, 40; superintendants, 35; commercial and industrious men, 35; military men, 32; subalterns, 32; advocates, 29; artists, 28; teachers, professors, 27; physicians, 24.

Mortality among Children.—One-fifth of the whole of the children born in England and Wales, die in the first year. (A Belgian table represents no less than a tenth of the entire mortality as taking place in the *first month of life.*) The disproportion between the deaths of males and females, appears to be greatest under the fourth year; a fact which confirms the common remarks as to its being more difficult to rear boys than girls.

Theatrical Plate Voting.

Blest times for theatres are these,
When every one, or small; or great,
Must vote, some silversmith to please,
The manager a piece of plate.

But many a sad subscribing sneak,
Could tell, for such a "much ado,"
Without plate he for half a week,
Was forced to go, and *dinner too.*

What could they do? all "on the hip,"
Were had when Toady first harangued,
And forced with favouring smiles to tip,
Though in their hearts they wished him hanged.

Outlandish dance, or foreign song,
Or English "aye from top to toe,"
The manager, go what may wrong,
Of course must have his "*Quid pro Quo.*"

A STAGE UNDERLING.

The Law of Nature.—There is a law above all the enactments of human code—the same throughout the world—the same in all times; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes—such is it at this day: is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loath rapine, and hate blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretentions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for by one shameful compact you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates.—*Lord Brougham.*

Fine Arts.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert has, we understand, purchased for 20,000 francs (about 800*l.*) Scheffer's picture, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, which arrived recently in this country. It represents Mignon, listening to the old harper, with whom her fate was so mysteriously mixed up.

Nineveh.—The discoveries of M. Botta among the ruins of ancient Nineveh, have excited considerable attention. A letter dated Mosul, June 9, says—"The works are going on actively at Khosabad (the modern village, built on the site of the old capital), and the sculptures continue to present the same characteristic trait—everything warlike, and nothing appertaining to religion. We cannot yet form any idea of the plan of these building, although we have laid bare two halls, 108 feet in length, and a number of smaller rooms. Khorsabad is built over one corner of an immense quadrangular enclosure, formed of walls built of bricks, bearing inscriptions, with towers at regular distances. The whole military and civil life of the Assyrians could be made out from the buildings and inscriptions which remain here. We have hiteirto not experienced any opposition from the authorities though they, in their ignorance, imagine that to find treasure must be our object. We have a quantity of objects to send home, as soon as our ambassador at Constantinople furnishes us with means of transport by the Tigris."

CORRESPONDENTS.

Notwithstanding the supplement which we give this week we are sorry to find that want of space obliges us to postpone the insertion of several talented contributions. Captain Drury's poem of the "Elephanta Cave," will appear in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 8.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

THE OLD HOUSE IN CHICK LANE.

Dear to the readers of "the Newgate Calendar" must be the name of Chick Lane. There, in numerous instances, the desperate housebreaker and the bold highwayman met their companions to plan their predatory attacks, and there, the deed done, they hied, in supposed security, to enjoy the proceeds, or fled to seek concealment from the pursuing officers of justice.

Public attention has been called for the last few weeks to an old house, pulled down to make way for the new thoroughfare which is to extend from Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell. Of this many stories have been told, some of them are sufficiently awful, but as all the collectors of intelligence are not "nice to a shade" about what they relate, it was natural to conclude, in a case like this, that they would draw rather a long bow. It, however, does not appear that they have greatly exceeded what may be received as the truth.

In former times, the house in question

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was the Red Lion. It has been said it was the residence of Jonathan Wild, but this is but matter of conjecture. That he frequently went there to attend to his live stock, to exhort the thieves of his connection to diligence in their vocation, and, as the sessions came round, to "look about him for a decent execution," is more than probable.

Within the last week two skeletons have been found among the ruins. They are supposed to be the remains of unfortunates who had been decoyed to the Red Lion, and having first been plundered of their property, put to death that they might not be the means of bringing the banditti into whose hands they had fallen, to justice.

Not always was the spot such as it has been for the last two centuries—the abode of crime and misery. A publication of the day tells us that it was an aristocratic part of the metropolis. It goes on to say:

"The dilapidated building in the rear, now used as penny lodgings, formed part of a respectable homestead called Chalk Farm, and adjoining were long ranges of stabling, where the fleetest coursers were kept in constant readiness for instant pursuit when booty was to be had, or speedy flight and almost certain escape when danger rendered it necessary. Subsequently the most notorious footpads, burglars, and receivers of stolen goods have made it their hiding place and depository, among whom Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and Jerry Abershaw stand conspicuous in the annals of crime. Its situation alongside the Fleet-ditch, whose rapid current carried off everything thrown in it to the Thames, admirably adapted it for these purposes; its various means of escape, its dark closets, trap-doors, sliding pannels, secret recesses, and intricate passages, rendering it one of the most secure places for concealment, as well as robbery and murder. The discovery of a human skull and some bones in the dismal vaults underneath, and part of the handle of a butcher's steel, who was executed in the latter part of the last century for murder, and the almost recent fact of the sailor who was robbed and thrown into the Fleet-ditch, sufficiently prove that its inmates did not scruple to attain their ends by violence if necessary."

Part of a butcher's steel has been found, the handle marked, "Benj. Turle, July 19, 1787." It is represented to have belonged to a butcher, a man of bad character, who about that period, or somewhat later, suffered the last penalty of the law."

One room, which was used as a chandler's shop by way of blind, and was provided with a trap-door, through which both thief and booty could immediately be lowered to a cellar beneath, and might thence pass by a plank over Fleet-ditch, and gain a refuge in some of the allies inhabited by other "family people," as they are termed, who communicate with Cow-cross.

It is confidently affirmed that many victims have been thrown from this house into the running stream close to it, which was thus made to bear more than the

"Large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,"

for which Pope gives Fleet-ditch credit. A sailor was thrown naked out of a window by a disorderly female. He fell into the water, and was found dead near Blackfriars Bridge. One room was set apart for coining, and provided with all the requisite apparatus; and another was kept as a warehouse for stolen goods, in which was a shoot, or spout, through which property could be expeditiously conveyed to the cellar, and there, by the connivance of the police, perhaps, safely concealed. Jones, the sweep, who escaped from Newgate, some years ago, for some time here successfully eluded pursuit.

The change which a few months will effect in transforming this from one of the meanest to one of the handsomest parts of London, will be not a little striking, but nothing can be more so, than that which has already been witnessed here. From this spot the Priory of Clerkenwell was seen, and the church; and, in a popular tale, by a modern writer, one of the characters describing the scene, such as it existed four centuries ago, thus delivers himself:

"Those tall elms mark the spot where the 'Skinners' Well is found, where that craft do repair to enact, at times, mysteries of their own, after the manner of the parish clerks. How noble looketh that vast square tower of Paul's, which seemeth lord over all the neighbouring churches, whose tops are now seen. How gay is this hill which we stand upon, and what a beauteous verdure decketh, late as is the season, that which holds the priory on its summit! Then, further south, mark you another noble building? That is the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and leading from it citywards, behold the mills which belong to the fraternity, and which are worked by means of that brook which windeth along in the valley. Turn-mill Brook it is called, and you may almost see it join the river of Wells, while the Oldbourne is hastening from the west to meet and unite with it. Then, near the place of their junction, ye must observe a mighty edifice, adorned with much workmanship and cunning. It standeth hard by Old-bourne, and is the palace of the Bishop of Ely. It was thus handsomely set forth by Bishop Arundel when he did fill the see. Looking at so costly a pile, and its spacious gardens, and

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at the other objects to which I have turned your eyes, and contemplating these shady retreats, while ye survey at so small distance the whole extent of London, say, have ye often seen an eminence commanding in its prospects so much of the gallant magnificence of art, and possessing in itself so largely the marvellous beauties of nature, as this same right famous Saffron-hill!"

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION.

Talk as you will, venerable sir, you will never convince me that you of the eighteenth century were not a superstitious and credulous race. To what other cause is to be ascribed the success of the mischievous tricks of the Cock-Lane ghost, or the more deeply-laid and infamous plot of the South Sea Bubble? Our grandsires were still more credulous than us moderns—than us even, dupes of artful speculators though we have been made, and they were more superstitious than us, the contemporaries of Johanna Southcot!

The most absurd, and yet (I had almost said, *consequently*) the most general species of superstition, was the popular belief in witchcraft. If a man died or a cow fell sick, if the harvest were light or the weather cold, man, cow, harvest, weather and all, were declared to be bewitched; and if, by any misfortune, an old crone could be found hobbling about the neighbourhood, she was at once reputed to be the witch. And there was never wanting evidence of her being an adept in the black art; one had seen her tête-à-tête with the devil himself, another detected her drawing magical circles on the ceiling, a third produced sundry mysterious characters which he had discovered in her cottage; (and, be it known, in those days and in the absence of the schoolmaster, *all* characters, with the English alphabet itself, were hieroglyphical to the greater portion of the lower classes) —a fourth detected something peculiarly malicious and sinister in the face of the old lady's cat, and that hapless animal was forthwith denounced as the "familiar spirit" which assisted her machinations. In short, everything, to her very chairs and tables, was made to furnish "proof conclusive" of her evil practices, and the unhappy beldam was condemned as a witch, and sentenced to the usual ordeal, "swimming or sinking." Accordingly, on the day of trial, a motley crowd of peasantry assembled round the nearest pond, and the old woman, bound hand and foot, and enveloped in a sheet, was dragged to the spot, and plunged into the water.* Here she had the choice of two deaths—if she sank, she would most likely be drowned; if she swam, she was decidedly a witch, and was either held under water, or despatched in some other way. The journals of the time frequently relate one of these occurrences, usually terminating in the death of the victim—sometimes immediately by violence, sometimes ultimately through cold or alarm —but whether the cows of the neighbourhood ceased to fall sick, or men to die, after the old woman's murder, does not appear.

Awful days were those of the eighteenth century, with goblins, ghosts, witches and wizards—for our worthy ancestors, not content with enchantresses, would fain have male witches or wizards into the bargain, and treated them with equal severity too. Then there were conjurors and fortune-tellers to curious ladies, who, for a shilling, would show you a *handsome* husband in the grounds of a tea-cup; for half-a-crown would introduce you a *rich* husband; and for a five-shilling piece, ensure you both a rich and handsome husband! Favored old ladies they were though, to be thus honored with a glance into the Book of Fate—to have revealed to them, in the formation of the fire or the bottom of a cup; and whenever they chose to chaunt a song or touch a pack of cards, the fortunes and misfortunes of those who consulted them, and to be enabled to decide who was to be the happy possessor of a prize in the lottery or a handsome husband!

Here is the handbill issued by a London professor of the Black Art in 1777.

"Mrs. Edwards, who in Hungary, Russia, China, and Tartary, has studied the abstruse and occult sciences, under the most learned sages, augurs, astronomists, and soothsayers, is returned to England, after many years of studious application, and most humbly dedicates her knowledge in prescience to the ladies, being fully acquainted with the mysteries and secrets of the profession, and amply provided with the requisite art and skill to answer all admissible questions in astrology. N. B.—She may be consulted from ten in the morning to nine at night, at No. 22 (a pastrycook's), opposite Bow Street, in Great Russell Street, Covent-Garden."

What think you of this, ye wandering gipsies and vagrant fortune-tellers of the present day?—what think ye of the times when one of your "profession" (mark the term!) could afford to travel over the globe in the pursuit of mystical knowledge, to issue handbills to make known her fame,

* [Our correspondent, we think, rather too freely in this case, gives the eighteenth century credit for the practice common towards the close of the seventeenth.—Ed.]

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and to occupy the first floor of a pastry-cook's in Covent Garden. But this was no rarity in those days, for, not many years before, a male fortune-teller located himself in the Old Bailey, and whilst he was in the zenith of his fame, it is reported that the thoroughfare was frequently rendered impassable by the number of carriages waiting at his door, which had conveyed the nobility and gentry to have their fortunes told!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—BODY STEALING.

"One half of the world," says the philosopher, "lives upon the other half;" and not only does this maxim apply to the quick, but, in the last century, it extended even to the dead; and man, not content with preying upon man whilst living, made his very corpse an article of merchandise and profit. The grave was scarce closed, and the mould thrown upon the coffin, ere the hands of the despoiler tore it from its resting place, and the body of the deceased, tossed into a coach, was conveyed to the dissecting room of an hospital or the study of a surgeon.

These "resurrectionists," or "body snatchers" (for they enjoyed both appellations,) vigilantly watched for every funeral; they marked the exact spot where the corpse was interred, and when midnight darkness favored their designs, the grave was stealthily opened and robbed of its tenant. Occasionally in their search, the ruffians were rewarded, beyond the pay which they received from the surgeons who employed them, by finding a gold ring or some other trinket which had been inadvertently left upon the body; and the hope of meeting with such a prize, frequently stimulated others who were not regularly employed, to follow the same disgusting practices.

From a statement published in the year 1777, it appears that, during the winter months, from fifty to a hundred bodies were weekly disenterred and sold to medical lecturers and their pupils. It is also stated that there was a "contractor general" in London, who kept a great number of body stealers in his service, and who furnished the surgeons with a constant supply of "subjects." It will appear almost incredible that such daring offences could have been committed in the neighbourhood of London, but the pay was so considerable, the punishment, where detection ensued, so inadequate, and the police so inefficient, that they were suffered with impunity, the bodies being carried openly through the most public thoroughfares. Sedan chairs and hackney coaches were frequently used in the transmission of the remains, and, although in nine cases out of ten, the watchmen were aware of the contents of these vehicles, they seldom interfered, and allowed the "watchers" to deliver their illegal spoils at the very surgeries of their employers, without caring to molest them.

These practices, it is proper to state, did not end with the eighteenth century. They were continued till a very recent date, and perhaps have not yet wholly ceased. To such a pitch was the practice carried on, that not only did dead bodies become articles of commerce, and as such were regularly imported from foreign countries, but, worse than that, wretches were found, both in Scotland and in England, who actually murdered unhappy beings for the purpose of selling their remains to the surgeons.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART I.—THE THUGS, OR STRANGLERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE RUINS OF TCHANDI.

(Continued.)

The person stretched upon the floor was about thirty years of age; his dark copper colour, his large white robe, and his small turban striped with brown and yellow, foretold that he belonged to the pure Hindoo race. His sleep seemed disturbed by some fearful dream; a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead; he spoke in his sleep, and each sentence was accompanied by convulsive movements.

"Still that dream," said Faranghea to the negro; "he is still dreaming about that man."

"What man!"

"Do you not remember, about five years ago, that the ferocious Colonel Kennedy, the scourge of the Indians, came with twenty horses, four elephants, and fifty servants, to hunt the tiger."

"Yes, yes," said the negro, "and we three made a better day's work than he did. Kennedy, with his horses, elephants, and numerous servants, did not kill the tiger, while we did ours. Yes," he added with irony, "the tiger of the human race fell into our ambuscade, and the brethren of the *good work* offered up, as a sacrifice, this excellent prey, to the goddess Bohwanie.

"You remember," said Faranghea, "that the moment we were drawing the cord round the neck of Kennedy, the traveller appeared by our side. He saw what we had done, and of course we had to do away with him. Since that time," added Faranghea, looking at the man on the floor, "he has always been restless in his sleep

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Listen; he is repeating the words of the traveller, when we offered to spare him if he would join us in the good cause."

The Indian pronounced aloud a mysterious conversation which had transpired between him and the traveller.

" 'Wherefore that black mark on your forehead? is it a fatal mark? Your looks are sad and mournful. Have you been persecuted? Join us—Bohwanie will revenge your wrongs. Have you suffered much?'

" 'Yes, and for a long time.'

" 'Do you wish to return blow for blow?'

" 'I wish to return love for hatred.'

" 'Who are you, who return good for evil?'

" 'I am he who loves, who suffers, and who pardons.'"

" Brother," said the negro to Faranghea, " he has not forgotten the words that the traveller spoke before his death. Listen, he continues; how pale he is!

" 'Traveller, there are three of us; we are courageous, and carry death in our hands. You saw us offering up a sacrifice to the *good work*: Be one of us, or die. Die, die! What a look. Not thus; do not look at me thus!' "

In saying these last words, the Indian, as if to shun some dreadful object, drew back, and awoke, his forehead bathed in cold perspiration.

" Brother," said Faranghea, " still that dream of yours. For a hardy hunter of men, your head is somewhat weak; happily, however, your heart and hand are powerful."

The Indian remained a moment silent; then pressing his forehead with his hand, he said,

" For a long time I have not dreamt about this mysterious traveller."

" The man is dead," said Faranghea, shrugging his shoulders. " You yourself fastened the cord round his neck. Did we not bury him, with Colonel Kennedy, among the sand and rushes?"

" Yes, we did so," said the Indian, shuddering, nevertheless. " A year ago, when I was waiting, one evening, near Bombay, for one of our brethren, I heard a calm, slow step. It was he, who had just left the city."

" A vision," said the negro.

" Or a striking likeness," added Faranghea.

" I knew him by his black eye-brows; I knew him, and remained horrified. He stopped, and fixed his calm, sad look upon me. I involuntarily exclaimed, 'It is he.' 'It is I,' added he, with a soft voice, 'for all you murder, are, like me, born again;' and he pointed up to heaven. 'Why do you commit murder? Listen. I come from Java, and am going to the other extremity of the globe, in a country of eternal snow. Here or there, on a warm or frozen soil, I am thesame. So the souls of your victims, whether in this world or above, still exists; you cannot extinguish them. Wherefore, then, do you kill?' and drawing his head away sadly, he walked on. I gazed after him, but could not move a step; as the sun was setting, he reached the summit of the hill, then disappeared. It was he; yes! yes!"

After a few moments' silence, Faranghea said,

" That is possible; perhaps the knot was not tied properly round the traveller's neck, perhaps a breath of life remained, and the wind which penetrated the rushes was the means of bringing him again to life."

" No, no," said the Indian, shaking his head; " he is not one of us."

" Explain yourself."

Listen," said the Indian, solemnly, " The number of victims that the sons of Bohwanie has offered up for ages, is nothing when compared with the immense number of dead and dying that the mysterious traveller leaves behind him in his homicidal walk."

" His walk!" cried Faranghea and the black.

" Yes," said the Indian; " when I met this traveller at the gates of Bombay, he had come from Java, and was going to the north. Next day, Bombay was ravaged by the cholera, and sometime afterwards, we learnt that that fatal scourge had broken out at Java."

" It is true," said the negro.

" 'I am going to the north—a country of eternal snow,' said the traveller.

" The cholera broke out at Muscat, Ispahan, Tauris, Tifflis, and at last reached Siberia."

" That is true," said Faringhea, becoming pensive.

" The cholera," continued the Indian, " proceeded only five or six leagues per day, which is about a day's march. It never appeared in two places at once, but it advanced slowly and steadily."

At this strange coincidence, the two companions of the Indian looked at each other in astonishment, and exclaimed,

" Do you think that man—"

" I think," interrupted the Indian, " that he has been restored to life by some infernal divinity, and has been commissioned to spread that dreadful disease over the earth, and to leave behind his steps the horrors of death!"

Faranghea and the negro remained lost in wonder. The Indian spoke the truth; that dreadful scourge progressed only about five or six leagues a day, and never broke out simultaneously in two places. He picked out provinces in a country, villages

in provinces, quarters in villages, streets in quarters, and houses in streets. It had even its resting-places; then continued its slow, mysterious, and terrible march.

The moon still continued to cast her silvery light upon the imposing ruins; the stars twinkled in the heavens; and from time to time, a gentle breeze rustled the thick foliage of the bananier and palm-trees.

The pedestal of the gigantic statue moved round, and a man in uniform thrust his body out, looked round him, then listened attentively. Seeing the light, which escaped from the crevices in the door of the hut, he made a sign, and he, with several other soldiers, ascended the steps of the subterranean vault, and stole stealthily amongst the ruins.

CHAPTER VI.—THE AMBUSCADE.

Faranghea, wishing to dispel the sad thoughts to which the words of the Indian had given rise, suddenly changed the conversation. His eyes sparkled, his countenance assumed an expression of savage joy, and he cried:—

"Bohwanie will always watch over us—intrepid and courageous hunters of men. Courage, courage, brethren. The world is large, our prey is every where. The English force us to leave India; us, three chiefs of the *good work*. What does it matter! —We leave our followers there, who are as numerous and as terrible as the black scorpions whose appearances are marked with death. Exile enlarges our dominions. Brother," he said, looking at the Indian, "America is for you; Africa for you," he added, looking at the negro; "and for me Europe. Wherever there are men, there also will be found persecution, and where persecution exists, hearts will be found swollen up with hatred. It is our duty, then, to inflame that hatred, and excite vengeance and revenge. It is for us, by means of wiles and seduction, to enlist people; to cause all those whose zeal and courage can be useful, as servants to Bohwanie, to join us. All those who refuse to do so, are our enemies; and let us deal with them as such. For us, there is neither family nor country; our family is our brethren, our country the world."

This savage eloquence had a powerful effect upon the negro and the Indian.

"Yes, you are right, brother," cried the Indian. "Let us share the exultation of Faranghea. The world is our country, and here, even at Java, let us leave traces behind us. Before our departure, let us establish *the good work* in this island. It will prosper here, for misery is great in this place. The Dutch are as rapacious as the English. In the marshes of this island, which prove fatal to those who labour in them, there are men whom necessity has compelled to toil in those unwholesome places, who are daily dying from fatigue and hunger. Brethren, *the good work* will flourish in this country."

"The other evening," said Faranghea, "as I was standing on the banks of the lake, a young woman, whose scanty clothing exposed her emaciated form and sunburnt skin, appeared, carrying a child in her arms; she pressed it to her bosom; kissed it three times, and after saying, 'Thou, at least, shalt not be wretched, like thy father,' she threw it into the stream. Brethren, in this place, mothers in pity kill their children. The *good work* is sure to flourish here."

"Yes, here, and in every other country where there are oppression, misery, corruption, and slavery."

"Could we but count Djalma as one of ours, this voyage to Java would be a profitable one. He has many reasons for hating mankind. When he comes, we will remind him of the death of his father, the loss of his property, and the massacre of all his followers."

"Do you think the Malay has succeeded in surprising Djalma in his sleep?"

"There are few braver or more active than the Malay," said Faranghea. "Mahal, the smuggler, told me that the Malay had the courage to confront a black panther when suckling its young one; that he killed the mother, and took away its offspring, which he gave to the smuggler, who afterwards sold it to the captain of an European vessel."

"The Malay has succeeded" cried the Indian on hearing a singular screech, like that of the vulture when carrying off its prey.

A moment afterwards he appeared at the hut.

"Well," asked the negro, "have you succeeded?"

"Djalma," replied the Malay, with pride, "shall bear all his life the sign of the *good work*."

"And Djalma did not awake?" demanded the Indian, in astonishment.

"If he had," replied the Malay, calmly, "I would have been a dead man; for I was not to take his life."

"Because," said Faranghea, "his life may be useful to us.—Brother, you risked your life to-day; what we did yesterday; what we shall do to-morrow. To-day, you obeyed, to-morrow, you shall command."

"We all belong to Bohwanie," said the Malay. "Is there anything to do—I am ready." Then casting his eyes towards the door, he started, exclaiming, in a low voice, "Djalma is coming."

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"He must not see me yet," said Faranghea, rising, and retiring to a dark corner of the hut. "Try to convince him; if he refuses, I have my plans."

At the sight of the three men, Djalma, at first, drew back in surprise, but not being aware that they belonged to the sect of Phansegars, and knowing that in this country, where there are no inns, travellers often pass the night in tents, or amongst ruins, he approached them, and said to the Indian, "I expected to meet an European here—a Frenchman."

"He has not come yet," replied the Indian, "but he will not be long."

"You know him," demanded Djalma, in surprise.

"He was to meet us here."

"What to do?" demanded Djalma, becoming more and more astonished."

"You will know when he arrives."

"Was it General Simon who appointed to meet you in this place?"

"It was."

"And who are you?"

"Who are we," said the Indian, "we are thine; if you will be with us."

"I do not require you—nor you me."

"You deceive yourself. The English killed your father, who was a king; they imprisoned you, and robbed you of your rights; your father was just, brave, and loved by his subjects. Would you leave his death unavenged—does the hatred which rankles at your heart not excite you to vengeance?"

"My father fell, sword in hand, and I revenged his death on the English whom I killed during the war. When they gave me my liberty I swore I would never return to India, and I shall keep my oath."

"Those who deprived you of all, those who made you captive, who killed your father, were men. They are to be found everywhere—on them revenge yourself."

"These men are innocent of the wrongs done me."

"They are men—accomplices—let your hatred, then, fall upon them."

"Your words are strange and obscure; I have no hatred. If I have an enemy who is worthy of my anger, I fight him; if he is unworthy of it, I despise him: therefore I neither hate the brave nor the cowardly."

"Treason!" cried the negro, pointing to the door of the hut.

At that word, Faranghea rushed from his hiding-place, drew his poniard, bounded like a tiger out of the hut, and seeing a file of soldiers advancing with precaution, he stabbed one, upset two others, and disappeared amongst the ruins, pursued by several soldiers.

The negro, the Malay, and the Indian, deeming resistance fruitless, exchanged a few words, then held out their arms to the soldiers, who immediately bound them with cords, which they had brought on purpose.

The captain, who was a Dutchman, entered the caban, and pointing to Djalma, said,

"This one, too."

Djalma was lost in surprise, and scarcely knew what was going on, but on seeing the sergeant and two officers advance with cords in their hands to bind him, he pushed them back with violence, causing them to reel towards the door.

"Why would you bind me, as you do these men?" Djalma said, addressing the officer.

"Why bind you, wretch?" said the officer; "because you belong to a band of murderers! And you," he added, turning to the soldiers, "are you afraid of him?"

"You are mistaken," said Djalma, with calmness. "I have only been here a quarter of an hour; I do not know these men; I expected to meet a Frenchman here."

"You are not a Phansegar like them."

"Like them," Djalma said. "Do they belong to that horrible band of murderers; and do you accuse me of being one of the party. I am calm," he added with a disdainful smile.

"Then everything will be known by and bye; and if you are innocent you will be liberated. I find you with them, which justifies me in taking you. I admit that there is a great difference between you; but I must be strict. One of my soldiers is killed and another wounded. Allow yourself to be bound; resistance is of no avail."

"I tell you," said Djalma, "that I have the greatest horror for these murderers—that I came—"

"The sons," interrupted the negro with savage joy, who was irritated at the remarks of Djalma, "the sons of the *good work* carry signs on their flesh. Our hour is come, and we submit. Look at our arms, then look at that of the young man—"

"You will see that he is one of us; that Bohwanie's name is on his left arm," said the Malay.

"If you have not that mark" said the officer, your innocence will almost be admitted."

Djalma with disdain drew up the sleeve of his robe, and exposed his naked arm.

"What effrontery," said the officer; then he added, after he had examined the arms of the Phansegars, "Miserable wretch, you deserve less pity than your companions. Bind him as a vile assassin—treat him as a base, cowardly wretch."

Djalma, stupified, his eyes fixed upon the fatal mark, could not utter a word, nor did he make the least resistance.

The officer, finding the soldiers had not

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succeeded in apprehending Faranghea, returned to Batavia with his prisoners.

A few hours after these events, Josué Van Dael finished his long memorandum, addressed to M. Rodin.

"Three murderers have been delivered up to justice, and Djalma has been arrested. I have already convinced the governor of his innocence, but he will be obliged to remain a month in prison, therefore, he cannot go by the Ruyter, and it will be impossible for him to be in France by the 13th of February.

"You see that I have executed all your orders; that I have made use of the means placed in my power, and I only trust that the *end* will justify all, for you told me that this was an affair of great moment.

"With you I have been, what we ought always to be, a passive instrument in the hands of our superiors. May obedience and courage, secrecy and patience, union and devotedness, exist among all of us who know each other in the midst of other men; who have for our country — the world; for our family—our brethren! for our queen —Rome. "J. V."

About ten in the morning, Mahal, the smuggler, set out with this despatch, to go on board the Ruyter. An hour afterwards, near the place where he had left his bark, and where he had to go before getting on board the Ruyter, he was strangled, and his body was concealed among the bulrushes.

Sometime after the departure of the Ruyter, the body of the smuggler was discovered, and M. Josué caused a search to be made for the documents which he had given him. Nothing was found, not even the letter that he had received to give to the captain to secure his passage.

Active measures were then taken to apprehend Faranghea, but the dangerous chief of the Phansegars was never afterwards seen in the island of Java.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSECUTION, OR THE STORY OF COUNT RABY.

(*Continued from page* 120.)

Here the unfortunate count painfully expiated the daring attempts he had made to arrest the progress of fraud. The misery he experienced it is not easy to paint. From the number of unhappy creatures being confined within a space so circumscribed, the heat and stench became intolerable; he soon found himself swarming with hateful vermin; and the disgusting scene constantly before his eyes, where twenty ill-fed and unclean wretches, were shut up in the same room, and denied all the ordinary conveniences of civilised life, almost turned his brain. His health declined, his sight grew dim, his head became giddy; he breathed with difficulty, and he could hardly stand. To this succeeded on the third day a violent vomitting of blood; yet still no attempt was made to afford him relief. In this dreadful condition the unfortunate nobleman remained eleven days, during which period he had no sustenance but bread and water. New afflictions, were, however, to be added, and he was now inhumanely loaded with irons. A change was then made in his treatment, but it could hardly be said to be for the better. He was placed in a narrow damp dungeon, inaccessible to every ray of light.

He now began to resign himself to dispair; denied the means of communicating with the emperor, he had no prospect before him, but that of being left where he was to end his melancholy career, unpitied and unknown: it was ordered otherwise. Through the intimation of the baron Orezy, he was removed to a better prison—to that in which the nobility had usually been confined.

This was certainly an amelioration of his condition; but this same malevolent spirit which had persecuted him so long, continued to pursue, and manifested itself in petty annoyances, which were most acutely felt. A bird had been sent to him by a friend to afford him some amusement in his lonely hours, to which he became attached. One day having been summoned to attend a court of inquiry, on his return he found his little feathered friend hanging dead on the grate of his dungeon. Another was sent to him, which was also killed. He then contrived to tame a mouse, which came at his call, and amused him with its playfulness. This was deemed too high a gratification to be allowed to one who had so awfully offended, and the little animal was poisoned. In addition to this, count Malayath, the president of the court of inquiry, to gratify his persecutors, subjected him to numerous insidious and annoying interrogatories.

At length, completely wearied out by such proceedings, he declared to the president, that, seeing there was not the least hope of obtaining justice at the hands of his self-created judges, he committed his cause to the supreme judge of the world, being resolved to abstain from all further denunciations to the emperor, and protested that he had not accepted from any selfish view, the commission with which he had been charged by his sovereign, but in executing his command had sacrificed a great part of his fortune. This declaration was, however, of no use to him, his fetters being exchanged for heavier ones, and his treatment rendered still more intolerable. In this desponding situation he heard that the

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emperor had arrived at the encampment near Pesth, within a small distance of the place of his captivity, and he contrived to send off two petitions, but received no answer. His clients now presented a memorial on his behalf to the monarch, signed by more than a hundred respectable inhabitants, praying that he would vouchsafe to order the prisoner to be set at liberty, and pledging their lives and fortunes for his innocence. Closely as he was guarded, he was nevertheless informed of all that was passing by some servants of the court, who were partly prompted by humanity, and partly gained over by large bribes to assist him They provided him with writing materials, took his letters to the post-office, and brought him receipts for their delivery, receiving for each letter fifty ducats. The gaoler's servants being suspected of having assisted him, were severely flogged, and put in heavy irons. Several of them were shockingly maltreated. The emperor, who had been made to believe that count de Raby had been long ago liberated, was highly surprised when he learned that none of his commands had been regarded. He ordered count Ziezky to appear before him, reprimanding him severely for having repeatedly deceived him, commanded him, on pain of being cashiered, to liberate count de Raby without further delay; and an order was now issued for his discharge, but to no effect. Some unknown persons were bribed to persuade him to make his escape, offering him their aid, but he gave their anonymous notes to the keeper of the prison. His judges, being determined not to admit their being in the wrong, could not resolve to liberate him in a legal way. They, besides, apprehended that, if he should recover his liberty in the regular form, some serious consequences to themselves might result from it. More irons were put upon him, and his allowance, which had been ten kreuzers (six and a half drs.) a day, was at first reduced to seven, and at last to four kreuzers (one and a quarter drachm.) Count Malayath repeated his captious interrogatories, and the prisoner was frequently kept standing, heavily chained, till one o'clock in the morning. All attempts to ensnare him having proved abortive, he expected every hour that he should be discharged, but was ordered again for examination. Being very ill from a violent vomitting of blood, and nearly deprived of the power of motion, from want of exercise, whilst the weather was excessively cold, he begged to be excused attending the court, and obtained leave to have his cell warmed three times a day. The order issued for that purpose, was, however, executed so over zealously, that the stove of his cell was cracked in several places, and the suffocating heat greatly aggravated his misery. Nevertheless he gradually recovered. One night, being fast asleep, he was suddenly roused by the appearance of twenty-four fellows in Turkish garments, having their faces covered with black crape, and being armed with muskets, pistols, and long knives. They pretended to have been sent by the community of St. André and the emperor to deliver him from captivity, threatening him with instant death if he refused to follow them. Upon his declining to avail himself of their assistance, they dragged him from his couch, knocked off his fetters, and carried him, unopposed by the numerous guards that were in the prison yard, to the bank of the Danube, where a vessel was in waiting to receive him and his pretended liberators. Having rowed their boat across the river, they placed him in a carriage with three of his conductors. He soon perceived that he was on the road to Vienna. Ill, and thinly clad as he was, the piercing air of a cold December night, made him apprehend that he should die on the road.

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BOLINGBROKE.

Arms.—Ar., on a chief gu., two mullets, or.
Crest.—A mount ppr., thereupon a falcon rising, belled or., ducally gorged, gu.
Supporters.—Two eagles, wings endorsed, or., ducally crowned, gu., each charged on the breast with a pair of horse hemes tied at the top and bottom, ppr., within which is per pale ar., and of the second.
Motto.—"*Nec quærere, nec spernere honorem.*"—"Neither seek nor disdain honours."

This family, springing in the male line from the Ports, lords of Basing, in the county of Southampton, at the Conquest, comes through the female line from William de St. John (the name was taken from the territory of St. John, near Rouen), who came into England with the Conqueror as grand master of the artillery, and supervisor of the wagons and carriages; whence the horses' hemes, or collar, was borne for his cognizance. He married Oliva, daughter of Ralph de Filgiers, of

Normandy, and had by her, Thomas, who died without issue, and John de St. John, who inherited, on the demise of his brother, all the lands in England, and principally the lordship of Stanton, in the county of Oxon (for distinction from other towns of the same name, called Stanton St. John). This John was a person of great eminence in the reign of William Rufus, being one of the twelve knights that accompanied Robert Fitz-Hamor, earl of Gloucester, in an expedition against the Welch; and received in reward for his great services and prowess contributing to many victories, the castle of Faumont, in the county of Glamorgan. He had issue a daughter, Avoris, who was married to Sir Bernard de St. Valery; and two sons, Roger, of whom presently, and Thomas, lord of Stanton St. John (living 13 Hen. 2), whose son Roger was assessed £133 6*s.* 8*d.* for trespassing in the king's forests (22 Hen. 2). The grandson of this Roger, John St. John, was killed at the battle of Evesham (43 Edw. 3). He was in the holy wars with Richard I, who, at the siege of Acon, in Palestine, adopted the device of tying a leathern thong, or garter, round the left leg of a certain number of knights (one of whom was this John St. John), that they might be impelled to higher deeds of valour. This is supposed by some to have given the idea of the Garter. The elder son, Roger de St. John, married Cicely, daughter and heiress of Robert de Hays, lord of the manor of Halnac, in the county of Suffolk, a kinsman of Henry I, and had, with two sons, a daughter, Murial, who married Reginald de Aurea Valle, or Oroyle, and had a daughter, Mabil Oroyle, who married Adam de Port, a powerful feudal baron, having the head of his barony at Basing, in the county of Southampton; and had a son and heir, who, assuming the surname of his maternal ancestors, became William de St. John, lord of Basing, in which lordship, and his other territorial possessions, he was suceeeded by his son, Robert de St. John, lord of Basing, who (in the 42d of Henry III) had summons to be at Chester on Monday next after the feast of St. John the Baptist, well accoutred with horse and arms, to oppose the invasions of the Welch. From John, the eldest son of this feudal lord, by Agnes, daughter of William de Cantelupe, descended the lords of St. John of Basing, represented by the marquis of Winchester; and from the second, William de St. John, of the castle of Faumont, in the county of Glamorgan, sprang Sir Oliver St. John, who acquired the lordship of Bletshae, in the reign of Henry IV, with his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Beauchamp, and sister and sole heiress of John, lord Beauchamp, of Bletshae, in the county of Northampton, by which marriage Lydiard Tregoze came also into the family of St. John. Sir Oliver St. John died 1437, and his widow married, secondly, John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, K.G., by whom she had a daughter, Margaret, who married Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, and by him became mother of Henry VII. From the elder son of Sir Oliver, Sir John St. John, knight, descended the lords St. John, of Bletshae. The second son, Oliver St. John, had the lordship of Lydiard Tregoze, and was, as Leland writes in his Itinerary, a stout, black man, and died at Fontarabia, in Spain. He married Elizabeth, daughter of lord Scroope, and left, with three daughters, an only son and heir, Sir John St. John, chamberlain of Margaret, countess of Richmond (this lady founded St. John's and Christ's colleges at Cambridge), grandmother of Henry VII, and one of the executors of her will. Sir John died in 1512, and was succeeded by his son, John St. John, whose son and heir, Nicholas St. John, esquire, of Lydiard Tregoze, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Blount, of Maple Durham, in the county of Oxford, and had issue John (Sir), who inherited Lydiard; Oliver, of whom presently; and Richard. The second son, Oliver St. John, having the misfortune to kill, in a duel, one Best, captain of the guard to queen Elizabeth, was obliged to relinquish the study of the law, and fly the kingdom. Adopting a military life, he attained considerable renown in the wars of Elizabeth and James in Ireland, and was eventually advanced to the peerage of that kingdom as viscount Grandison, with limitation to the issue of his nephew, Sir Edward Villers (which viscounty now verges in the earldom of Jersey), and to the peerage of England by the title of baron Tregoze. In the next year, his lordship obtained a grant of the manors of Battersea and Wandsworth, but dying without issue, December 30, 1630, the English barony expired. The manors of Battersea and Wandsworth he bequeathed to John, the only surviving son of his brother, and upon that brother himself, Sir John St. John, had devolved, as stated above, the estate at Lydiard. Sir John had married Lucy, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley, in the county of Wilts, and had surviving issue, Joan; Barbara, married to Sir Edward Villers, knight, by whom she had issue, William and viscount Grandison, whose only daughter and heir, Barbara, married Roger Palmer, earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland; she was afterwards created duchess of Cleveland by Charles II, and was one of the mistresses of that monarch: John, who succeeded as third viscount Grandison: George, fourth viscount Grandison: Edward (Sir) ances-

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tor of the earls of Jersey. Sir John was succeeded at his death by his only surviving son, Sir John St. John, knight, of Battersea and Wandsworth (by the bequest of his deceased uncle, lord Grandison); was created a baronet, May 22, 1611. This gentleman was zealously attached to the royal cause, and had three sons slain fighting under the royal standard. He was succeeded at his decease by (the son of his eldest son Oliver, by Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Horatio, lord Vere, baron of Tilbury, which lady married, after his decease, John, lord Poulet) his grandson, Sir John, at whose decease, unmarried, the title reverted to his uncle, Sir Walter, M.P. for the county of Wilts. This gentleman, who resided chiefly at Battersea, married Johanna, daughter of the lord chief justice, St. John; and dying July 3, 1708, was succeeded by his only son, Sir Henry, who was elevated to the peerage as baron St. John, of Battersea, and viscount St. John, July 2, 1716, with remainder to his third and fourth sons, John and Holles; his eldest son Henry, the celebrated secretary of state to queen Anne, having been previously created, July 7, 1712, baron St. John of Lydiard Tregoze, and viscount Bolingbroke, in the county of Lincoln, with remainder to the issue of his father. The latter nobleman was attainted in 1714, but restored in 1725 to his estates, without his honours. He married twice: his second wife was the marchioness de Vilette, niece to Madame de Maintenon: but he died childless in 1751. Viscount St. John was succeeded by his eldest son by his second wife, Angelica Magdalene, daughter of George Pillesary, treasurer-general of the marine in France, under king Louis XIV. John, second viscount St. John, married, first, Anne, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furnese, bart., and had three sons and three daughters. He married, secondly, Hester, eldest daughter of John Clarke, esquire, but by her he had no issue. His lordship died in February, 1749, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George Richard. He left besides two sons and three daughters. The viscount's marriage was dissolved by parliament in 1768, and the lady married the Hon. Topham Beaucleck. His lordship died May 5, 1787, and was succeeded by his elder son, George Richard, fourth viscount St. John and third viscount Bolingbroke; born March 6, 1761; married February 26, 1783, to Charlotte, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Collins, by whom he had issue Henry, the present peer. Her ladyship dying in 1703, lord Bolingbroke married, in 1804, Isabella, baroness Hompesch, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. His lordship died December 11, and was succeeded by the present peer, Henry St. John, baron St. John of Lydiard Tregoze, in the county of Wilts; baron St. John of Battersea, in the county of Surrey; and a baronet, March 6, 1786. He was married June 3, 1812, to Maria, second daughter of Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, baronet, who died December 21, 1836, by whom he has issue, Henry, born 1820; Spencer Mildmay, born 1822; and four daughters.

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNING.—LIEUTENANT BARR.

Though much has been said of the Affghanistan war, we have seen no description of the conflict or series of conflicts which occurred in the dismal Khyber pass, when our avenging army was hastening to the relief of their friends whom treachery had surprised, to compare with the startling picture presented by the Journal of Lieutenant Barr. Let the reader picture to himself a rugged, dreary space, where the enclosing mountains vary from 2000 to 3000 feet, and there are parts of the road where the river's bed is the only passage, and others where a dozen resolute men might repel six hundred; and thus he will have some faint idea of the awful difficulties with which our brave fellows had to contend. Some of the personal risks ran by the writer make us wonder that he should survive to tell of them. Having accomplished a part of their perilous march, he says:

"We could gain no tidings of Mackeson, and were wondering where he could be, when a man arrived, and hastily requested that some assistance might be sent to him, as he had been driven back by a strong force of Khyberries. This, from what we could learn, was consequent on the cowardice of a party of Nujeebs, who had accompanied his band of Moultanees, and with whom he had at first succeeded in chasing the foe from one post to another, even to occupying a height on the opposite side of the pass, when the Afrudies, receiving reinforcements, made a bold sally, which struck such terror into the Sikh troops that they fled at once. Mackeson, however, retained his advantage as long as he possibly could with the Moultanees alone, but increasing numbers having poured in, he had been compelled to fall back upon his present position, where, having thrown up a small breastwork of stones, which, in some degree sheltered his men, he nobly maintained the unequal contest. Ferris was forthwith dispatched with his regiment of irregulars to the lieutenant's assistance, and Rattray having been directed to secure the camp below, the colonel and I proceeded along the heights by an execrable path that led us over some steep and rug-

ged rocks, and eventually brought us to the summit of a hill, more level than usual, on which a 'sanga' was immediately commenced, as it flanked the right side of our encampment. We had not been long here when a note was received from Ferris, begging that the mortar might be at once sent forward, as the enemy's numbers had considerably increased, and our own men's ammunition was fast failing. Accordingly, accompanied by a small guard, I pushed onwards without delay, and, at the distance of a mile and a half, reached our position—a rising ground in front of a village, surrounded by a quantity of brushwood as an abattis, and to which our troops could fall back if necessary. The enemy, protected by some low stunted trees, were about three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards in advance of the rising ground on which Mackeson's embankment of stones had been thrown up, and also occupied the heights of a range of hills that nearly faced it; but, being a long distance off, their firing was not very destructive, though occasionally some of their balls told, whilst that from the former was most deadly. Another of their parties, and most probably some of the garrison from Ali Musjid, as they were dressed in a red uniform, lined the crest of a ridge below our left flank, and from thence annoyed our people a good deal. A shell was sent at these fellows, and luckily pitched and exploded amongst them, the success being hailed by our party by a loud huzza, re-echoed again from the surrounding hills; but the enemy nevertheless stood fast, and continued to blaze away at us, some of their bullets passing over our heads, and others, falling short, struck the ground, and bounded onwards with a whiz like the twang of a bow-string. The next shell was not so happy, for it flew over the narrow ridge, and burst harmless in the hollow on the other side, a huzza from the red-coats in return being faintly borne to us on the wings of the breeze, as a testimony of their gratification for its innoxious qualities. This kind of warfare continued upwards of an hour, with more or less success, the balls of our foes in front every now and then passing through a small tree close to a hillock that partially sheltered us, and lopping off the more slender of its branches as clean as if cut with a knife. The heat had now become terrific, and the rays of a noon-day sun darted down with an intensity almost insupportable. Meanwhile, the dead and wounded were being carried from the breastwork to the village in the rear, and amongst the former I observed a particularly fine-looking man, whose long black hair swept the ground as his corpse was being dragged away. The nature of the dependence we might place on our raw levies was manifested when their ammunition began again to fail, and who one by one, as the individual fired off his last cartridge, left the inclosure on the 'rising ground,' in spite of exhortations, encouragements, and threats to remain until Mackeson, who had gone for some, should return, All was in vain, and it was with the utmost difficulty that either Ferris or I could prevail upon a few to wait until the mortar was dismounted and packed. On this being done a new difficulty arose, as to who should carry it—for with the exception of one, all the bearers had made off whilst we were too busily engaged to observe their movements—and some delay arose ere we could persuade half a dozen of the irregulars to take it as far as the village. Had the Khyberries at this time been aware of the straits to which we were reduced, and had made a bold dash, they might easily have secured the piece of ordnance with ourselves, and the small party that stayed with us. They were deceived, however, by a few hardy spirits who still plied their matchlocks from the enclosure with unabated vigour, and whose bold front portended that other troops must be at hand ready to support them and take their places. These were at length called in, and our position was, of necessity, being abandoned for want of ammunition. The cessation of our fire soon made our intentions known to the Khyberries, who, preceeded by a white banner, were rapidly advancing to occupy the ground we had quitted, when Mackeson happily arrived with reinforcements of men and material, and, perceiving their object, gallantly rushed forward with a huzza, and succeeded in regaining the stockade before the Afreedies, who returned to the clump of trees. As all the shells but one had been expended, it was not deemed expedient to unpack the mortar again, and as it was also thought hazardous to leave it at the village during the night, I was obliged to ride to the colonel's 'sanga' for assistance to remove it to the camp. Having obtained an order from him for some coolies, and also received fresh instructions for Mackeson, I once more retraced my steps to the scene of active operations, and on my way fortunately discovered a number of the deserters, who, in bands of twos and threes, had concealed themselves behind rocks and cliffs. By dint of persuasion, force, and no small portion of coaxing, I succeeded in getting them to return with me, and having *seen* the mortar perched upon their shoulders, proceeded to give the colonel's message to Mackeson.

"As I crossed the exposed piece of ground *alone*, it was easily perceived from my dress that I was a feringhee, and the shots in consequence flew around me

rather thick. I, however, reached the stockade unhurt, where, within, I found Ferris and Mackeson comfortably reclining on the ground with their backs against the breastwork, and there I joined them, having first been cautioned to stoop when passing over the interior, as everything that appeared above the wall was immediately struck. Whilst seated here, the balls occasionally rattled away at our backs, and yielded us the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy was wasting his ammunition to no purpose. As it was getting late, I was not able to stay long; so, giving Mackeson his instructions, I took my leave, re-crossed the stockade, and received another salute of bullets as I returned over the exposed spot, one of which struck the ground not a quarter of an inch from my foot. On reaching camp, I felt so exhausted from heat and fatigue that I threw myself at once on my couch, and was soon asleep."

ELEPHANTA CAVERN,

EAST INDIES.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMATEUR ARTIST IN ORIENTAL SCENERY, OF SHOTOVER HOUSE, OXON.

Oh! thou descendant of a courtly race,
Of polished manners, and of comely grace;
With skill and taste the human form to draw,
Faithful to art, and simple nature's law;
With matchless power to paint the hidden scenes,
The work of ages, and of eastern kings;
To bring to light old India's famous story,
Elora's pride! and Elephanta's glory;
Pourtray correct the wonders of the cave,
Sacred to Hindoo gods! and warriors brave!
On Elephanta's isle a train appeared,
Led by a noble youth whom all revered,
With firm intent to seek the cavern's store
Amidst an isle; around whose sandy shore
The monsoon rages! and the surges roar!
"Haste, haste, my friends," he cried, "let all prepare,
The equal labours of the day to share;
Each try his utmost ere the slanting ray
Announce the coming of departed day.
Advance, my friends! the blazing torch display,
Astound the reptiles, making your survey;
The statues count, and measure well their size,
Whilst all their forms my faithful sketch supplies,
And as they all survey the wondrous space,
High sculptur'd busts are seen with triple face!
Of solid rock, each mighty figure stands
Full thirty feet above the glittering sands!
Great Bramha, Vishnu, Seeva! three in one,
Display the Hindoo deity in stone!
So gentle Vishnu, with a pleasing face,
The friend, the lover, of the human race;
Who breathes benignly on the fertile soil,
And crowns with ripened fruits the labourer's toil;
Like to the Goddess kind, of heathen fame,
Giver of plenty, Ceres her loved name.
Seeva, whose face a fiery rancour bears,
Malignant, cruel, each bad passion shares;
In either hand a hooded serpent lies,
Whilst writhing snakes the place of hair supplies.
A human skull surmounts its horrid head,
Dire emblem of destruction and the dead!
Now, more remote, appears a noble prize,
Colossal beast! full thrice the common size.
An elephant! bestrode by artless youth,
Symbol of love! of innocence! and truth!
Who guides, or seems to guide, by gentle means,
The wisest monarch of the sylvan scenes.
The blazing torch now shows the vaulted dome,
Upheld by stalks of richly sculptured stone.
In fluted shafts, correct in order stand,
Swelled in the centre by the sculptor's hand.
Whilst many a tablet deep in Hindoo lore,
From end to end the massive pillars bore;
Then hosts of figures rise in bold relief,
Impressed with faces marked by deepest grief;
But one more dreadful than the rest is seen—
A giant figure with terrific mien,
With many hands, and wide extended mouth,
Ready to gorge an infant that's held forth;
With eagerness he grasps his victim's thigh,
While on the dying infant rests his eye.
Next, the spectator views a group at prayer,
With rings, and bracelets, such as Hindoos wear.
Here, ranged on high, vast galleries extend
Along the sculptur'd walls from end to end;
From which the worshippers behold the rites
Performed in secret during fearful nights—
When persecution held its bloody sway
Through dire decrees of hateful tyranny,
Against the Hindoo tribes—by "Tamerlane,"
Y'clept the Tartar of destroying fame!
Now the fierce Tartar hordes are swept away,
Vast Hindoo temples rise in face of day.
Huge Juggernaut! and Mattra on the shore,
In bright Golconda, with its diamond ore!
When hosts of victims strew the purple sand,
Mistaken zealots, at their chief's command.
These rites are lost to Elephanta's cave,
There silence reigns—the silence of the grave.
No vigils held—no priests, with zealous care,
The portals keep exposed to open air,
A yawning gulph! with marks of sure decay,
Where enter savage beasts and birds of prey,
And horrid reptiles wend their noxious way.
The task is done! and next they all prepare
To form the chosen feast with holy care;
A cold collation now invites the taste,
Pronounced by all a sweet and rich repast.
Delicious wines the attending "Ayah" * brought.
The cooling rills produced a grateful draught!
Whilst George's voice sublime did nobly sing,
High notes resounding, in loud echoes ring!
And, now, their leader's voice they all obey—
Warned by the cheerless gloom and sloping ray;
With hastened steps they bend toward the strand:
And gave the signal to the sailor band,
The ready seaman slips the slender mast,
The foresail hook, and makes the tackle fast;
Each takes his seat, and high ascends the sail,
Æolus blows from shore—the evening gale;
Now that the dangers of the main are o'er,
All rose in joy, and leapt upon the shore.

A. V. D.

THE ICE TRADE, OR THE MARCH OF COMMERCE.

The magic of trade is most surprising. It completely, in many cases, inverts what was the ordinary course of things, but in no instance within our memory has this been more strikingly exemplified than in the following details which the *Liverpool Standard* has furnished of one new branch of commerce, the Ice Trade. We read:—

Ice has become a great article of export in America. Sixty thousand tons are annually sent from Boston to southern parts, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as saw-dust is solely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The ice-houses, near the lakes and ponds,

* Common attendant.

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are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls, that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with saw-dust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of ten feet in thickness. The machines employed for cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses in the following manner:—

The ice that is intended to be cut is kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2,000 tons. By keeping the snow off it freezes thicker, as the frost is allowed freely to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with the marker—an implement drawn by two horses—which makes new grooves parallel with the first, twenty-one inches, the guage remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of twenty-one inches. In the meanwhile the plough is following in these grooves, drawn by a single horse, a man leading it, and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy or hard, according to the weather in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in keen frost; in comparatively softer weather, it is more ductile and resistible. Platforms or low tables are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel, with fine sharp points, With these the ice is hooked with a jerk, that throws it on the platform on the sides, which are of the same height. On a cold day everything becomes covered with ice, and the blocks are each sent spinning along, although they each weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow the ice to drain, and three tons can thus be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather be favourable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks, the ice-crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw may come and destroy the labour of weeks, and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off: and if the latter freezes the result is *snow-ice*, which is of no value, and has to be planed off. The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane guaged to run in the grooves made by the "marker," and which will shave the ice to a depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inch for inch—for what has been taken off above. The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line; and is conveyed in properly constructed box-waggons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) ten to eighteen miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building of houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and a failure in the ice crop in America would be a great calamity.

BANDITTI IN CALABRIA.

Within the last quarter of a century organised bandits have infested Calabria, such as we could hardly expect to find any time these three hundred years out of a romance or a melo-drama. A general officer, writing of his residence there, thus describes the mixed population of the place:

"The Calabrian, who has become a brigand, and he who cultivates the soil, have so many relations in common, that they cannot well be distinguished from each other. Their manners, dress, and mode of arming, are the same. The only difference is, that the brigand employs the fruits of his plunder in the purchase of a cotton velvet waistcoat, garnished with silver buttons, and in providing plumes and ribands to ornament his hat. Some bandit chiefs make a parade of luxury and dress. There

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are among them fellows who, boasting of having received military rank from the English and the court of Palermo, figure in a sort of scarlet uniform, with epaulettes. They preserve control over their band by means of terror; disobedience or discontent is soon followed by a prompt and violent death."

In the district of Rogliano, one daring assassin spread terror around. "Francatripa," writes the general, in 1832, "endued by nature with great viguor of body and shrewdness of mind, and being perfectly well acquainted with every part of the canton, besides having a considerable number of partisans in all directions, knows well how to baffle whatever attacks are made upon him. When closely pressed, he retires for the time to a great distance from the scene of his murderous depredations; but so soon as the pursuit is over, he suddenly reappears, and again carries desolation through the country. Placing himself upon the heights that command the usual lines of communication, he constantly harasses our couriers, in order to get possession of their dispatches, which he sends off to Sicily. His presence keeps the troops in a state of perpetual exertion, the more painful because it is often attended with no advantageous results. In the month of September last, a company of voltigeurs of the 29th regiment of the line, while crossing the high mountains of the Syla to proceed from Catanzaro to Cosenza, was cut off on its march by Francatripa's band. This company lost its way, and just before it arrived at a village called Gli-Parenti, which is the common haunt of brigands, who share their plunder with the inhabitants, Francatripa, fearing to engage in open combat, thought it more advisable to have recourse to an odious strategem, which succeeded far beyond his expectations. Meeting the company before it entered the village, he presented himself as the commander of the National Guards, and said he came on the part of the commune to offer refreshments to the troops. The officers of this detachment, being unacquainted with the country, accepted the invitation without any distrust, and suffered themselves to be conducted by him to a large mansion, where, confiding in the feigned cordiality of their perfidious hosts, they were improvident enough to cause the arms of the troops to be piled on the ground in front of the door. To inspire the soldiers with a still greater sense of security, Francatripa and his villainous associates pressed them to take with them refreshments for the march; and just at the moment when they were preparing to resign themselves to repose, a pistol shot fired from a window was the signal for a general massacre. The three officers, seated together in the parlour, were instantly dispatched. A shower of balls from the adjacent houses and from every approach to the spot, left no point of retreat open to those unfortunate soldiers, of whom not more than seven succeeded in making their escape."

The Gatherer.

Time and Eternity.—Time is the precipice from which man is hurled into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Flowers of the brightest hue bloom upon its edge, whereon how many unconsciously stand, a moment only intervening between them and their fall into the fathomless abyss.

Music by Moonlight.—Beautiful are the associations which music by moonlight has power to awaken in the soul. Strolling on the banks of Windermere, upon a summer's eve, when the sweet planet of the night encircles with a silvery halo this English fairy land; if a simple melody be heard in the distance, how the heart vibrates beneath its influence, and what touching memories of vanished hours revive. We again wander in the cloudless regions of youth; love and friendship our ministering angels; the spectres of departed hopes arise to enwreath our temples with diadems of dust, and to strew our paths with phantom flowers; while love again converts the sterile earth into a paradise—the charm is broken! and awaking from our reverie, we sigh to learn that the barrier of experience precludes our return to the Eden of happiness!

Vast Importance of Heraldry.—Sir Edward Bolton, author of *Hypercriteca*, and several other works, in a letter written about the middle of the seventeenth century and addressed to Sir William Segar, garter king at arms, thus dwells on the dignity and value of heraldry:—"I dare bee hold to say, and, by the grace of God, am sure, that I can maintain it to bee true, that the old rules, and reverend high regards of external honor, and arms, soberly working upon the most noble of humane affections, love of praise and glorie, were supremely instrumental, under almightie God, to all the renown of our most famous ancestors, which, without the instauration of the same, shall never perhaps return to us the English any more. For those were the glorious dayes, under Edward of Windsore (that most magnanimous and triumphant monarck) in which the arguments and testimonial monments of noblesse, and of warrlike worth, were in so pretious and so high an estimation, that the famous question between *Scrope* and *Grosvenor*, in the Court Marshall of England, about

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the right of bearing *Azure, a bend Gold*, filled the longest or one of the longest records, which are at this day extant, in all the close rolls of the Towr of London, and is worthely also, for the dignitie and splendor of the witnesses (vouching theyr own knowledges, and h eyr fore-fathers traditional reports), and for most brave and heroical qualitie of the evidences (declaring in what feilds and fights that goodly coat of arms was displayed) and unfolding many rare pieces, for the *The Heralds Historie of the Chevalrie of England*, that it should not bee alwayes lockt-up in a cupbord, but look out of the printers presse, upon the degenerous world, and erect the same into a suitable love of glorie for vertues cause."

George II and Frederick the Great.—These contemporary kings, the first earl of Malmsbury, in his correspondence, describes to have been very hostile. He says, "their hatred began by the qarrels they had when boys, and was carried on with the greatest inveteracy, on both sides, to the day of their deaths. George called Frederick 'Mon frère le Sergent,' and Frederick, George--'Mon frère le maître-à-danser.' When the king of Prussia was on his death-bed, and was surrounded by his queen, his sons, &c., he asked the priest, 'Must I, to go to paradise, forgive all my enemies?' On receiving for answer that without it, it was impossible, he turned round to his queen, and said, 'Eh bien, donc, Dorothée, écrivez à votre frère, dites lui que je lui pardonne tout le mal qu'il m'a fait. Oui, dit-il, dites lui que je lui pardonne, mais attendez que je sois mort.'"

Diplomacy of the last Century.—The sincerity of politicians is not badly sketched in the following passage in one of the first earl of Malmsbury's letters. Being at the court of Russia, he says, speaking of prince of Potemkin, "I see him daily, and the pains he takes to deceive me are not greater than those I take to make him believe I am deceived by him. I follow him, however, through all his paths; and although I never can have the means of preventing the evil he is working, it will, at least, never take me unprepared."

A new African Traveller.—A young French officer, M. Maizon, has received a commission to explore southern Africa. He is to enter the country at Zanguebar, and join the Arab merchants, who leave the eastern coast, at certain periods, for the interior.

Anecdote of a General.—When general Zetlitz, one of Frederick the Great's generals, was only a lieutenant, he happened to be near his Prussian majesty on a bridge which crossed the Oder. The king asked him, if both the avenues of the bridge were possessed by the enemy, what he would do to disengage himself. Zetlitz, without making an answer, immediately leaped his horse over the rails into the river, and, notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, swam safe ashore. The king, who took it for granted he must be drowned, on seeing him come towards him said, "Monsieur le *Major*, je vous prie de ne plus faire de coups pareils." From that time forward he was said to get on swimmingly.

A Prize for Mathematicians.—Among the manuscripts in the university of Dorpat, have been found twenty-three manuscripts and unpublished works of the celebrated mathematician, Euler. These manuscripts, in Latin, French, and German, all dealing with the most profound questions of science, have been purchased by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in the capital, and will be included in a new edition of Euler's works, which that body is preparing for publication.

Westminster Abbey.—The dean and chapter of Westminster, long reported to be about to provide better and increased accommodation for the crowds which attend the abbey services, seem to be quickening into a course of immediate action. The plan, if understood, is to open the north transept into the church, and to locate the congregation there as well as in the chancel. This step would necessitate the removal wholly, or partially, of the monuments in that part. For Westmacott's monument of Fox, and Flaxman's lord Mansfield, at least, other sites must be found.

Habits of Swans.—"Where swans are kept on a moderately-sized sheet of water the old ones, as spring approaches, pursue their own brood with a ferocity scarcely conceivable; till at last, the poor fugitives betake themselves to the land. To curb these rancorous proceedings on the part of the parent birds, I cut through the web of their feet, and this at once diminished their powers of speed. The young birds soon perceived the change in their favour, and profited by it; for, on finding that they could easily outswim their pursuing parents, they set their fury at naught, and kept out of their reach with very little exertion."—*Waterton.*

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Life," and "the Grave," are declined.

Several articles intended for the present number are necessarily declined.

We cannot insert *Damon's* sonnet.

"The Spirit of the Just," wants the *spirit of poetry.*

B. S. "Electric Currents." The battery, which was stated to be two inches in diameter, ought to have read ten.

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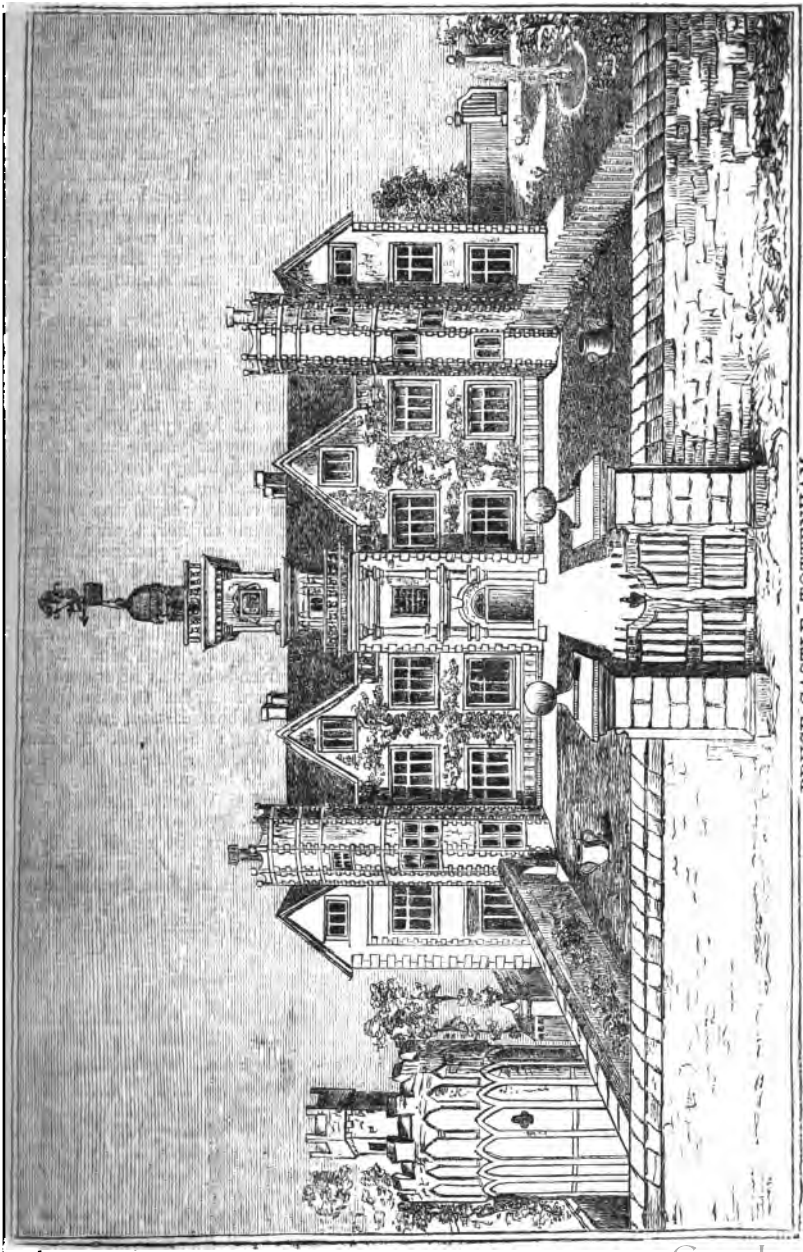
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 9.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.



BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM.

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ANCIENT RESIDENCES OF THE BRUCES IN ENGLAND.

In the *Mirror*, for June 24 last year, we gave a representation of the celebrated scholastic establishment at Tottenham, under the care of Mr. Arthur Hill, known by the name of Bruce Castle. We there stated that it occupied the site of the manor house of the Bruces in former times, where, it was believed, the Scottish monarchs rested when they came to this country for the purpose of doing homage to the English crown. Bruce Castle was a castellated mansion of great antiquity. "Robert Bruce, the father of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, who died in the year 1303," Dr. Robertson, the historian of Tottenham, tells us resided there.

Our cut gives a representation, not of the original edifice, as it appeared before it was repaired or rebuilt by Sir William Compton in 1514, but such as it was found in the succeeding century, in the time of queen Elizabeth. It was then held by Henry lord Compton, the grandson of queen Margaret, of Scotland. At that period, and in 1578, he had the honour to receive a visit at Tottenham from the Virgin Queen. The picture of it, such as it then existed, may serve to illustrate the progresses of many royal and noble personages of former times, for not unfrequently both were found within its ancient walls.

This building, having become much dilapidated in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was in a great measure taken down by Henry lord Colerane; and the mansion, now worthily dedicated to learning, rose in its place.

THE FAMILY OF BRUCE.

Robert de Brus, or Bruce, was of Norman origin, and had settled in the vale of Annan, or Annandale, where he had great possessions. He followed the Scottish army to the attack of the English near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, commonly called the Battle of the Standard, fought in 1139. Arrived near the scene of action, the sound judgment of the old warrior led him to reiterate an entreaty to David, king of Scots, that he would renounce this rash encounter, and gave such cogent reasons for this advice, that the king was about to seek a peaceable arrangement, when his nephew, William, went up and taxed the Bruce with treachery; who answered the unjust reproach by immediately withdrawing his homage and fealty to his sovereign, and turning his horse's head towards the English camp; he and his eldest son Adam ever after remained English subjects. The disastrous issue of the battle proved to king David that it would have been better for him and his army if he had followed the advice of the Norman Scot. His second son, Robert, a youth of fourteen, had been left in Annandale, which was still his portion in right of his mother, and he consequently continued a liegeman of Scotland. His father married twice; Adam was the offspring of his first marriage, he was heir to his father's English property, and was lord of Shelton. His second wife was Agnes Annaud, heiress of Annandale, and in right of her he was lord of that vast estate, which became the inheritance of Robert, her son. It was he who was taken prisoner by his father, and liberated by king Stephen; from him descended Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, and the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, and by the female line the royal race of Stuart. The ennobled Bruces of England may trace their descent from Adam, the elder brother.

The father of king Robert came to be earl of Carrick in the following romantic manner. Martha, countess of Carrick, being marriageable, and the sole heiress of her father, who died in the Holy Land, happening to cast her eyes upon Robert Bruce, the handsomest young man of his time, as he was hunting, courteously invited, and in a manner compelled, him to come into her castle, which was near at hand. Being come thither, their age, kindred, and manners, easily produced mutual love, and they very speedily married. When king Alexander was informed of this union, he was much offended with them both, because the right of bestowing the lady in marriage lay with him. By the mediation of friends he was afterwards reconciled to them. From this auspicious union sprung Robert Bruce, who afterwards became king of Scotland. He married, first, Isabella, daughter of the earl of Mar, by whom he had one daughter, Marjory, who married Walter, the high-steward of Scotland, from whom, and the offspring of the Stuarts, the royal family of that name descended. After her death, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Haymerus de Burg, earl of Ulster, by whom he had David II, who succeeded him to the Scottish throne.

C. P. J.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—WATCHMEN.

Although watchmen, like lotteries, press-gangs, and volunteers, survived to the early part of the present century, they cannot be ranked among the denizens of the last. The hoarse and wheezy sentinel of the night no longer reminds us of the hour—no longer tramps heavily through the streets—no longer sleeps upon his post—and watch-

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men are now obsolete! The last of "the charlies" has disappeared—we shall see his burly form no more—we shall never hear his gruff voice again—the policeman, with his shining hat and cape, his blue clothes and laced collar, has usurped his place—and watchmen are obsolete!

The Londoners of the sixteenth century were content to sleep under the protection of their "trained bands;" in the seventeenth they preferred a "marching watch;" in the eighteenth, nothing would suit them but watchmen and patrols; and, now, we of the nineteenth century, more timid than our grandsires, and having less implicit confidence in the strength and activity of decrepid watchmen, must needs be protected by day as well as night, and have our "districts" and "divisions" of policemen—strong, sturdy, hardy young fellows, who can defend us if they have the will: and who, unlike the weak, sleepy, and aged guardians of our grandfathers, have the prowess of youth and health for a weapon, as well as their staves and truncheons.

The police of the last century were certainly far from being an efficient or well-organised body. The infirm and decrepid, who were unable to work, and consequently compelled to apply to "the parish" for relief, were usually considered fit, *at least*, for watchmen, and watchmen they were accordingly made. A rattle and a treble-caped great coat were provided for them, and with these insignia of their office, the superannuated paupers were placed in a district, and on a certain "beat," to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants. With a little wooden "box" to shelter him from rain or storm (and which he frequently also made his bed), and a lantern to light his path, the watchman tottered round his beat, announcing the hour as clearly as a husky cough of some ten years standing would admit, and then returned to his box to sleep until the revolution of another hour called him forth again.

"Past ten o'clock, and a we-et night!" "Past two o'clock, and a clou-dy mor-or-or-ning!" were the cries which occasionally awoke our fathers from their sleep, and enlightened them as to the hour and the state of the weather. But, now and then, there were more warlike sounds than these, and the springing of a rattle, or the feeble cries for "help!" announced that a conflict was being carried on between the guardians of the night and some gang of desperate offenders. In these conflicts, the "charlies" generally came off with the worst of it, as well as in their resistance to the bodies of mischief-loving youngsters who frequently devoted an evening to their especial annoyance. "Let us tease the charlies," some wag would suggest, as the night advanced, and the card-party began to dissolve. All were anxious for the fray, and no sooner was the proposal made than forth would sally a little gang of desperadoes, intent upon amusement at the expense of the poor old watch. Occasionally a drowsy sentinel would be found enjoying a comfortable nap within his box, and forthwith the box was turned with the door against a wall, and the watchman left to open it when he awoke, as best he could. At other times they would raise a cry of "watch! watch!" sufficiently loud to arouse the neighbourhood, and when the sleepy patrol came bustling out of breath, and out of humour at being disturbed in the midst of a pleasant dream, he was coolly told to "return to his box and sleep it out!"

But, not unfrequently, these tricks were anything but harmless, and the watchmen would be goaded to revenge. Then heavy blows were dealt promiscuously, and, from the general affray, some such serious matters as a broken arm or fractured skull would result.

To whom belongs the merit of having first dubbed the watchmen "charlies," I am totally unable to decide. Neither can I give the reason for the bestowal of such an appellation; yet, this I can say, it was general. All watchmen were charlies, and to call them by any other appellation would have discovered an ignorance of fashionable breeding, and of the whims and ways of the town, which few of the "macaronies" of the day were desirous of betraying.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSIVE, COMPLIMENTARY, AND APOLOGETICAL.

"What need is there for a concluding chapter?" some impatient reader will exclaim, who has toiled through the twenty-nine preceding essays, "What need is there for a concluding chapter?" No absolute necessity, doubtless, gentle friend, but, having complied with an old fashioned custom by commencing with an introduction, we do not feel disposed to depart from the same by closing without a conclusion. Besides, would it not be want of courtesy, after having invited you with the usual salutations, to part without giving utterance to a polite farewell. A concluding chapter let there be then, but a short one.

Unconnected scraps as the preceding sketches may be considered, neither claiming to be a history or a description, it may perhaps not be too presumptuous to denominate them "*pictures*" of the last century—scenes, drawn by no master hand, it must be confessed, but attempting to afford disjointed views of the life which our grandfathers led, both in-doors, around the social hearth, and out-of-doors, in the great highways of the world, now peeping in upon the tête-à-têtes of lovers, now pencilling into our note book the "sayings and doings" of

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politicians, again occupying a seat in old Drury's boxes, or sweeping round the Ranelagh rotunda; and, trembling as we are with all the apprehension of conscious negligence, while we see our rough notes in the reader's hand, we can only stammer forth an apology for our manifold sins, both of omission and of commission, and indulge in dismal speculations as to the reception we shall meet with.

And now a vision rises before our eyes of a venerable grandam, with her tortoise-shell spectacles on her nose, perusing page after page, and then indignantly flinging them aside, with the exclamation, "Psha! the ladies of *my* time are libelled by this fellow!" Thy pardon, madam, and permission to say a word in self defence. Thy complexion is faded—with age? hist! not a word of that!—by the use of paint?—impertinent fellow, hold thy peace! ah, my fair critic, art thou silenced, then?

Again, methinks I see an aged gentleman thundering forth, from the luxuries of an easy-chair, a loud complaint that I have represented the young men of the time when *he* was counted among them, to have been too gay and thoughtless. But hold, good sir! whence comes that wrinkle on thy brow, but from early dissipation? where is the fortune which thy father left thee—dissipated by gambling, or lost in the lottery? what is it that enfeebles thy foot but gout, the result of riotous living in thy youth? what has coloured thy nose with ruby tinge but the fumes of blood-red wine? ha! silence, good sir.

Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, but to such as are sheltered from retort by less brittle materials, the writer would imploringly appeal for pardon if he has been unwittingly guilty of any exaggeration or false statement, pointing, however, to the authorities from which it was drawn; for know ye, critics, he can refer ye to chapter and verse in corroboration of all that he has said, and is ready to name the volume, page—aye, and very line, of any magazine, newspaper, or periodical, where the foundation for his statements may be seen.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE LAST OF THE FOSCARI.

"For what base purposes are we reserved."

Seldom have we seen a more touching, unaffected picture of greatness in ruins than will be found in the following sketch abridged from a letter in the *Athenæum*:—

"Among the noblest of the more ancient palaces of Venice is that of the Foscari; at the angle of the Grand Canal it commands a double view; and its quaint, but grand façade and balconies, its finely worked arabesque windows and pointed arches, give it an air of grotesque antiquity, which reminds one of a faded dowager of the last century, in her diamonds, lappets, and hoop. In a remote chamber of this palace live, or rather sleep (like the nautilus in its shell floating helplessly on the waters), two noble ladies, its possessors, the last of their house—Laura and Marianna dei Foscari. We were told it was rather a compliment than an impertinence to visit them; and under the guidance of one of their acquaintance, we landed from our gondola at the once hospitable door of the Foscari. Dirt, coals, and fragments of wood and stone showed to what base uses the noble hall had been applied; and the court beyond was filled with blocks of hewn and unhewn stone; tangled grass and weeds were growing from the pavement, and clothes drying on lines from the windows above. The dimensions of the hall (at least one hundred feet long), its handsome roof and cornices, with the ornamented architraves of its various doors, and the bold and varied iron-work across the windows, still speak of better days. We ascended a now filthy marble staircase, and entered a second hall of the same dimensions, of an L shape, one hundred feet and fifty or sixty feet long; at each end is a noble window and balcony; the one in front looks upon the canal, and is large enough to contain fifty or sixty persons; the wide marble balustrade is worn round by the fair arms and stout hands which for ages have rested on it. In this hall were sovereigns received, for two centuries at least; nor were any festas in Venice more brilliant and more honoured, than those here celebrated. Near the lofty portals of the apartments opening to the hall, and entered from it between supporting angels or genii, are tablets with inscriptions, recording the visits of royal and illustrious guests, as John of Denmark, &c., and the names of the Foscaris, their hosts. Of all the gay and joyous crowds of the brave, the fair, and the rich—of all the trains of menials who served them, one only representative remained; by the open window, enjoying the breeze from the canal, and looking askance through the balustrade on its melancholy waters, sat the one servant of the house—herself a very type of its misfortunes; she was old and half blind, and had replaced a lost limb by a wooden leg; but she was nevertheless industriously working for *the Ladies*, and sat apart in the dilapidated old hall, to leave them their chamber, with all due respect. After opening several doors, and retreating from a third story inhabited by washerwomen, and a variety of nondescripts in separate apartments, our introducer led us to the kitchen of *the Ladies*. It had once

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been a handsome saloon, with marble chimney-piece, gilded cornices, &c., and on one side still hung an enormous picture, in the lower part of which (below the scriptural subject, were introduced the portly figures of three noble Foscari, for which reason probably it was still preserved, though stripped too of its frame. Round the walls hung kitchen utensils, suasages, &c., while a few articles of once elegant furniture filled the room; and on a walnut table in the centre, lay a quantity of French beans which a dirty urchin had just brought from the market. A good-looking man here received us, whom we were told was the son of an old retainer of the family, and had solemnly promised his parent to protect its last remains. He greeted our companion, laid down his cook's knife, and soon introduced us to *the Ladies*, who were in an inner apartment. Madame Laura rose to receive us, but her sister was too infirm to leave her seat; and we sat down on a chest and a chair from the kitchen to contemplate the last of the Foscari—the '*two* Foscari' of 1844. They appeared between seventy and eighty years of age (if indeed the hard and shrivelled form of an Italian woman admits of any distinction after seventy). They were very plainly dressed, and the few grey hairs of the elder peeped from beneath the common Venetian veil, while those of the younger were uncovered; both spoke somewhat cheerfully, like those who have long submitted to their hard lot, and as if respect for their great family and its magnificence (now among the things that are not) must be a feeling common to all the world, and therefore needing no effort to maintain it. They complained not, for they had been rudely taught by the world that complaint was long since in vain; they boasted not, for why boast of what was evident? they affected neither pride, humility, nor piety, but simply took things as they were, without apology. The eldest said she never left the room in a scirocco (which was then blowing), and the younger that she liked to walk in the Sala Grande —poor women! Of all the retainers of the Foscari, their one-legged old abigail alone was left; and the dirt, stones, and ruins at the great hall-door were greater obstacles than they could encounter alone without danger. Our mutual friend had given an artist an order to sketch the ladies' chamber, and this gave occasion to examine and remark on it. The only entrance used was the one through the before-mentioned kitchen. Over this and the other doors were high mouldings and pediments, which, with a rich chimney-piece, set off the lofty proportions of the room, which was about thirty feet square. A wide bed, without hangings, stood against the farther side, and over this two enormous black giants in alto relievo stretched their huge limbs against the wall from floor to ceiling. One would have thought the old ladies would have been frightened by such gloomy-looking Anakim; but it was probably for the sake of those very giants they had selected this chamber, for these silent champions challenged all the world to disprove the truth of one of the glories of the house of Foscari. They held between them a portrait of a quiet-looking red-faced gentleman, and a gilt scroll recorded that this gentleman was his majesty of Denmark, and that he had slept in this very chamber, nay, we were led to believe, in this very bed. For the rest, the royal dormitory was now most poorly furnished with a chest and a couple of old tables, whose lacquered legs looked as poverty-stricken as the rest of the palace. But though used for all purposes, there was a degree of careless neatness and order about it; a few torn books were piled in a corner, and on an old wardrobe stood a dilapidated toilet box, with some broken apparatus in it, and a little vase full of faded flowers (even this too dear for an every-day luxury) carefully placed on each side—alas! the Laura and Marianna who had inherited it, little needed a toilet now. Even la Biondina in Gondoletta, for fifty years a reigning beauty, is no more. The masks and carnivals and operas of Venice (such as they are now) are as far from them as if they had been living among the holy virgins of Upper Egypt. We retired with befitting compliments, and the old retainer's son showed us through a number of rooms, in a greater or less state of dilapidation. Some had lost all their carving and woodwork; in others the doors were gone, and several had had pictures cut from the ceilings; one beautiful room had suffered less, and eight or ten fine heads in wood carving, stood out from its walls, sole tenants of the dusty waste; and there it was the worthy man gave us some odd reason why the last prodigal of the house, the nephew of the ladies, "*lui chi aveva mangiato tante cose*," pictures and carvings, &c., had spared this once favourite dining-room. He then led us to his own sanctum, a queer den in a retired corner of the palace, which might have served for the studio of Paracelsus or Faustus. Here he had collected all sorts of odds and ends, old papers and MSS., bits of wood and pictures, fossils and casts, and a world of indescribable rubbish, among which he, with much pride, displayed upon a broken easel the MSS. of the Foscari pedigree, "from the ninth century down to Laura and Marianna aforesaid, with long notes of achievements, especially of the famous doge."

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The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART II.—CHATEAU DE CARDOVILLE.

CHAPTER VII.—M. RODIN.

Three months had elapsed since Djalma was thrown into prison, accused of being one of the sect of fanatical murderers styled Phansegars, or Stranglers.

The following scene took place in France, about the beginning of the month of February, 1832, at the Château de Cardoville, an old feudal mansion, situated on the high cliffs of the coast of Picardy, near Saint Valery, a dangerous coast, on which, every year, vessels are wrecked during the north-westerly gales.

During the night, a violent storm raged, and at intervals, a fearful noise, like the roaring of artillery, was heard in the distance, and was echoed among the rocks of the coast. It was the sea, lashing itself with fury against the cliffs, on the summit of which the ancient château was situated.

Seven o'clock had struck; day-light had scarcely penetrated the windows of a large room on the ground-floor, in which sat an old woman about sixty, busily sewing by the light of a lamp. A few steps from her was her husband, a venerable grey-headed old man, with an open and intelligent countenance, who was seated at a large table, arranging samples of corn and oats. It was M. Dupont, the steward of the Château de Cardoville.

The tempest continued to howl; the wind roared in the mouth of the chimney, and rattled every window in the château.

"What a storm, my dear?" said the industrious dame to her husband. "This M. Rodin, who is to arrive here to-day, has made bad choice of the weather."

"You are right, my love; I have seldom seen such a storm. If M. Rodin has never witnessed the raging of the sea, he will be able to amuse himself with that spectacle."

"What can bring this M. Rodin here?"

"Indeed, I do not know. The princess's steward says in his letter, that every attention is to be paid him. Since he comes from the princess, his orders must strictly be attended to."

"No," said the wife; "since the duke of Cardoville is dead, the estate certainly belongs to his daughter, Adrienne Cardoville."

"Yes, but the princess is her aunt, whose agent conducts the affairs of Mademoiselle Adrienne."

"Perhaps M. Rodin means to buy the estate. The stout lady, however, who came from Paris eight days ago to see the château, seemed desirous of having it."

At these words, the steward burst into a fit of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Madame Dupont, who was a good, simple creature, not over gifted with discernment.

"I can't help laughing," the hearty old fellow stammered out, "when I think of the shape and awkward gait of that enormous piece of flesh. In the devil's name, with such a frame, who would ever think of calling oneself *Madame de la Sainte Colombe*. Mercy on me, what a saint, and what a dove! an enormous tub, and, a deep, hollow voice, with grey moustaches, like an old grenadier; and she calls herself, *Sainte-Colombe*. Ah, ah!"

"How ridiculous you are, Dupont. We do not choose our own name, and it is not her fault that she has a beard."

"Do you suppose, my good little Catherine, that Sainte-Colombe is her real name? Well, my dear, simplicity, at least, is no vice."

"And you, Dupont, are always a little too free with your tongue. She seems a very respectable lady, and the first question she asked was about the chapel, which she said she would embellish."

"She a lady!"

"O yes, you had only to look at her fine clothes; her puce gown, and her violet gloves, like those of a bishop; and when she took off her bonnet, we saw that she wore a wreath of diamonds on her head. Did you notice her ear-rings, as big as my thumb, and the rings on her fingers. No one but a lady would wear so many diamonds, especially by daylight."

"Well, well, you seem to know a great deal about it," said Dupont, renewing his laughter. "My good wife, my poor wife."

"Oh, because you were three months in Paris," said the offended wife, "you think you know everything."

"Catherine, no more of this; you will make me say things that I do not wish to say. There is much that a good, excellent creature, such as you, should never know."

"I don't know what you mean, but do try to speak less severely about people, for if Madame Sainte Colombe bought the estate, would you not be glad to keep your place as steward?"

"True, my dear. We are getting old, my good Catherine, and though we have been here twenty years, we have been too honest to save enough to suffice for old age. It would be hard, indeed, for us to be obliged to look out for another situation, and perhaps not find one. I am only sorry that Mademoiselle Adrienne does not keep the estate, for it appears that she wishes to

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part with it, contrary to the desire of her aunt, the princess."

"But, Dupont, do you not think it strange that Miss Adrienne, when so young, wishes to dispose of it?"

"O, that's plain enough. Miss has neither father nor mother; she is mistress of her wealth, and is rather headstrong. Do you not remember, ten years ago, when the count brought her here, what a little demon she was? And how, even at that age, her eyes sparkled with fire? What a mischievous creature!"

"Miss Adrienne had, indeed, in her looks a singular expression for her age."

"If she retains all that her provoking little face promised, she must be very pretty, notwithstanding the colour of her hair; for between you and me, if she had been a tradesman's daughter instead of a young lady of rank, she would have been called carrotty."

"There you are, again—more of your wickedness."

"Heaven preserve me from saying anything detrimental to Mdlle. Adrienne; for she seemed to me to be as good as she was pretty. There is no harm in saying that she had red hair; on the contrary, it seemed tinged with gold, and became her large black eye and white skin so well, that no one could find fault with the colour. She bade fair, however, to be a regular romp."

"Romp, indeed! that she was!—always running and climbing trees; and teasing her governess by all sorts of tricks."

"But then what a kind heart. Do you not remember when she returned to the château without her bonnet and shawl. She had given them to a poor girl that she had met on the road."

"Yes, a good heart; but then what a head. It is said," added the old dame, whisperingly, "that she never goes to church; that she lives alone in an idolatrous temple at the end of her aunt's garden; and that she amuses herself in the evening by playing on a hunting horn of solid gold. You may fancy how this must distress the princess."

"Pray," said the steward, bursting into a fit of laughter, "who told you these stories about Mdlle. Adrienne?"

"It was René's wife, who went to Paris to nurse a child. She called upon her god-mother, Madame Grivers, the princess's head waiting-woman, who told her. She ought to know, being in the house."

"Yes, she is a pretty character, indeed! formerly a haughty, impudent slut, but now, like the princess, she plays the saint. The princess herself, who is now so devout, used to have fine goings on. Do you remember the colonel of the Hussars, eh!"

A stout servant girl, in Picard costume, entered hastily, and said to her mistress: "Madam, there is a gentleman below who wishes to see master. He has just arrived from St. Valery. He says his name is Rodin."

"Show him in immediately," said the steward, rising.

The appearance of M. Rodin, his cadaverous visage, his thin white lips, and his thread-bare coat, appeared far from prepossessing, so much so, that the worthy steward looked at the new-comer with surprise. Scarcely able to conceal his disappointment, he said, "Have I the honour of addressing M. Rodin?"

"Yes, sir. Here is a letter from the princess's steward."

"Draw near to the fire, while I peruse the letter. The weather is exceedingly stormy. Can I offer you anything?"

"A thousand thanks, sir; I must leave in an hour's time."

"Very well, sir," said the steward. "I am requested to attend to your orders."

"There is a chamber in the château called the green room. Perhaps, you will be so kind as to take me to it."

"Unfortunately, sir, I cannot. At the count's death several important documents were placed in that room, the door was locked, and the keys were taken away."

"Here they are," said M. Rodin, holding out a small and a large key tied together."

"You come for these papers—"

"Yes—certain papers, and a small casket, with silver fastenings. There is, however, another room which I must see. Perhaps, you have forgotten that fifteen years ago it was located by the Marquis d'Augrigny, the colonel of the Hussars stationed at Abbeville."

"Well do I remember. What a fine officer! We have just been speaking about him. He was the delight of the château."

"Perhaps you know," Rodin said, "that after his duel with the Buonapartist, General Simon, the Marquis d'Aigrigny (whose private secretary I now am) quitted society for the church."

"What! the handsome colonel."

"Yes; the brave, noble, and rich colonel abandoned all for a monk's gown; and, notwithstanding his rank and reputation as a preacher, he is only to-day what he was fourteen years ago, an abbé, instead of being an archbishop or a cardinal. I received a letter from him three days ago, in which he mentioned your name."

"Is he at Paris?"

"He is expected there hourly. Three months ago he went to Italy. During his voyage he received information of his mother's death, who was spending the autumn on one of the princess's estates."

"On what occasion did the marquis mention my name?"

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"I shall tell you. First, you must know that the château is sold; that the contract was signed the day before I left Paris."

"Indeed; I am sorry to hear that, lest the new proprietor should not retain me as steward."

"Knowing the interest the marquis takes in your welfare, I will do all I can to serve you."

"O, sir," cried Dupont, "how grateful I shall be! Heaven has sent you to help me!"

"You flatter, my dear sir. Besides, I am obliged to attach a condition to my support."

"That matters not; speak on."

"The person who is going to inhabit this castle is a worthy old lady, Madame de la Sainte-Colombe. There is no church in this hamlet, which stands at an equal distance from two parishes. In choosing the priest, she will naturally consult you and Madame Dupont, who are the oldest inhabitants of the castle. Now if you and your good wife succeed in inducing her to make choice of the curate of Roiville, who is very poor, and supports his aged mother, and in whom the Marquis d'Aigrigny takes a great interest, I give you my word, which I never break, sir, that you shall retain your place."

"To be candid with you, the curate of Daincourt is as much respected and beloved as the curate of Roiville, to whom you wish me to give the preference, is disrespected for his intolerance; besides, it is said that he is a jesuit."

"A jesuit!" cried M. Rodin, bursting into a fit of laughter; "a jesuit, my dear M. Dupont! A man of your experience and good sense can never give credit to such nonsense. Come, I'll wager that you read the *Constitutionnel*. Men enlightened as you are, should never trouble themselves about an *on dit*. They must not think of sacrificing a good place for foolish reports, for if you do not succeed in inducing Madame de Sainte Colombe to prefer my *protégé*, you will not be retained here as steward."

"But," said the unfortunate Dupont, "it would not be my fault if the lady should, on hearing the other praised, give the preference to him."

"But if you, who will be constantly near her, always speak well of my *protégé*, and evil of the other priest, she is sure to choose mine, and you will remain steward."

"But that would be calumny, sir."

"You can judge for yourself. If you wish to remain, you now know how to act. But there is another condition which is still more important: it often happens that the ministers of the Lord take advantage of the age and infirmities of their penitents, and turn everything to their own account. Not that I suspect the curate of Roiville capable of such baseness, but to take away all responsibility, I wish you to write me twice a week everything that you may see or hear relative to Madame de Sainte Colombe."

"Sir," cried the unfortunate steward, "that would be the office of a spy. O sir, be generous, and do not impose these trying conditions. My poor wife and I depend upon this place for our livelihood, for at our age it would be difficult to find another place. Expose not the probity of forty years to poverty, which is ever a bad councillor."

"My dear Dupont, how childish you are! I will give you a week to consider."

"Oh, sir, for pity—"

The conversation was interrupted by a gun-shot, which was echoed among the cliffs.

"A ship in distress," M. Dupont said, starting to his feet.

"Oh, my dear," said the steward's wife, who entered hastily, "there are a steamboat and a frigate almost dismasted, which the storm is driving headlong towards the coast. They will certainly be lost."

"How distressing," said the steward, preparing to go out, "when we can only look on, for it is impossible to render assistance. However, I will run with some of our farm people; perhaps we may save a few. Let fires be lighted in every room, and get cordials in readiness. Will you join us, M. Rodin?"

"If I thought I could assist you," said Rodin, not wishing to face the storm, "I should consider it my duty, but age and weakness render me useless. If your wife will show me the green-room, I will take the things I came for, and start for Paris. My time is precious."

"Be it so; my wife will show you. Ring the great bell," he said to the servant; "tell the farm people to join me at the bottom of the cliffs, and to bring ropes and pulleys with them. Quick, quick; by this time, perhaps, the vessels have foundered."

"Will you, my dear madam, take me to the green-room," said Rodin, still unmoved.

"Yes, yes," said Catherine, drying her eyes; for knowing her husband's courage, she was trembling for his safety.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TEMPEST.

The sea was frightful. Huge green billows, crowned with white foam, rose in fearful undulations—at one time, towering like high mountains, at others, forming frightful and terrific abysses. Overhead were heavy masses of dark clouds, while a reddish grey vapour, driven by the wind, flew athwart the dismal sky. The pale sun occasionally appeared through the opa-

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que clouds, and cast a few oblique rays upon the agitated waters, gilding the tops of the waves. Half way up the promontory stood the château de Cardoville. A ray of the sun fell upon the window, which glittered around, while the brick walls and slated roofs were partly lost in the vapoury clouds.

A large dismantled vessel was seen at times riding on the terrific billows, then plunging into fearful abysses. The lightning flashed, which was followed by a rumbling noise that lost itself amid the howling of the storm. The gun shot was the last signal of distress, as the ship was hurrying rapidly upon the rocks.

At this moment a steam-boat appeared, directing its course towards the west, and making every effort to avoid the coast. Suddenly a tremendous sea struck her; the funnel was swept away, the paddle-boxes broken, and one of the wheels rendered useless; a second sea, as formidable as the first, struck her: the rudder was now of no avail, and the steam-boat drifted towards the coast in the same direction as the ship. A collision of the two vessels seemed now inevitable.

The large ship, an English vessel, called the Black Eagle, had come from Alexandria, and brought passengers from India and Java. She had touched at the Azores, and was making her way for Portsmouth when the storm assailed her. The steam-boat was called the William Tell. It had come from Germany by the Elbe, and had left Hamburgh for Havre.

The captain of the Black Eagle, standing on the quarter-deck, and holding by the shattered mizen-mast, gave his orders with heroic coolness. The sea had carried away the bulwarks; they could not think of using the boats; the only chance of safety, if the vessel were not dashed to pieces on reaching the coast, was to fix a cable to the rock, and thereby make a communication between the wreck and the shore.

The deck was covered with passengers, whose screams added to the general confusion. Some in fear clung to the rigging, and awaited death in a state of stupor; others rang their hands in despair; and others, again, were rolling on the deck, uttering fearful imprecations. Here females knelt, and hid their faces as if to shun the hideous approach of death. A young mother, pale and ghastly, her infant child pressed to her bosom, was seen running from sailor to sailor, supplicating each to save her son, for which service she offered a purse of gold. The tears of the poor woman contrasted strangely with the calm resignation of the sailors, who stood mute, well knowing the imminent danger of their situation.

A young man, about twenty years of age, with black glossy hair, bronzed complexion, and regular features, was standing with his back against the poop, contemplating the scene of desolation with that calmness that characterises the man who has often braved peril. The unfortunate mother, after having in vain asked the sailors to save her son, fell on her knees before this young man, and held her child up to him in indescribable despair. The young man took it, shook his head, pointing to the furious waves; but with an expressive gesture he seemed to promise that he would endeavour to save her child. The young woman, in her joy and gratitude, bathed the hands of the stranger with her tears.

Farther on, another passenger of the Black Eagle was animated by the liveliest compassion. He seemed to be about twenty-four years of age, had long fair hair that hung in clusters round his angelic countenance, and wore a black robe and white band. He was running from one to another, consoling them by pious words of hope and resignation, apparently indifferent to the danger which threatened him. From time to time, he raised his large blue eyes, which beamed with love and gratitude, towards heaven, as if to thank his Maker for exposing him to one of those trials where the good man can show his love for his brethren; and if he cannot save them all, to die with them in showing them the way to God.

Not far from this young man, was a being seated on the bowsprit, resembling the very spirit of evil. This man, who was of a yellow-brown complexion, peculiar to the children of a white and black, wore only a shirt and canvass drawers. The more the danger increased, the more the ship neared the breakers, the greater joy manifested itself in his countenance. He seemed waiting with ferocious impatience the destruction that was threatening all.

The Black Eagle, driven by the enormous waves, at last came so close to the William Tell, that the passengers of the ship could distinguish those of the steam-boat, of which there were but few remaining, as the waves lashing over the deck, carried away at each sweep several victims.

Among the passengers that still remained on deck, was a tall old man with bald head and grey moustaches. He had a thick rope fastened round his body, and was pressing to his bosom two young girls about the age of fifteen or sixteen. At his feet was a large dog dripping with water, and barking at the waves. These two young girls clung to each other in the old man's arms, their eyes raised to heaven.

A cry of horror and despair uttered by the passengers of the two vessels, was heard above the howling of the tempest. As the

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steam-boat was plunged between two waves, with its side to the prow of the ship, the latter was raised to a prodigious height by a mountain of water, and seemed suspended above the William Tell. It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene, for in such catastrophes, rapid as thought, we see, as it were, by the lightning's glare.

When the Black Eagle was bearing down upon the William Tell, the young man of angelic countenance stood ready to plunge into the sea to endeavour to save some unfortunate creature. Suddenly his eyes fixed upon the two girls, who were stretching forth their suppliant arms to him. They seemed to know him, and contemplated him with religious adoration.

A frightful crash took place, accompanied by a fearful scream—a scream uttered by a hundred human beings plunged at once into the water.

A few minutes after, the fragments of the two vessels were seen on the tops of the waves, and here and there, the outstretched arm, the livid and despairing face of some poor wretch endeavouring to reach the rocks, at the risk of being dashed to pieces by the waves.

(To be continued.)

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

Mr. Drummond Hay, in his "Travels in Western Barbary," says:

"As we were proceeding between Mehedeea and Rabat we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled grey, the handsomest barb I ever saw.

Riding up to the man I entered into conversation with him, and, having put him in good humour by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled grey.

"What is your price?" said the Arab.

I offered a hundred and fifty *mistakel*, about twenty pounds sterling, a large sum in the interior.

"It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he, and he brought his horse on the other side of me, "look at this side of him—you must offer more."

"Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man and fond of your horse; we won't dispute about the matter; so give me your hand. What say you—two hundred?"

"That is a large price truly," said the Arab, his eyes glistening, and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent, so the Arab thought I might go still further; and, shaking the bridle, off he went at full speed. The mottled grey curled its tail in the air, and vanished to a speck in no time. I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and patting the neck of his grey, he said, "Look at him—see—not a hair is turned! What will you give me now?"

Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and, thanking me, said, "Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered, but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you, or any other man, possess." Having said this, he joined his companions.

Calling the kaid or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the grey—adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum. The kaid said, "All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his tent, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it."

HISTORY OF ROME.

BY PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER VI.—TARQUINIUS PRISCUS.

A person of the name of Lucumon was appointed guardian to the sons of Ancus Marcius. He was the son of a grocer at Corinth, who had settled at Tarquinia; and assuming thence the name of Tarquin, he rose at length, like Mahomed Ali, to be somebody. His wife, Tanaquil, was the prototype of lady Macbeth, and we may easily imagine what sort of guardianship he exercised over the little Ancuses. He took such extreme care of them that nobody ever saw them after the death of their father, and Tarquin one morning awoke and found himself king of the Romans.

He began by adding a hundred members to the House of Lords; this creation of peers made the number of heaven-born legislators three hundred. Tarquin was himself peaceably disposed, and so were his ministers; but unfortunately his neighbours the Latins, as well as the Sabines, were as fond of fighting as Frenchmen, and fortunately just as good at it. To force their leaders to get up a row with the Romans, who had already beaten them black and blue, but not yet, as one would have supposed, to their full heart's content, they forced the Curian government to give the commission of lord-high-bombardier to a cock-fighting boy, who immediately set about knocking down the barbarous little

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villages in the remote parts of Italy, attacking defenceless women, and performing other monkey-like, or terrier-like, tricks, which, after all, were accomplished in the most bungling manner possible. Their object appears to have been to urge the Romans to take up the defence of the wretched people they were thus tormenting in all directions; but the Romans happened to have their hands full of their own business, and could only express pity for the poor victims of such ludicrous and yet disastrous ambition. At length, emboldened by long impunity, the Roman representatives were openly insulted in various towns in Italy, and the Roman ministers ordered out a legion or two to put an end to the systematic impertinence, which was effected accordingly, and Tarquin was at length left at leisure to pursue his measures of improvement.

He greatly improved and embellished the city of Rome: and undertook many public works, which not only afforded constant employment to the people, but were a source of large revenue to the crown. The great difficulty he had to contend with was the fearful imbecility and talkativeness of his multitude of legislators, who chattered away session after session about the rights of property, and the privileges of parliament, and the selfish and pettifogging little interests of their own little circles; and neglected, almost systematically, the interests of the poor, who most needed the protection of a generous legislature, to a degree which in these days of enlightened and christian government—which guards even the interests of the sweet little lap-dogs of the metropolis—is much more easily described than conceived. However, he had the people on his side—the people had a king, and the king had a people; now-a-days, the people has a House of Commons, and the House of Commons has the privilege of sitting with its hat on. Land is represented in one house, and capital is represented in the other; and labour is ordered to lie on the table. However, John Bull thinks he lives under a monarchy, and there is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Tarquin believed in the augurs. At first a sceptic, he asked the great priest Naevius if his skill could say whether the object of his thoughts could be accomplished. "Yes," said the augur. "I thought to cut this whetstone with a razor." "Cut boldly;" said Naevius. Tarquin cut it through. Tarquin was a convert, and he had a saving faith. For faith even in a sifter of entrails, or in a bishop, is a saving faith, and a faith of power, if it fills the whole heart. It is better to be sure to believe in a substance—in a veritable and great idea—yet a sincere faith, even in the prophet Mormon, or in the apostolical pedigree of the bishop of Exeter, might cut through a whetstone with a razor. If England believed in the religion she believes she believes in, as heartily as she believes in the three per cents., she might perhaps find out a true "remedy for the evils which constitute the perils of the nation."

Tarquin, however, seems at length to have exchanged his faith in augurism for a faith in purple and fine linen, which did not turn out a very saving faith. His luxury excited as much envy as his justice had caused respect. A plot was entered into against him: and his royal skull could not resist the blow of an assassin's axe, even although sitting on an ivory throne, and bearing a sceptre with a golden eagle at the one end of it.

WILLIAM.

From the Tyne Mercury.

I never will again invite
That tiresome woman, Mrs. Wright,
Who fancies that her friends enjoy,
As much as she, her noisy boy.

She always brings the little beast
At other folks' expense to feast.
And then he gorges till he's ill—
There's many a *Witness to her Will!*

'Tis only when the brat's asleep
That he from monkey-tricks can keep,
Where mischief is, he's never still—
I wish she'd *execute her Will!*

Though many a *hard rub* I bestow,
No *polish* does the cub e'er show,
And ma can't make—its past her skill—
An *alteration to her Will!*

Upon this imp the mother doats,
And in his eye can see no motes;
She vows no school her pet shall drill,
For, like her sex, *she'll have her Will!*

Hark, there's a foot upon the stair,
'Tis Mrs. Wright—I do declare:
She's coming up—oh bitter pill!
To *dun about her little Bill!*

PERSECUTION, OR THE STORY OF COUNT RABY.

(Concluded from page 133.)

The rest of his persecutors, who had followed on horseback, gradually dropped off, and only two of those who remained with him in the carriage accompanied him in the second stage, where they changed their dress, and allowed him a little sleep. Still pretending to be inhabitants of St. André, they made him put on female attire, and having forced thirty florins upon him, conducted him to Vienna. On the morning before he was seized, the authorities, affecting to know nothing of what was in progress had sent a requisition to the police of Ofen and Pesth to arrest him as a rebel who had

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escaped, and to imprison him. A *posse comitatus* of Hussars and Haiduks was sent in pursuit, while all the property he had at St. André was, for the third time, carried off. The plunderers left not a single article behind. Warrants were issued for apprehending him in any part of Hungary. On his reaching Keimas he applied to have the two persons who had brought him there arrested, but the police were so slow in their movements, if they did not apprize them of their danger that they escaped. He was accused by the members of the Hungarian Chancery of having attempted to seduce the country people to insurrection, and of having fled from prison, being charged with high treason. In the mean time, the ruffians who had seized him as above described were taken, and ordered by the emperor to be brought to Vienna, that they might be confronted with Raby, but in this, as in many other instances, where Joseph seemed anxious to do justice, he was thwarted, and his orders were not complied with. It was pleaded that to obey his order was inconsistent with the Hungarian constitution. Raby was sent to Ofen, attended by two commissaries of police, where he was to be interrogated by the director of the police of that town in the presence of the magistrates. The former, however, declared he could only obey the local authorities, and Count Niczky replied to the protest of the Vienna commissaries that, "the emperor had command at Vienna, but it rested with him in Hungary."

New severities were now resorted to, and the unfortunate De Raby, despoiled of his money and papers, was thrown into a dungeon damp and dreary, and obliged to sleep on a brick floor, and besides was put in chains. The commissaries, wishing to see him on the following day, were told that he had been seized with a contagious distemper, and with this answer they went off to report at Vienna what had occurred. The next day, loaded with fetters, six Haiduks dragged him before a criminal tribunal to be examined. There he told what had occurred, and referred the interrogators to the persons who had attended him to Vienna. One of them, named Sipos, being brought forward, trembled and wrung his hands, and at length confessed that he and his associates had disguised themselves in the apartment of the keeper of the prison, by order of the authorities. For stating the truth the witness was accused of falsehood, and sent to prison. The second took care not to commit the same error. He declared he had been on guard at the prison door, but did not know how Raby had escaped. He had, however, been told by the wife of one of his comrades, that she had seen him fly out of the window! De Raby was upon this absurd testimony declared to be a sorcerer, or at least in communication with the powers of darkness. He was actually convicted of practising the black art.

Locksmiths were ordered on the spot to rivet heavier fetters on his legs, and he was then directed to withdraw. He was obliged to be supported by the gaoler's assistants, and before he reached the first floor, his fetters had so galled him that blood fell from him every step he took. The damp cold hole into which he was thrown was secured by double iron doors. His irons were made fast to the wall, so that he could not move a single step, day or night. He was compelled to lie constantly on a pallet, covered with straw. At his head was placed a pail of water, which was commonly covered with ice, and some coarse bread by its side. The other accommodations provided for him could hardly be described with decorum. In this melancholy situation his spirits declined, hope was no more, and he looked for nothing but death. Such, no doubt, was the wish and interest of his enemies. They were disappointed. Some generous hearts knew how grossly he was injured, and found means to intimate their wish to serve him. Difficult as the task was, he found means to write a memorial of his sufferings to be laid before the emperor. This his unknown friends forwarded to Vienna, and his oppressors were thunderstruck when a peremptory order for Raby's liberation was received by the lord-lieutenant, who at the same time was directed to report the authors of the cruel treatment he had received, that they might be brought to condign punishment. This mandate, like its predecessors, was disregarded, but it procured him better food. His bread was no longer mixed with chopped straw, and he was accommodated with a blanket. Sentence of death was pronounced against him, and though annulled by the emperor, it was renewed no fewer than five times. He protested against it, but his protest against the fourth repetition of it, he was obliged to write with his blood. Finally, he was sentenced to be confined for ten years in chains, and in a subterraneous dungeon, and every three months to receive twenty-five stripes, and to stand in the pillory at St. André and Pesth. His allowance at the same time was reduced to bread and water.

The emperor, at length, justly indignant at the contempt shown for his authority, declared that if Raby were not instantly relieved he would employ a military force to liberate him. His fetters were then knocked off, and he was told he might go where he pleased. He had languished in prison and in chains from February, 1787, to July, 1789, and was now, after being treated like a felon, discharged without the benefit of a purifying sentence.

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His health had suffered severely, and he recovered but slowly. It was not till August 10th that he was enabled to report to the emperor how he had been dealt with.

The emperor being ill, the statement of these facts fell into the hands of the Hungarian Chancery, and of course was left unnoticed. Raby then returned to St. André where he had a house, but on his arrival, he was informed by the magistrate that he must leave within three hours on pain of being sent to prison. His own house was closed against him, no public house would receive him, and in consequence he was compelled to lodge at the house of a poor nobleman, who, for harbouring him, was flogged the next morning in the market-place. He again applied to the emperor for redress, but with no better result than before. He then repaired to Vienna, where he found that Joseph the Second was dead. His successor Leopold, on seeing him come before him to state his grievances, exclaimed, "Are you that honest man who has sacrificed his property and blood for the benefit of the state? I am glad to see you." He promised to secure him ample satisfaction, but the Hungary Chancery continued to interpose new delays, and Leopold died while Raby remained unredressed.

Francis the Second succeeded to the imperial throne. He had been kind to him as archduke, and the count hoped much from him. A new investigatiou issued in a report that he had been falsely accused. No substantial redress was, however, afforded, and when he appeared before Leopold Alexander, the brother of the emperor, to whom the latter had referred him, that prince said to him; "You must have committed some mistake, because the public are not to be informed that in the district of Pesth, where I am chief magistrate, officers are appointed who perpetrate the greatest crimes." The emperor Francis was sported with as Joseph had been, for on his making a new application for justice, the monarch said, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart. They are going to confine you again." This fate, however, he escaped, by retreating to Strasburgh protected by a French passport. There he published to the world the history of wrongs above described, and called upon his persecutors to come forward and refute his statements if they could. "The public opinion," said he, in the conclusion of his *exposé*, "will judge between us. Their persecutions can no more effect me; these police offices, prison-mongers, and executioners cannot reach me here. Should my statements disgrace them, they will be sensible that by the most shameful abuse of their trust they have deserved all the obloquy which may fall on them."

MIRABEAU—THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Death from time to time occupies so much of our thoughts, and is spoken of so frequently that, it ought not to excite surprise that many coincidences have been remarked in the words of a speaker in good health, and the almost instant arrival of "the inevitable hour;" but we have not often seen anything in this way more touching and remarkable than Prince Talleyrand's description of Mirabeau the day before he died.

"It was," said he, "just such an evening as this, warm, glowing, early spring, when the fiery spirit of Mirabeau was passing away. The whole thing had been so sudden, so unlooked for, that we could scarcely believe him in danger ere we found that he was gone. It was the 2d of April, and but two days before he had come to fetch me, full of life and spirit, to dine in the Palais Royal with a party of friends, to talk over the proposition of a law of succession, which he had had for some time under consideration, and which it was his intention to present to the National Assembly. We walked together from my lodgings to the *restaurateur* Robert's, where dinner had been ordered. I thought in the conversation concerning his *projet de loi*, that Mirabeau was somewhat more depressed than usual, and that his words came less freely and less flowing from his tongue. He certainly did complain of oppression and pain in his head, and although the evening was far from sultry, he walked, without his hat. I was particularly struck with the lassitude and weariness he seemed to experience when we had arrived at our destination, and which could not be accounted for by our short slow walk from the Rue St. Honoré. He flung himself listlessly upon one of the benches beside the fountain in the middle of the garden of the Palais Royal, and said sadly, that he was well pleased that our friends had not yet arrived at the rendezvous, for that he was desirous of having a few moments' private conversation with me, not for once, about public affairs, but concerning his own. 'Is it not strange,' said he, 'that I, who am about to present to the assembly a law, and to pronounce a speech, the result of long study, upon wills, should never during my whole life have given one single thought to the making of my own? Do you not think that it is growing high time to think of *every possibility*, with such strange proceedings going on around us—eh, my friend?'

"I was surprised at this sudden revolution in Mirabeau, for of all men on earth he had ever been one of the most thoughtless as to the future, caring little indeed even for the present, living *au jour le jour*,

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heeding not if the morning never came; and I could only attribute his unwonted *accablement* to over exertion and fatigue. He had spoken much in the Assembly, and had, I well know, passed many nights of late in the framework of other acts and decrees, to be brought forward before the close of the sitting.

"I tried to cheer him with soothing words, and told him it was likely that his day of thinking of this sort of things was as yet far off—that it was a mere fit of depression which caused him to dwell upon such gloomy possibilities, and I ventured to assure him that a good dinner, and a glass of our friend Robert's best Chambertin would soon produce a good effect in calming his sudden misgivings about the future.

"He shook his head mournfully: 'These are *banal* phrases, and you know it,' said he; 'they are unworthy of you, I am neither a child nor a woman, and fear not to listen to the whispering voice of my own soul. The truth is, I *do* feel at this moment most singularly overcome by a sadness hitherto unknown — as if my task being, as it were, but just begun, needed no longer my exertions to finish it.' He laid his hand upon my knee, and looked into my face, wherein must have been displayed some anxiety, for I knew not what to think of the mood in which I beheld him, and added gently, 'Should anything happen to me before long, you will think of what I have been saying.'"

THE PANGS OF STARVING.

Beudas, in his narrative of the Texian Expedition, gives the following description of the progress of suffering from want of food. He says:—"I can speak *feelingly* of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unappeasing craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by a nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food; but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the former stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterwards, his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and farther prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still felt, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile—the next, he is endowed with unnatural strength, and, if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse."

Rebiew.

Poems. By Frances Anne Butler. Philadelphia, Penington.

Mrs. Butler is certainly not without talent, but many of her verses are exceedingly deficient in harmony. There are those who seem to enjoy uncouthness of expression so there be strength of thought. We happen to be of opinion that it is the business of a true poet to blend both. If we are only to look at the idea it can be given to us in prose, but "if you write poetry polish your verses," say we. Such slovenly verses as these ought barely to have passed,

"Walking by moonlight on the golden margin
That binds the silver sea, I fell to thinking
Of all the wild imaginings that man
Hath peopled heaven, and earth, and ocean with."

Take again the following:—

A Promise.

"By the pure spring, whose haunted waters flow
Thro' thy sequestered dell unto the sea,
At sunny noon, I will appear to thee:
Not troubling the still fount with drops of wo,
As when I last took leave of it, and thee,
But gazing up at thee with tranquil brow,
And eyes full of life's early happiness,
Of strength, of hope, of joy, and tenderness.
Beneath the shadowy tree, where thou and I
Were wont to sit, studying the harmony

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Of gentle Shakespeare, and of Milton high,
At sunny noon I will be heard by thee;
Not sobbing forth each oft-repeated sound,
As when I last faulter'd them o'er to thee,
But uttering them in the air around,
With youth's clear voice of melody.
On the wild shore of the eternal deep,
Where we have stray'd so oft, and stood so long
Watching the mighty water's conquering sweep,
And listening to their loud triumphant song.
At sunny noon, dearest! I'll be with thee:
Not as when last I linger'd on the strand,
Tracing our names on the inconstant sand;
But in each bright thing that around shall be:
My voice shall call thee from the ocean's breast,
Thou'lt see my hair in its bright, showery crest,
In its dark, rocky depths, thou'lt see my eyes,
My form shall be the light cloud in the skies,
My spirit shall be with thee, warm and bright,
And flood thee o'er with love, and life, and light."

The beauty of bringing the word thee so repeatedly to the end of the line, the words of such rhymes as happiness and tenderness, and the harmony of

"As when I last faulter'd them o'er to thee."

are lost upon us.

The Gatherer.

Dr. Wolff.—It appears this traveller, who has so largely enlisted on his side the sympathies of the humane, is still detained in prison by the Bokharian Khan. What a capricious tyrant may do it is impossible to guess with any degree of certainty. We do not know what steps have been taken, but we have reason to believe the circumstances of the case have not been overlooked by those in power, and whatever care can be effected on behalf of Dr. Wolff, and to secure better treatment to future travellers in those regions, will be done.

Death of Mozart's Son.—From Carlsbad we learn the death of Herr Volfgang A. Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer, and himself a distinguished musical author and pianist. The "Requiem" of his great father was performed on the occasion of his funeral by a body of 500 professors and *dilettanti*.

Anecdotes of Currency.—During the seventeenth century, gold advanced in price one half; and the weight and price of our gold coin was altered in that proportion, while our silver coin remained unaltered, because it was our standard measure. The twenty-shilling gold coins of James I, and the two Charleses, though of less weight than those of the preceding coinage, soon passed current above the rate at which they were issued. The guinea, which was coined by Charles II as a twenty-shilling piece, became worth more than twenty-four shillings in full weight silver coin, in the reign of King William; and increasing scarcity might have raised the price to twenty or twenty-five pounds per ounce (gold being about one hundred times as scarce as silver), if the necessity of using it had not been diminished by making paper the representative of silver.

Tunbridge Wells.—The Birth of Hydropathy.—In 1630, Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I, was sent to the Wells by her physicians for the re-establishment of her health after the birth of prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. This was truly an excursion champêtre, for her majesty remained encamped for six weeks on Bishop's Down, which had been cleared for her reception. The queen, in this arcadian *sejour*, encouraged masques and dancing, the chief amusements of the court in that day. The sons of Galen were soon attracted to the spot which had acquired such sanatory reputation, and a Dr. Rowzee endeavoured to perpetuate her majesty's visit by calling the waters "the Queenes Wells," but the appellation seems not to have been long continued. This Lodowick Rowzee, doctor of physic, dwelling at Ashford, in Kent, and migrating to the new spa in search of better practice than was probably to be found within the limits of a country town, published a small tract, in 1670, descriptive of the virtues of its water. He recommends his patients to begin by drinking ten or twelve ounces in the morning, and to increase the dose to two hundred ounces per diem; and as this quantity must amount to about seven quarts, the patients, on attaining the maximum, might be accounted tolerably accomplished chalybeate water sots.

Celebration of the first recovery of George III.—Mr. Brasbridge, an old citizen of Fleet-street, author of an autobiography entitled "The Fruits of Experience," who died twenty-two years ago, at the age of ninety—thus describes the joyful proceedings on the thanksgiving day for the king's recovery in 1788. "On this glorious day my house was filled from the shop to attics, and even the tiling was covered. I had a pipe of wine for the occasion, and six gallons of cherry bounce for the outside visitors, with store of hams, fillets of veal, and rounds of beef, and eighteen quartern loaves for sandwiches; whilst of tea, coffee, chocolate, and Le Man's biscuits, I do not suppose any coffee-house in London on that day disposed of more."

The Price of Blood.—Sixty-eight thousand dollars have been paid by the state of Kentucky, for slaves executed as criminals.—*Wiley's Register.*

Dr. Ure's Preparation for destroying Rats.—The process I have found to succeed perfectly is as follows:—Melt hog's-lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150 deg. Fah.; introduce into it half-an-ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof spirit, whisky; cork the bottle firmly after its

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contents have been heated to 150 deg., taking it at the same time out of the water bath, and agitate smartly till the phosphorus becomes uniformly effused, forming a milky-looking liquid. This mixture, being cooled with occasional agitation at first, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again, for none of it enters into the combination, but it merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and to diffuse it in very fine particles through the lard. This fatty compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured out into a mixture of wheat-flour, and sugar incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with oil of rhodium, or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with oil of anniseed, &c. This dough, being made into pelts, is to be laid into the rat-holes. By its luminousness, in the dark, it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal.

London as it was and as it is.—In 1604, London was said to contain little more than 150,000 inhabitants. In 1619, the average number of deaths per week was from 200 to 300; the weekly average of deaths for the last five years has been 900. The health of the metropolis has improved, therefore, very materially, for the population of 1843 is twenty times as great again as the population of 1619. At the restoration, it was calculated by Sir William Petty that there were about 120,000 families within the walls of London. "The trade and very city of London," says Petty, "removes westward, and the walled city is but one-fifth of the whole pile."

An Alarming Threat.—When the marriage ceremony between the duke of Gloucester and the princess Mary was in progress, some persons in the room, which was extremely crowded, were holding conversation together in so loud a tone as to be disturbing. Lord Ellenborough (chief justice) perhaps also forgetting, as well as the noisy talkers, where he was, rather disturbed the ceremony, by exclaiming very audibly, "Do not make a noise in that corner of the room: if you do, you shall be married yourselves."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

Return to a Primitive Practice.—Mr. James Rowland, farmer, of Coltton, near Tarporlay, has this year adopted the novel experiment of plucking up his oats by the roots, in preference to making use of any article connected with husbandry for that purpose. [Many admired inventions have lately been superseded, and the ancient practice deemed preferable. Perhaps we shall live to see fire engines abandoned for syringes, and see forks thrown aside altogether.—Ed.]

Moorish Standard of Beauty.—Four things in a woman should be black—the hair, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, and the iris of the eyes: four should be white—the complexion, the white of the eyes, the teeth, and legs: four red—the tongue, the lips, the middle of the cheeks, and the gums: four long—the back, the fingers, the arms, and the legs: four wide—the forehead, the eyes, the bosom, and the hips: four delicate—the nose, the eyebrows, the lips, and fingers: four ample—the lower part of the back, the thighs, the calves of the legs, and the knees: four small—the ears, the breasts, the hands, and the feet.

Frank Confession.—At a confirmation at Strasburg, the bishop asked of a pretty soubrette the usual first question of the Heidelburg catechism—"What is your only consolation in life and death?" The neophyte blushed but hesitated—the question was repeated. "Why, if the truth must be told, the young shoemaker in the next street!" was the reply.

Fore-knowledge required.—The editor of an American paper requests those of his subscribers who never intended to pay, to give him notice as soon as possible.

How to Frighten the Moors.—It is related the Moors believe the Franks are possessed of supernatural power. Davidson, the traveller, was bald, and wore a *toupet.* A body of Arabs, having surrounded him, had commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to be aware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying, "Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!" The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder.

Poor Encouragement for Authors.—The proportion of books which pay for the expense of printing and publishing is small; of those works which reach a second edition, not one in 1840; of those which pass through more than two, not one in many thousands.

In England there are 1,075 cotton factories, employing 183,243 hands; in Scotland, 159 factories and 32,580 hands; in Ireland 21 factories and 4,011 hands.

A small portion of honey mixed with lukewarm water, and allowed to cool, makes an excellent wash for sunburns and chilblains.

The Italian Opera House will hold 1,500*l.* The boxes of Drury-lane Theatre will hold 1,200 persons, the pit 860, the first gallery 480, and the second 280.

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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The Mirror

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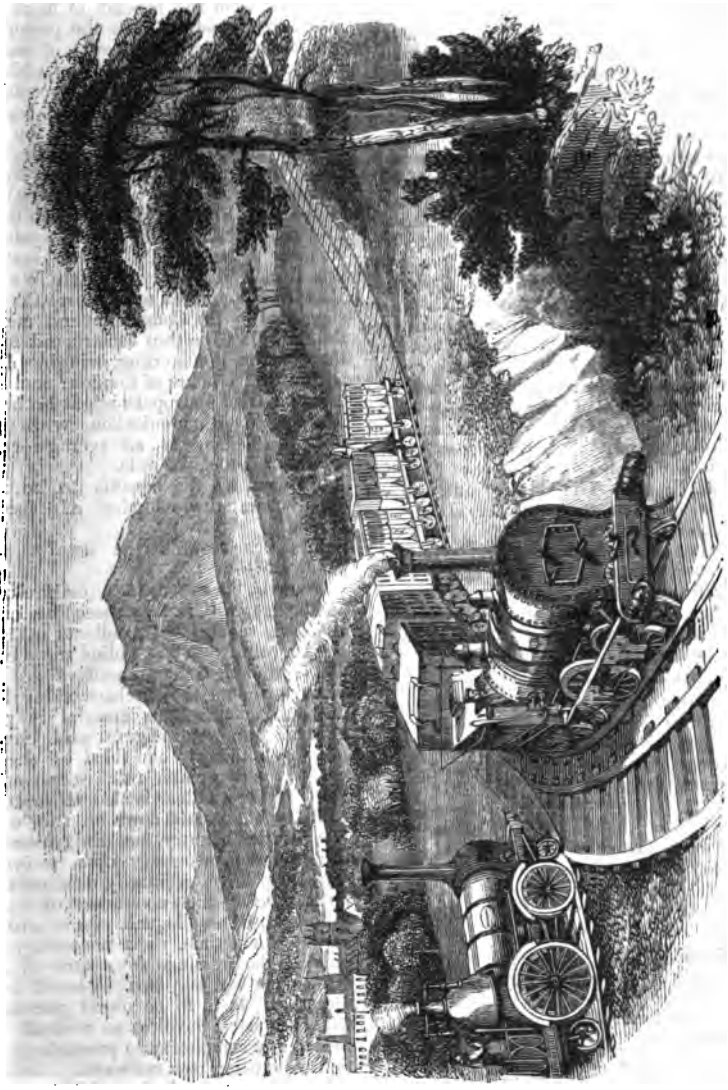

THE PROSSER GUIDE-WHEEL SYSTEM.

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THE PROSSER GUIDE WHEEL SYSTEM OF WOODEN RAILWAYS.

Some time since, in treating of the all-important subject of the *physical* reclamation of Ireland, we made some incidental observations on Mr. Prosser's ingenious invention, the simplicity of which we commended no less than its perfect efficiency. We now present our readers with a sketch of a train of Prosser wheel carriages descending a gradient, which will help to eke out our necessarily imperfect descriptions.

Our former paper on this subject attracted much attention in the sister country, where it was extracted and commented upon at some length by several metropolitan and provincial journals; and the national value of the principle will excuse our thus shortly recurring to the subject. It is unnecessary for us, however, to repeat in detail our former descriptions; we shall content ourselves, therefore, by extracting here some remarks having specific reference to the introduction of the system into Ireland from a paper by Mr. W. Bridges in the last number of the *Polytechnic Review*:—

The superiority of longitudinal sleepers over stone blocks and chairs, is demonstrated by the successful experiment of the Great Western Railway; and the *rationale* of such a mode, and its peculiar adaptation to the circumstances of Ireland, in spite of the abundant stone of that country, are well exhibited by Mr. Vignoles, in the Appendix to the Irish Railway Report (Appendix A, No. 1). The rigidity and the vis inertiæ of stone supports, indeed, may be held to be one among the many causes in operation which induce such a fearfully rapid wear and tear upon some of the existing railways.

The comparative saving in the mere superstructure of wooden and iron railways may be thus tabularly exhibited:—

WOODEN RAIL.	£	s.	d.
5280 cubic feet, 2s. per foot	528	0	0
Paynizing	62	8	0
Wedges, labour, and carriage	300	0	0
Contingencies	240	0	0
3520 sleepers, at 3s. 6d.	616	0	0
	1746	8	0
Balance in favour of Wood in *superstructure* alone	1806	12	0
	3556	0	0
IRON RAIL.			
With rails 60 lbs. to the yard, it will cost for rails, chairs, bolts, &c.	2400	0	0
Labour and carriage	300	0	0
Contingencies	240	0	0
3520 sleepers, at 3s. 6d.	616	0	0
	3556	0	0

Besides this, there will be at least one-fourth less cutting, and a continous saving in wear and tear of machinery, carriages, &c., which may be two-thirds less in weight, with equal tractive power. But the immense saving in this construction, in superstructure, earthworks, embankments, masonry, and purchase of land, is even of less importance than the immense moral and social advantages which the system involves, of connecting towns and villages in all directions, which the present mode altogether excludes from the benefits of more rapid intercommunication. On the present system, a saving in the expense of embankments, necessarily involves an additional cost of working. A better illustration of this cannot be found than in a comparison of the two surveys of Sir John Macneill, in his valuable report on the North Irish line (Report, Appendix, No. 4). There are scarcely any gradients or curves in the Irish Railway Report which need be avoided by the guide-wheel system of wooden railways. By such a system, a line from Shrewsbury through Wales, to Port Dynllaen, even more direct than that suggested by the Commissioners, might in the first place, be thus constructed for less than one million sterling, bringing Dublin within twelve hours of London; and thereafter the Irish metropolis might be brought into rapid communication with every town in Ireland at an average cost of 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* per mile.

To sum up the benefits to be anticipated from the adoption of the new system.

First, as regards the details of expenditure:—

Tunnels, deep cuttings, embankments, and bridges will, in most cases, be entirely obviated, seeing that gradients of 1 in 20, and curves of 500 feet radius may be readily surmounted at a speed of 25 or 30 miles per hour: the purchase of land is reduced in amount; the material is greatly cheaper than iron: engines and carriages may be reduced to one-third of the usual weight, with greater tractive power; the annual wear and tear is also reduced; and as the rails are laid down on the existing face of the country, no disfigurement of the ground is necessary upon private estates, which are ordinarily deteriorated to an extent for which no amount of compensation can be an adequate equivalent; and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, the crossings from part of an estate to another, may be maintained in every direction. It is to be noted particularly that the system involves no central rail, or indeed any complexity to preclude its adoption on existing iron railways.

Second, as regards the public interest:—

Safety is insured by use of the guide-

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wheels, which, being adapted to the upper and inner edge of the rail, and attached at an angle of forty-five degrees, preclude the possibility of an overturn, while, by their peculiar construction, scarcely coming into play except when a great centrifugal influence arises, there is no calculable amount of abrasive action on the tram.

Cheapness of transit to all classes, is, of course, induced by the reduction of primary expenditure; and ease and comfort are in an eminent degree secured by the avoidance of those causes of oscillation which are involved in the use of the conical tire on the iron system.

An experiment to test the adaptation of the guide-wheels to iron railways has just been made upon the Hayle Line, and has completely succeeded. The groove of the guide-wheels, was reduced so as to pass over the chairs in which the iron rails are fixed. A loaded train fitted with guide-wheels, and divested of the flanges on the bearing wheels, was propelled with a fourth less power than one equally laden, but with the common flange wheels; proving that an engine can take a train of carriages, fitted with the Prosser wheels, one-fourth heavier than with the flange wheels now in use. Moreover, the oscillation, when going at full speed, was found to be almost insensible. This will produce a corresponding saving in wear and tear of carriages and engines, as well as add greatly to the duration of the rails; and the adoption of the guide-wheels to existing or projected railways, is worth the attention of those engineers who are unwilling to adopt the wooden rail till it has been fully tested by practice on the lines that have determined to make use of it.

A working model of a wooden railway has been in operation at the Falmouth Polytechnic Exhibition, and is now in the Adelaide Gallery; and the application of the guide-wheels to the iron rail is illustrated by a small model at the Patentee's office, 36, New Broad-street, London.

A NIGHT IN THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

BY JOHN BYRNE.

On the 3rd of March, 1843, I happened to be present at what seldom occurs in the United States' Hall of Representatives—"a night of session."

Soon after six o'clock the members commenced returning, the chairman took the chair, and called the committee to order by an extra flourish of his mace. The two dozen members present accordingly came to order. The bill under consideration in committee of the whole, was the bill to divide the Union into two military districts.

A motion was made that the committee do rise, owing to the want of a quorum.

The chair said, "All ye in favour of rising will rise, and stand to be counted." And twelve members rose, but the chair appeared to have hard work to count them, because they kept moving about like quicksilver. At length, the chair held a caucus in his own mind, and decided that there was no quorum present.

Mr. Adams moved that the committee rise, and report that fact to the house. Several members became rather noisy, and wanted to talk about it.

Mr. Wise; "Is this a debateable question?" Mr. Somebody: "Order—sit down—I insist." After further talk, the committee rose, and the chairman reported the absence of a quorum.

A call of the house was then moved. On that motion the yeas and nays were ordered. (While the vote was being taken, some ladies in the gallery amused themselves by dropping pins on my head.)

The call was not ordered, yeas forty-five, nays seventy-nine. The Military District Bill was then reported to the house.

Mr. Weller asked leave to offer a resolution to admit the ladies on the floor of the hall for this evening (great uproar, and looks to the gallery). The resolution was not at first entertained, for the reason, as I was informed, that the wives of several members were in the gallery, and their spouses wished them for once to keep at a respectful distance.

Several senate bills of a private character were taken up, and passed. About a score of members then rose at once, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker." The first shout having no effect, they gave a second, but with no better luck. The Speaker wanted to please everybody, but he could not have twenty speaking at once. So he thundered with his hammer till order was restored.

A message was received from the senate, stating that they insisted on their amendment to the Treasury Note Bill. The amendment proposed to fund the notes. A committee of conference was appointed to settle the difficulty.

The messenger having withdrawn, a general struggle to get the floor again ensued. The noise was like the beating of a hundred kettle drums, the sound being mellowed by the croaking of a hundred bull frogs. The resolution of Mr. Weller to admit ladies on the floor was finally adopted by a unanimous vote, and the semi-circular floor was for once covered with members that received *no* pay. A motion being made to pass a private bill, one member called out "aye," but so close to the ear of his fair colleague, that it seemed as though it were replying to an offer of marriage from her; for you must

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know the ladies have great privileges when admitted to the floor. After the disposal of various matters, and the letting off much noise from the refractory in the shape of coughing, sneezing, and laughing, Mr. Weller offered a resolution, declaring the thanks of the house due to the Hon. J. White, Speaker, for the able, impartial, and dignified manner in which he had presided. Mr. Brown opposed the resolution, for various reasons; Messrs. Pickens, Wise, Cooper, Cushington, and others, gave their opinions.

Mr. Cooper used very harsh language towards Mr. Brown, and the latter rejoined with becoming spirit. During the affair the greatest disorder prevailed—about a hundred members standing; and so great was the anger of certain gentlemen, that if they could at the moment have got at certain other gentlemen, blows must have been the consequence. At last the previous question on the resolution of thanks to the Speaker, was ordered.

Mr. Wise asked to be excused from voting. He said he had no personal feeling against the Speaker. He also denounced as falsehood the whispers which had gone abroad to the effect that his (Mr. W.'s) opposition to certain measures, arose from his failing to be appointed Speaker himself. This matter having been disposed of, a general storm arose as to what business should come on next. A dozen members shouted with voices like the key-note of a whirlwind—"Mr. Speaker!" A score more, in a deep base, growled, "Order, sit down"—"we can't hear a word"—while others laughed, sung scraps of songs, and looked in the eyes of the ladies, as much as to say, "Now ain't we capital fellows!"

A message was received from the President, by his private secretary, informing the house that he had signed certain bills. Cries of, "Is the Bankrupt Bill among them?" "He'll pocket it, mind if he don't." Here the whole house appeared to have taken cold in its collective capacity, for such coughing, sneezing, and other noises, were never before heard. The Speaker, *pro tem.*, pounded with his hammer like a blacksmith, but members bid it defiance.

Mr. Fillmore—"Really, sir, we can't—"

Mr. Wise—"I call for order."

Speaker—"Order, order, order," with hammer accompaniment. He was answered by a general shout of "Mr. Speaker!" each member wanting to get the floor for some purpose or other. The Speaker begged gentlemen to be seated, but they could not do it, the ladies having the seats, and who ever heard of turning out a lady? Well, they kept standing, and the Speaker kept on hammering. At last there came a temporary calm; and some bill about live oak timber was finally forwarded. It was now about ten o'clock, and still the galleries were crowded to excess, and the floor was so populated that there was hardly room to stir. The conversation among this mass of persons was such as to require a member to speak in a very loud voice to be heard at all. There was a constant rumbling, roaring noise, like the far off thundering of Niagara. But how could silence be expected when so many of the fair sex were present? The amendments of the senate to the bill sending a minister to China were taken up, and concurred in by a large vote. A member insisted that the motion had been carried by persons not members of the house. In fact this was the case, for a great many individuals, not members, are inside the bar. This was no fault of the Speaker's, for the members themselves invited them in. But the Speaker, by candle-light, could not distinguish who were members and who were not. However, the bill was finally passed. While the vote was taking, members appeared to be exercising their powers of ventriloquism, for the strange manner in which some of them said "aye" or "no," would have frightened a whole menagerie. One member groaned "no" in such a terrific strain that it sounded like the bellowing of a wounded buffalo. It was altogether a rich scene for all who were not interested in the passage of bills. The laughter seemed electric; and, ever and anon, some member in sleepy hollow would give the signal by a most outrageous sneeze, which sounded like the report of a Pairhan gun. A rather strange commotion then took place among some of the ladies on the floor. I was informed that an ambitious bustle, hearing the noise, and longing to see what was going on, had the impudence to emerge from its hiding-place, and "take the floor." Well, if ladies will turn politicians, they must take their chance.

Some member near the door now rose, and shouted, "I move to go into committee on the Pension Agent Bill" (cries of "Oh dear," "order").

Mr. Mallory—"I move to take up the Dragoon Bill."

Mr. Smith—"I merely rise to—"

Mr. Wise—"I do hope that—"

Twenty others kept shouting at the top of their voices, "Order, order, order!"

Mr. Gwin wanted to go into committee on General Jackson's fine (renewed uproar and laughter).

The chair thundered with his hammer in a terrible manner.

Mr. Wise suggested that the noise of the hammer was more disagreeable than any other noise (great laughter, especially among the ladies, who by this time had become quite at home, and

"Eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again.")

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This attack of Mr. Wise on the Speaker's hammer had no effect, for it kept hammering away as if it had a certain number of strikes to give before the adjournment. The fact was, the chair, a Mr. Briggs, who was the most remarkable man in the house, had a cold, and could not be heard except through the hammer.

Mr. Smith—"Mr. Speaker, call gentlemen by their names, if they won't come to order."

Mr. Beeson wanted to offer a resolution about a yard long, calling for information on some subject, at the next session of Congress. But the house would not hear anything about it.

It was now twelve o'clock, and several members, who wanted to go to bed, moved to adjourn.

Mr. Medell—"Mr. Speaker, I move to adjourn. It is no use waiting here."

Mr. Weller desired to know if the "morning hour" had not arrived (shouts of laughter).

Mr. Mallory desired to know if the time had not now arrived for all business to cease."

Some member in the rear rank, who could not be seen, wanted to move the printing of a certain document. He was called to order by fifty at once—one shouting that Congress was dissolved, while another said the assemblage was now nothing but the sovereign people.

Mr. Weller—"Sir, will it be in order to move a call of the house?" (roars of laughter)

Mr. Snyder—"I call for the orders of the night" (cries of "go ahead! that's it").

A member from Indiana began to repeat a piece from Shakespeare, commencing "Most grave and noble signors," but somebody took the words from his mouth, and finally the whole matter ended in a general sneezing, the Speaker's hammer joining in the chorus.

Some member, whose spirits were exhilerated from drinking cold water and other things, called out,

"The dread hour of midnight has arrived,
And all creation slumbers—"

He was proceeding, when

Mr. Underwood rose, and declared that the legislative functions of the house had ceased. He, therefore, hoped an adjournment would prevail.

Mr. Snyder called for Arnold's bill, 548.

Several other members shouted for Arnold, and asked what he was doing that he did not bring up the bill.

Mr. Smith—"I don't want to stay here all night. We ought not to stay here. Why not send a message to the Senate to say we are ready to adjourn?"

Mr. Underwood—"It is past twelve, and no legislative business can be done."

Mr. Wise contended that the regular constitutional day did not expire till Saturday at noon. That was the astronomical and scriptural day, from meridian to meridian. He quoted the first chapter of Genesis: "And the evening and the morning were the first day." A committee was sent to the Senate to say the house was ready to adjourn.

While the committee was gone, Mr. Snyder called upon the clerk for a story (outrageous laughter). A tall lady here walked into the aisle, whereon there arose a cry of "A member up." Finally, the committee returned from the Senate, stating that it was in executive session.

A committee was then appointed to wait on the President, to say the house was ready to adjourn. The answer returned was, that the President wished members a safe journey home to the enjoyment of their families. So here ended the twenty-seventh Congress, after sitting four hundred and fifty days, passing more than four hundred bills, and making more than two thousand reports. It had more bills voted, lost more members by resignation, and also more by death, than any previous Congress. Thirteen members died, seven lost their wives by death, nine were married, twelve lost their children, seven senators and twelve representatives resigned, one had his leg broken, and one had his ear bit off in a street fight.

THE MODEL FARM.

AN ECLOGUE,

BY EUGÈNE SUÉ.

Rifacimento from "The Mysteries of Paris."

The clock strikes five upon the village church—
The air is sharp, the evening sky serene—
The sun, slow sinking now behind the tall
And leafless trees which crown the skirting heights,
Sheds o'er the circling sky a purple tint,
And on the vast champaign, hardened by frost,
His pale rays fall oblique.
In summer time,
Hidden, as 'neath the foliage lurks the nest,
The farm gleams now without that verdant veil,
And, like a silver ribbon there unroll'd,
The tiny winding river's frozen line
Shines on the bosom of the evergreen meads,
Whence the clean cows are guided grazing home.
Recall'd by threatening night, successive flights
Of pigeons settle on the pointed roof.
And the lank walnut trees not sheltering now
The court and the farm-buildings, but despoil'd
Of their rich leaves, display the tile and thatch,
Cover'd with velvet moss of emerald green.
Three horses—stout, thick-set, with heavy manes
And shining coats, blue collars trimm'd with bells,
And woollen tufts of red—bring from the mill
A massive cart heap'd high with golden grain.
Through the large gate they come, while, by the side,
A flock of bounding sheep come straggling in.
Both man and beast, impatient, shun the cold,
And eager press to taste the well-earned rest.
Joyous the horses neigh—the stable neared,
The bleating sheep besiege the warm sheepfold.
The workmen through the kitchen window spy
The evening feast, and haste their closing toil.

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All o'er the farm a wondrous order reigns,
The harrows, rollers, ploughs, not here exposed
Clotted with mud, but shining neatly bright,
Many of form inventive, strange, and new,
Lie in the shed arranged, where to and fro,
The careful waggoners set their harness trim.
The lower court, by a green trellis hemm'd,
Receives the feathery tribe, which every night,
By a small wicket, enter from the field.
A model this to all the farms around,
Not more from order, neatness, and from crops,
Abundant, guerdon of wise husbandry,
But because all are happy—virtue, here,
And happiness are one, for property
Owns here the right divine to act aright.
But sudden see amid the roosts and coops,
And silvery channel cas'd with pebbly stones,
From whose pure limpid ever gushing fount
A careful hand had mov'd the gathering ice,
A threatening revolution bursts around.
The cackling hens leave quick the cherished roost—
The turkeys gobble—scream the guinea fowls—
The fluttering pigeons leave the pointed roof,
And, noisy cooing, cluster on the sand.
'Tis Fleur de Marie makes this gay commotion.
Not Watteau, in his fruitfulest of moods,
A more enchanting model had conceived,
If but the cheeks of the poor Goualeuse
Had owned a little more of rosy plumpness,
Her fair fine forehead with its flaxen bands
Glowed 'neath the small round hat, and, peasant-like,
Under this hat, smoothly arrayed, and set
Behind the head with two large pins—she wore
An Indian handkerchief of glowing red,
Whose square ends graceful deck'd her marble shoulders;
A picturesque and pleasant headgear this,
Of more than Tyrolese or Alpine tastefulness.
A kerchief of white lawn across her bosom;
An apron of brown linen half concealed
A dress of blue cloth, whose tight sleeves set off
Her moulded form; transparent showed beneath
Her fustian petticoat with sober stripes.
White stockings, white indeed, and buskins black,
Hid in the little wooden black sabots,
With lambskin trimmed upon the instep high,
Made up this simple rustical costume,
Borrowing new ornament from inborn grace.
Her apron holding by the corners twain,
The sparkling grain by handfuls thence she pour'd
To the wing'd crowd, which eager gasp'd around.
One pretty pigeon, of a silvery white,
With glittering beak and feet of purple hue,
More bold or more familiar than the rest,
Round Fleur de Marie fluttering for a while,
Rested at length upon her shoulder. She,
Accustomed doubtless to such gallant tricks,
With liberal hand still cast the pearly grain,
Upturning half her angel face, she raised
Her smiling profile, and her rosy lips
Extended to her favourite's coral beak.
And the last rays of the declining sun
On this bright picture shed a golden gleam.

BETH.

THE ART OF DESTRUCTION.

The philanthropist may lament that the noblest efforts of science should be turned to human destruction. We must, however, take the world as we find it, and since we are certain that whether or not we possess ourselves of more formidable means of mischief than have hitherto been at our command, others will not fail to use them against us, we cannot venture to reject such when offered. Such being the case, it is surprising that some arrangement has not been made with Capt. Warner after the singular exploit lately performed by him. He has not been most cordialy greeted by those to whom his discovery would seem to be most important, and indeed he complains of having been very indifferently treated. A letter recently published contains such amusing statements, and, moreover, such an extraordinary challenge, that it is really worth preserving as a curiosity. Describing the course pursued towards him, he says:—

"After I had disclosed part of my plans of operating against an enemy's fleet in roadsteads and harbours, Sir Howard Douglas intimated to a noble lord that I had now shown him enough to enable himself to blockade an enemy's fleet, and render a channel impassable! When Sir Howard Douglas was reminded that he yet lacked a knowledge of the secret agent I employed, he replied that that was true, but he possessed agents of sufficient power to answer the purpose. But, at our next meeting, subsequent to this conversation, Sir Howard, in a very peremptory manner, told me I must disclose my secret agent, and explain its nature, properties, and composition, as well as exhibit and explain any mode of operation. This I at once declined, when Sir Howard said without such disclosure he could not recommend my inventions to her Majesty's government. I replied by asking how, in such case, I could secure remuneration without some guarantee? to which question Sir Howard, in a moment of hasty, and I suspect, unintentional candour, said—'To be sure not, for when all your secrets are disclosed, what is to prevent myself and my brother commissioner from demanding the same sum from government for their preservation as you yourself demand'—a speech which, coming from an officer reaping the emoluments enjoyed by Sir Howard Douglas, struck me, I confess, with amazement. Sir Howard Douglas has represented that there was a concurrence of opinion with respect to my inventions between himself and Sir Edward Owen. I will take the present opportunity of declaring that this is a misapprehension on Sir Howard's part. For when Sir Howard made light of some naval operations, which as a soldier officer he probably did not understand, Sir Edward Owen come forward in my defence, and expressed his belief that I could carry my plans into effect; and when to save time I offered to go down to a secluded part of the coast, and enter into some operations before Sir E. Owen, during Sir H. Douglas's canvass at Liverpool, Sir Howard would not permit a single explanation to be entered into during his absence, though Admiral Owen reminded him with a smile, that he felt himself competent to form a judgment of my naval movements without the gallant General's assistance

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I regret to this hour Sir Edward Owen's departure for the Mediterranean, for I believe that his knowledge of seamanship and candid disposition would have brought my affairs to a different termination than has befallen them. Sir Howard Douglas and Sir George Cockburn have described me as an impetuous and passionate man, and that I do not express myself in terms sufficiently respectful to them. I confess they have each of them at times provoked me, but if they had treated me in the manner I have ever been treated by Sir George Murray and Sir Edward Owen, they would never have had to complain of even a hasty expression escaping my lips. But I ask the coldest man alive whether he could have maintained unruffled composure had he experienced the treatment I have above described.

"I will omit no public opportunity of repeating that to Sir George Murray I am willing to disclose all my secrets unreservedly, but I will for no consideration communicate with those who have publicly violated confidence. This may be strong language—too strong for "ears polite," but it is the language of plain truth. I once more appeal publicly to the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Ingestre, and Sir George Murray, whether or not I can destroy every thing that floats by means of the shells which Sir George Cockburn spoke of as worthless, because, forsooth, certain miserable implements had been ineffectually used against him off the coast of North America. The above-named gallant and noble officers know the nature of those shells, and the facility with which I can use them, and I appeal to them to say whether any vessel, from a line-of-battle ship to a fishing coble, can escape or resist them. The impression which Sir George Cockburn's speech in the House left upon the minds of his hearers was, that he classed my shells with the things he alluded to; but I beg to remind the gallant admiral of his own conversations with Lords Hardwicke and Ingestre, and myself, in which he observed how differently he and his ship would have fared had he encountered my shells; and I here publicly ask Sir George Cockburn whether he dare meet my shells with any fleet however powerful, to say nothing whatever of the long range? In the House of Commons much wit and merriment have been wasted upon my asking 300,000*l.* for my long range. I again remind Sir G. Cockburn of his admission that 400,000*l.* was not too much if I could accomplish what I profess. 'Seeing is said to be believing;' if the Government will accept my challenge, Sir G. Cockburn may see, and he dare not then deny a belief which I more than suspect he already has hidden in his heart."

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

PART II.—CHATEAU DE CARDOVILLE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SHIPWRECKS.

Whilst the worthy steward fled to the succour of those who had escaped shipwreck, M. Rodin, indifferent to all that was passing around him, went to the green room, where he remained upwards of two hours. He then returned to the steward's room, which was situated at the end of a long gallery, carrying under his arm a small silver-mounted casket, while his half-buttoned coat exposed to view part of a large morocco portfolio. On finding no one in the room he placed the casket on the table, and said, with apparent satisfaction.

"All is well. It was highly prudent to allow the papers to remain here till the present time, for caution is required, in order to deal with the impious Adrienne Cardoville, who seems to guess that which she could never possibly have known. Fortunately the time is near at hand when we shall have no reason to fear her. It is requisite that her fate should be a cruel one; for such proud and independent spirits are born our foes. As for Madame Sainte-Colombe, the steward, notwithstanding his *conscience*, as the old imbecile calls it, is sure to serve us in regard to her; the fear of being left at his age without the means of sustenance, will make him a ready and a useful servant. When that lady is in the hands of Roiville there will then be no danger, I'll answer for it. How easy it is to chalk out the line that these stupid and infatuated women generally pursue. In their youth they serve the devil; when more advanced in years, they cause others to serve him; and when they reach old age, fear on account of past deeds overcomes them, and as a palliation they leave all they have for the good of the church. The château de Cardoville, from its solitary situation, will make an excellent college. As for the affairs of the medals, the 13th of February will soon be at hand. We have no news from M. Josué, therefore Prince Djalma must still be a prisoner in Asia; the daughters of General Simon will be detained for a month longer at Leipsic; as for our home affairs—"

M. Rodin was interrupted by the entrance of Madame Dupont, who, zealously prepared every mode of assistance for those who might have escaped shipwreck.

"Kindle a fire in the next room, and

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warm some wine. M. Dupont may be here soon."

"Well, my dear Madam, have some of these unfortunate people been saved?"

"I do not know, sir. It is two hours since my husband left. I am uneasy on his account, for he is so courageous that in saving life he forgets the danger that threatens his own."

"Rashness is imprudent. I do not like that," Rodin said; then he added, "I regret that my age and frailty prevented me from accompanying your husband, and I am also sorry that I cannot remain to see the result of his efforts, as I am obliged to leave. I have spoken to your husband relative to his retaining his situation. He will acquaint you with the whole."

"O, sir, you are very kind."

"Madame, Madame, here is master," cried the servant, rushing into the room, and a few moments afterwards M. Dupont appeared, dripping wet.

"O, my love. I was so uneasy about you," said the good woman, embracing him affectionately, "Have you saved any one?"

"There are three saved to my knowledge, and I think there were some more saved at the Goelan inlet."

"Where have you left them?" demanded Rodin.

"They are, aided by our men, ascending the cliff. As they could not walk quick, I ran on to have everything prepared for them. My dear Catherine, as there are two young girls, get some clothes ready. The young man who accompanies them is the person who saved their lives. He is indeed a hero. As we descended a cliff, what should we see but two young girls, in a swoon, their backs against the rock, and their feet in the water, as if they had been put there on being taken out of the surge. Their extreme likeness to each other astonished me. One of them clasped a bronze medal in her hand."

At these words M. Rodin started backwards, and a slight colour flushed his livid cheeks. He approached M. Dupont, and asked, with assumed indifference—

"Strange! Did you observe any inscription on the medal?"

"No, I did not. The girls are in deep mourning; perhaps they are orphans. Whilst we were removing them to a dry part of the beach we saw a man clinging to a rock. We immediately hastened to his assistance, and found him totally exhausted. It was the brave young fellow thathad rescued the girls, and who had been trying to save a third; but his strength had failed him, and had it not been for our men, he would certainly have been washed off the rock on which he had crept."

M. Rodin, allowing his head to drop upon his breast, seemed lost in conjectures.

"After what I have told you of their deliverer," said the steward to his wife, "no doubt you expect to see a Hercules. On the contrary, he is but a child in appearance, with a sweet countenance, and long fair hair. I left him my cloak, as he had nothing on him but a pair of knee breeches and black stockings. It is strange. When the poor girls recovered their senses, they fell upon their knees before the young man, and thanked him as if they had been praying to God; then they looked round as if looking for some one, exchanged a few words, and burst into tears. I could not prevent a tear starting to my eye. Listen. I think I hear footsteps."

The steward, followed by his wife, hastened to the door, while Rodin remained convulsively biting his nails. A mournful spectacle here presented itself. Rose and Blanche were on each side of their deliverer, who, scarce able to walk, was leaning on their arms. It would be difficult to give an idea of the adorable sweetness of his pale face, as pure as that of the most lovely ideal production of Raphael—for that divine artist alone could have pourtrayed the touching melancholy of his enchanting countenance, and the serenity of his celestial looks—looks, limpid and pure as those of a martyr. But he was a martyr. Above his eyebrows was a large scar; his hands and feet were pierced, as if he had been crucified.

This young man was Gabriel, the adopted son of Dagobert's wife, who was a priest and a martyr, for in our days, as in the times of the Cæsars, when Christians were delivered up to the lion and the tiger, there are martyrs. Yes, in our days the children of the poor, for heroic and disinterested love springs almost alone from them; the children of the poor, driven by circumstances into certain vocations, go into all parts of the world to propagate the gospel, braving, with heroic valour, both torture and death. How many of these have become the victims of savages? how many have gone out to the wilds of the two hemispheres, and never returned? Alas! they rarely return; and if they do, no ecclesiastical dignities are conferred upon them—no purple robes, nor splendid mitres, conceal the scars and mutilated limbs of those intrepid soldiers of the cross—whose whole wealth was and is—their hope in Jesus. They, like the soldiers who fight for their country's cause, die and are forgotten.

The sight of Gabriel excited still more the surprise of Rodin, who had stepped aside, that he might see all that was passing.

The steward and his wife, moved with pity at the appearance of the orphans, approached them. At this moment the ploughboy rushed into the room, saying,

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"Master, master, good news, two more are saved."

"Where are they?" exclaimed the worthy host.

"One of them will be here immediately, for as soon as he heard that the young ladies were safe, although old and wounded in the head, he ran so fast that I could scarcely get before him. The other is on a litter; they are bringing him here."

Rose and Blanche immediately rushed to the door, and reached it at the same time as Dagobert. The old soldier, unable to speak, fell on his knees, stretching his arms towards the orphans, while Rabat-joie sprang forward, and licked their hands.

When Rodin saw the old soldier, his whole frame became agitated, for he imagined that the orphans' guide had perished.

Another person entered, a man with a yellow complexion, who seeing Gabriel, went up to him, and said in French, "Prince Djalma will be here immediately. His first words were about your safety."

"What does that man say?" said Rodin, springing forward.

"Monsieur Rodin," cried the missionary, who had not observed the secretary.

"Monsieur Rodin," repeated the dark-skinned man, fixing his eyes upon the correspondent of Josué.

"What did that man say to you?" demanded Rodin. "Did he not pronounce the name of Prince Djalma."

"Yes, sir. He was one of the passengers of the Black Eagle. We were going to Portsmouth, whence I purposed coming to Paris."

"Do you know who this Prince Djalma is?"

"A young man as good as he is brave; the son of an Indian king. I should like to go to him. Have you," he added, with submission, "any orders for me?"

"Notwithstanding your fatigue, can you set out with me in two or three hours?"

"If it be requisite—yes."

"Then we shall leave together."

Gabriel bowed to Rodin, who sank, from emotion, exhausted into a chair.

The man of yellow complexion, who was Faranghea, the chief of the Stranglers, was in a corner of the room, unobserved by Rodin. After making his escape from the soldiers at the ruins of Tchandi, he waylaid Mahal, the smuggler; killed him, took M. Josué's despatches, and the letter which secured him a passage in the Ruyter. Djalma, when meeting with Faranghea (which will be explained hereafter), not being aware that he was a Phansegar, treated him as a countryman.

Rodin, with fixed eyes and countenance as pale as death, was furiously biting his lips, when the strangler approached him, and, placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder, said, "Your name is Rodin?"

"What do you want?" cried the other, starting.

"Is not your name Rodin?"

"Yes, what do you want with me?"

"You live in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins."

"Yes; but, once more, what do you want?"

"At present—*nothing*; by and bye—*much*;" then he moved slowly away, leaving Rodin horror-struck with the wild gaze of the Strangler.

CHAPTER X.—DEPARTURE FOR PARIS.

The storm had subsided, and silence reigned in the château de Cardoville. Dagobert and the orphans were accommodated with comfortable rooms on the first floor, while Djalma, who was severely injured from his attempts to save a child entrusted to his care, occupied a lower room, attended by Faranghea, and Gabriel the one adjoining that of the orphans. As the latter had promised to set off in two or three hours, he did not go to bed, but having dried his clothes, he threw himself into an arm-chair placed before the fire, and fell soundly asleep.

Rabat-joie, confident of the respectability of the château, left the door of the orphans, entered the apartment of the sleeping missionary, approached the hearth, extended itself at full length on the rug, placed his nose between his forepaws, and felt quite at home. Was poor old Jovial forgotten by his surly companion. We should think not from Rabat joie's propensity to snap at all the grey horses and even grey dogs that crossed his path. Such, probably, resulted from the fond recollection of his old unfortunate companion.

A door opened, and the two sisters, who, anxious about Dagobert, had dressed themselves, and, leaving their chamber to get information about him, entered that of Gabriel. Seeing Rabat-joie stretched before the fire, and thinking that Dagobert was asleep, they stealthily advanced towards the arm chair, and to their astonishment beheld Gabriel fast asleep. From surprise and confusion they stood motionless, fixing their eyes upon his pale and beautiful countenance, which at this moment had a melancholy expression, resulting probably from the effects of an unpleasant dream. The young girls blushed, while their hearts throbbed heavily.

"He sleeps, sister" said Rose, "see what a heavenly countenance; does it not resemble the one we saw in our dreams. You remember he promised to protect us."

"He has kept his word this time. He had not that melancholy look before, nor

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had he that red scar round his forehead. Is it not strange that he did not speak about our mother when coming here. I suppose he did not like because we were not alone.

"Let us ask him now, sister."

The orphans knelt before Gabriel, and raising their sweet faces, said, in the fullness of innocent hearts: "Gabriel, do tell us something about our dear mother."

At the sound of the voices, Gabriel started, and recognising the orphans, he said, "Rose, my sisters, we should only kneel before our God." The young girls rose, and Gabriel added with a smile, "How do you come to know my name."

"It was you who told us, when you came from our mother; when you promised to protect us."

"I, my sisters! You are mistaken. I never saw you till to-day."

"Yes; but you saw us in our dreams. The first time, you know, was in Germany."

Gabriel could scarcely prevent himself from smiling at their simplicity. "Who do you take me for, my sisters?"

"For the angel that our mother sent to protect us."

"I am but a poor, humble priest. Perhaps, I may resemble the angel that you saw in your dreams, for angels are not visible to beings such as we are."

"Not visible!" repeated the orphans in sadness.

Gabriel took them by the hands, saying, "Do not be sorry, my sisters; dreams, like all that is good, spring from God."

At this moment the old soldier entered, who started back on seeing a stranger holding Rose and Blanche by the hands, for he knew not that it was the man who had saved the orphans from a watery grave. Rose and Blanche no sooner saw their guardian than they ran to him, and taking his hand, asked him if his head was painful.

"No, my children. It is but a white wound; but the village doctor has tied it up as tightly as if it bore the gashes of half-a-dozen sabres. But who is that man who was holding you by the hands?"

"That is our guardian angel, Dagobert. It was he who saved us."

"He! was it he who—" The old soldier could say no more. He ran up to the young priest, and looking at him in touching gratitude, said,

"O, sir, and is it to you that I owe the lives of these two children, I acknowledge my debt of gratitude; I—no, I can say no more." Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he added—"When endeavouring to climb a rock, was it not you who—yes, yes, it was you; I know you now!"

"Unfortunately," said Gabriel, "my strength failed; and with sorrow I saw the sea close over you."

"What!" cried Blanche, with joy, "and did our Gabriel try to save you, too."

"Gabriel!" said Dagobert, "Is your name Gabriel, sir, and you are a priest. Who brought you up?"

"A good and generous woman, whom I esteem as the best of mothers; notwithstanding I was a foundling, she had pity on me, and reared me as her son."

"Frances Baudoin," said Dagobert in joy, "a soldier's wife, and mother to a young man called Agricola. O my wife, my son."

"Then you are Agricola's father. O God! how can I express my gratitude for thy bounty," said the young priest.

"Are they well. When did you hear from them?"

"I left them about three months ago. They were then enjoying good health."

"Gabriel, I am waiting for you," was uttered in a stern voice, that startled the young priest. All looked round, and beheld Rodin at the door.

"What man is that?" said Dagobert, nettled at the interruption, and not at all prepossessed with Rodin's appearance: "What the mischief is he wanting?"

"I must leave you," said Gabriel, in a a tone of regret; "this is my superior, and I must obey him."

"You must not go. I have a great many questions to ask you. Shall I ask him to allow you to remain."

"No; it will be useless. I must obey. It is a duty towards my superiors. I shall meet you all at Paris."

"Well, as a soldier I know what discipline is. Your discipline, however, seems severe enough. Never mind, my boy. We shall meet at the Rue Brise-Miche."

"It is severe," Gabriel said. "Farewell. Farewell, my sisters."

Two hours afterwards Dagobert and the orphans were pursuing their way to Paris. Prince Djalma, too ill to travel, remained at Cardoville with Faringhea, who urged that he would not leave his countryman.

We shall now conduct our readers to the Rue Brise-Miche, where Dagobert's wife dwelt.

CHAPTER XI.—DAGOBERT'S WIFE.

Perhaps there is not a duller, darker street in all Paris than the Rue Brise-Miche, which, even in the longest days in summer, is scarcely ever enlivened by the sun's rays; and which in winter is noted for its uncleanness, and foggy and pestilential atmosphere.

It was about eight in the evening. Two men were seen deeply engaged in conversation.

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"You understand me," said one of them. "When you see them enter, go to Frances Baudoin's, and as a pretence, inquire for the little humpbacked woman, and from her try to get the address of her sister, who is called the Bacchanalian Queen. I will wait for you at the cabaret, opposite the cloisters, and when you return, we shall have a glass of hot wine together."

"That will be very acceptable, for I am very cold."

"Do not speak of cold. Was I not as stiff as a mummy at the church. Even the holy water was frozen. Ah, my dear fellow, mine is no sinecure birth."

"It has its perquisites, however."

"Ah, that's true. Well, success to you. Do not forget what I have said."

One of the men left, while the other began to pace to and fro before No. 5, which is a high miserable-looking building in exterior and interior, with water trickling down the damp walls, finding its way down the dark staircase. This quarter is one of the most populated in Paris; the houses, unwholesome, cold, and comfortless, are mostly inhabited by the labouring classes.

In one of the rooms of this miserable building dwelt Frances Baudoin, who, seated near her fire was cooking Agricola's supper. She was about fifty years of age; wore a printed gown, with white flowers; a serge petticoat, and on her head a cap, tied under the chin. Her face was tall and thin, her features regular, and on her countenance sat an expression of resignation. It was impossible to find a better, a more worthy mother. With no other resource than her own labour, she not only brought up her son Agricola, but also the foundling Gabriel. For some time back her health had been impaired, her sight had failed her. She could only work three or four hours a day; the rest of her time she spent at church. After stirring the fire, she rose, and took from a canvas bag a small table-cloth, which she placed on the table with a fork and spoon.

Though Agricola was not much behind his usual time, the countenance of the poor mother evinced sadness and anxiety, and her red eyes showed that she had been weeping. The good woman, after fearful apprehensions, was at length convinced that her failing sight would soon prevent her from working. When young, she was an excellent sempstress, but now she was obliged to do coarse work, which was very badly paid. For each sack, about twelve feet of sewing, she received a penny, and had out of that pittance to pay for her thread. Three were all that she could do in a day, so that her day's earnings amounted to three-pence.

It is frightful to consider the number of aged women who toil day after day for this contemptible sum, their earnings decreasing in proportion to the increasing wants of old age. Happily, however, for Frances, she had a son, an excellent workman, who supported her, so that if she could earn nothing, they could have lived comfortably. But the poor woman, though economical in all the necessaries of life, was far from penurious in church matters. Scarcely a day passed but she had masses and tapers burnt for Dagobert or for her son, whom she believed was on the road to perdition. Agricola was so good, and had so generous a heart, that he humoured his mother in this respect, and never complained, though the half of his hard earned money was fooled away in pious offerings. At times, he would remark, that it grieved him to see her depriving herself of the necessaries of life, and injuring her health, in order to indulge in devotional extravagances. This excellent mother would reply in tears: "My child, it is for your salvation, and for that of your father."

To argue with his mother on such a subject Agricola always refrained, though it was with pain that he saw her throwing away money, which could have secured her many a comfort.

A gentle knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Frances, and a person entered.

(*To be continued.*)

MOGADOR AND ITS POPULATION.

Curiosity naturally turns at the present moment to the coast of Africa, and numerous histories and descriptions of the last scene of warfare have been published. The *Journal des Debats* seems to have collected the most authentic account. It says:

"Mogador is comparatively a new town, having been founded by the sultan Muly Mohammed in 1760, in order to have a port at the nearest possible point from Morocco, from which city it is distant about forty-eight leagues. The population of Mogador may be estimated at about 12,000, of which 1,300 are Jews, and not more than fifteen or twenty Europeans. It is the most commercial port of the empire, and returns a customs revenue of nearly 1,000,000f. Saffi produces only between 50,000f. and 60,000f., and the twin towns of Rabat and Sallee, whose united population amounts to 52,000 souls, and are next in commercial importance to Mogador, produce no more than 380,000f. The town is called Souerah by the Morocco men, it being to the island alone that they give the name of Mogador, after a saint called Sidi Mogodoul, whose tomb is to be seen on the coast opposite Souerah, and, with its chapel, is anterior to the foundation of the town. On the island alone, which is two

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English miles in circumference, there was formerly a small fort, built by the Portuguese, of whom memorials are to be found all along the coast from Tangier to the country of Sous-el-Acsa, opposite the Canary Islands. The construction of the town of Mogador must have been attended with great difficulties, particularly the south-west rampart, facing the island, which is raised on several rocks, against which the sea breaks with great violence, and which are united by two curtained works. The whole of the north wall, against which the sea also beats with equal violence, could not have been erected without much labour and skill beyond the science and strength of the natives. The plan was laid down by European engineers, and among them by a Frenchman named Cornut. Masons and other artisans were brought from Europe, and some Frenchmen who had been made slaves were also employed as labourers. Cornut served the king of Morocco for ten years, but was so badly rewarded that he came back to France as poor as when he left it. Muly Mahommed transferred to Mogador the inhabitants of Agadir (Santa Cruz), and forced the richest Moors to come in from the surrounding provinces, and build houses. European merchants were encouraged to come and settle there by being offered facilities for trading, and thus the new town was not only built but peopled within the space of ten or twelve years. But in a few years more the heavy taxes and duties, and rigid prohibitions, paralysed the course of trade, and drove three-fourths of the merchants away, and the population, which had amounted to 25,000, has gradually dwindled to less than one half. The site of Mogador presents at a distance that picturesque aspect which gained it the name of Souerah, which means a picture. The minarets, which rise to a great height above the ramparts bristling with cannon, certainly present from afar an interesting and beautiful sight; but the interior of the town does not realise this promise, although its streets are regular, and it has some very fine buildings. The port is formed by the island, on the eastern side of which the trading vessels are moored, sheltered from the west and north winds, but exposed to those from the south-west, which frequently blow with great force, and cause severe losses. On the island are four batteries of masonry, and the most considerable portion of the fortifications can play upon the island and mooring-place with good effect, being at only about 1,500 yards distance. It would be impossible to occupy the port without having previously ruined all the defences which thus protect it. Mogador has never before been bombarded by a European squadron, but has twice been besieged on the land side. During the flourishing times of the commerce of Mogador it exported to Lisbon, Cadiz, Marseilles, Gibraltar, and even to New York, large quantities of corn and wool, gum, almonds, olive-oil, figs, wax, leather, goat-skins, aniseed, orange-peel, and many medicinal drugs; and to the coast of Guinea were shipped haiks, small mantles of whole wool, and other light articles in woollen and cotton, and other manufactures of the country used by the blacks. The imports consisted of bar iron, steel, cutlery, and hardware of all kinds, cloths, cottonades, silk handkerchiefs, ornaments of gold and silver, pearl, amber, and coral necklaces, looking-glasses, sugar, and spices."

Another publication speaking of the town, states:—

"The streets are laid out in right lines, but they are narrow and unpaved. The houses, although lofty and regular, present a triste and sombre appearance. There is a handsome market-place, surrounded with piazzas, and the public buildings have a neat aspect; but the situation appears to have been ill-chosen, inasmuch as the immediate vicinity is an absolute desert. The port is formed by a curve in the land, and by an island (the one now occupied by the French) nearly two miles in circumference, and situate about a quarter of a mile from the shore; but as there are only ten or twelve feet of water at the ebb-tide, large vessels generally lie at anchor one mile and a half west of the battery, which extends along the west side of the town. The mouth of the harbour is narrow, yet a heavy sea rolls in; but behind the island the anchorage is good. The battery is much more remarkable for beauty than for strength. The roadstead is very much exposed at certain seasons, and the port, although the only one in the empire of Morocco which maintains a regular commercial intercourse with Europe, is in many respects inferior to that of El Waladia. The town, however, is invested with shifting sand-hills, which, when blown about by the winds of winter, form a terrible source of annoyance. In the neighbourhood there are cultivated parts, where barley and millet are raised; and there are also fruits and esculent vegetables produced, chiefly pomegranates, melons, figs, tomatus, and peas. The climate of Mogador is, notwithstanding many disadvantages, on the whole, salubrious, and not inimical to European constitutions. It is exactly opposite Funchal, the chief town in the island of Madeira, and is at a very considerable distance to the south of Sallee, the next point of importance to Tangier. Between Sallee and Mogador the coast

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projects considerably, and forms the capes Blanco and Cantin, which appear to be about equidistant from the two ports."

These sketches give a correct but rather too general account. We are told nothing of the interior of a Moorish dwelling. A correspondent writes that it is in appearance exactly the opposite of an English one. When you enter it, you might fancy you were to walk on a ceiling, while you would look up to a floor over your head; that is, the floor of a Moorish house is formed of white plaister, and it is boarded above. Much business is transacted in the town, but the Jews and Moors principally engaged are a singularly dirty and barbarous set. Our correspondent, when he first arrived among them, was a good deal surprised by observing several of those he had to meet, at times knocking their heads against the walls, and continuing the process for a considerable time. He, at length, made inquiries; when he found that it was no religious ceremony, as at first he had suspected, but that these gentry, being intolerably annoyed by vermin, took that method of gaining momentary relief from the incessant attacks of their faithful companions, the outside passengers of the circular vehicle, or the natural inhabitants of the globe, which surmounted their shoulders.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ELY.

Arms.—Sa, a chrev., engr., erm., between three trefoils slipped ar.

Crest.—A boar's head, couped and erect, ar., langued, gu.

Supporters.—Two eagles, wings expanded, ar. beaked and legged, or, eached charged on the breast with a trefoil, slipped, vert.

Mottoes.—*Prend moi tel que je suis,* "Take me as I am." Around the crest, *Loyal a mort,* "Loyal till death."

The family of Loofthus, or Loftus, represented by the noble house of Ely, is of undoubted Saxon origin, and is stated to have been of consideration so early as the time of Alfred. Before the advent of the Norman it held the lands and town of Loofthus, in the county of York, by thaneage, and after the conquest by military tenure. Edward Loftus, of Swineshead, county of York, living about the year 1480, left two sons, viz., Robert, the elder, whose second son, Adam, an eminent lawyer, was appointed lord chancellor of Ireland in 1619, and created, in 1622, viscount Loftus, of Elye, a dignity which expired with his lordship's grandson, Arthur, third viscount, who died 6th November, 1725, without surviving male issue, when his Monastereven estate passed to his only daughter Jane's son (by Charles,lord Moore), Henry, fourth earl of Drogheda; Adam, the younger son, the Rev. Adam Lofthouse, accompanied, as private chaplain, the viceroy Thomas, earl of Sussex, into Ireland, and was consecrated archbishop of Armagh, 20th of January, 1562-3. In August, 1567, his grace was translated to the see of Dublin, and in six years afterwards became lord keeper of the great seal. In 1578, he was constituted lord chancellor of Ireland, and he continued to hold the seals until his death. His grace having a principal share in the foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, was appointed by charter its first provost, which office he resigned in 1594. He married Jane, eldest daughter of Adam Pusdon, esquire, of Surganrace, county of Louth, and by her had twenty children, of whom seven died young, the survivors were five sons and eight daughters; of the sons, two only left issue, namely, the eldest and the fourth. The latter, Sir Thomas Loftus, knight, was constable of the castle of Wicklow, and had the estates of Killyan and Clonard granted to him. He married Ellen, daughter of Robert Hartpole, esquire, of Shrule, in the Queens County, and was great-great-great-grandfather of the late General William Loftus, lieutenant of the Tower of London, and colonel of the second dragoon guards, who died in 1831. The archbishop died 5th of April, 1605, aged 72, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Dudley Loftus, of Rathfarnham, born in 1651, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Henry Bagenal, of Newry, and had, with other issue, a son, Adam, whose grandson, Adam Loftus, of Rathfarnham, was created, in 1685, baron of Rathfarnham and viscount Lisburne. His lordship married Lucia, daughter and coheir of George Brydges, sixth lord Chandos, by whom he had an only daughter, Lucia, who married Thomas, lord Wharton, and carried the estates into that family, which her son, Philip, duke of Wharton, sold to William Conolly, esquire, speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, for sixty-two thousand pounds. The viscount commanded a regiment for king William at the siege at Limerick, and fell there, when his honours expired, which then came to Nicholas, of Tethard, of whose line we have now to

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speak. The second son of Sir Dudley Loftus, Nicholas Loftus, of Tethard, was born in 1592. He was joint clerk of the pells and of the treasury in Ireland, and died in 1666, when he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Sir Nicholas Loftus, of Tethard, whose sons all dying issueless, the estates descended to his brother, Henry Loftus, esquire, of Loftus Hall, born in 1636, who married, and was succeeded, in 1716, by his elder son, Nicholas Loftus, esquire, M.P. for the county of Wexford, who was elevated to the peerage of Ireland as baron Loftus, of Loftus Hall, 5th of October, 1751. His lordship was sworn of the privy council, 1753, nominated governor of the county of Wexford, and advanced to a viscounty as viscount Loftus, of Ely, 19th of July, 1756. He married, first, Anne, second daughter of William Ponsonby, viscount Duncannon, by whom he had issue, Nicholas, his successor; Henry, who succeeded as fourth viscount Loftus, of Ely; and three daughters, Mary, Anne, and Elizabeth. The last was married to Sir John Tottenham, bart., and had issue, Charles Tottenham, of whom presently. His lordship married, secondly, Letitia, daughter of Sir John Rowley, by whom he had no issue; he died 31st December, 1763, and was succeeded by his elder son, Nicholas, second viscount, who was advanced to the dignity of earl of Ely, 23rd October, 1766. His lordship married Mary, eldest daughter and heir of Sir Gustavus Hume, bart., of the county of Fermanagh, and dying 31st of October, 1766, was succeeded by his only son, Nicholas, second earl, who died, unmarried, 12th of November, 1769, when the earldom expired, but the viscounty and barony reverted to his uncle, the Hon. Henry Loftus, as fourth viscount, advanced to an earldom, as earl of Ely, 5th of December, 1771, and installed as a knight of St. Patrick in 1783. His lordship had no issue, and at his demise, 8th of May, 1783, all the honours expired, while his estates devolved upon (the son of his sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Tottenham) his nephew, the Right Hon. Charles Tottenham, who then assumed the surname and arms of Loftus, and was created, in two years afterwards, 28th June, 1785, baron Loftus of Loftus Hall. On the 22nd of Dec., 1789, his lordship was advanced to a viscounty, as viscount Loftus, of Ely, on the 15th of February, 1794, he was created earl of Ely, and a peer of the United Kingdom, as baron Loftus of Long Loftus, in the county of York, 19th of January, 1801. His lordship married, 23rd of June, 1766, Jane, elder surviving daughter and co-heir of Robert Myhill, esquire, of Killarney, by whom he had two sons, John, present peer, and Robert Ponsonby, in holy orders, bishop of Clogher, who inheriting Tottenham Green, in the county of Wexford, and the other property of the family of Tottenham, retains that surname. The marquis died 22nd of March, 1806. His lordship was a privy councillor, a knight of St. Patrick, joint post-master-general in Ireland, and governor of the county of Wexford. He married, 22nd of May, 1810, Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, bart., by whom he has had issue, John Henry, viscount Loftus, born 19th of January, 1814, with four other sons and four daughters. His lordship is a privy councillor in Ireland, *custos rotulorum* of the county of Wexford, and colonel of the Wexford Militia.

EFFECTS OF POISONS.

A long and painful inquiry into the conduct of a person, charged with the murder of his wife, has produced some evidence of a very remarkable character, as to the effects of various poisons, which will probably hereafter be often referred to, when other proceedings equally solemn with those just concluded, may be in progress. Even in the case of the same individual this may occur. Though acquitted, many doubts have been expressed, and continue to be so, and though he cannot be again tried for the murder of his wife, it is possible some further investigation of the causes of her mother's death will be thought necessary. Speaking on the subject of the late acquittal, that of Mr. Belaney, the correspondent of a morning paper, says:—

"By Mrs. Skelley's death, her property was to descend on her newly-married daughter, and therefore might be an object of cupidity. In a case so circumstanced, surely it is almost a duty to ascertain by exhumation, if possible, the real cause of Mrs. Skelley's death. That this may not even now be too late is proved by a case which occurred in Sussex a few months ago, where a body which had been buried far a much longer period was disinterred, and the stomach carried to the London Hospital for a joint examination by a surgeon at Petworth; after which a full inquiry before the coroner for West Sussex took place, the means of testing being even at that late period found sufficient to come to a conclusion as to the facts suggested."

Poisons have, at various periods, been employed to kill immediately or by slow degrees. The unhappy lady whose death was the cause of the late trial, perished by prussic acid. This is, we believe, of all poisons the most deadly. It is, however, stated by Dr. A. T. Thomson, "that if a person live twenty minutes after taking it, the probability would be in favour of recovery, if remedies were applied." Mr Carling stated, "that so long as the deceased

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reathed he should not have despaired of ecovering her." Dr. Letheby said, "I ave since made experiments with the prus- c acid I got from Mr, Donahoo (the drug- ist of whom Belany purchased the poison) pon animals, and restored them by the pplication of ammonia and the affusion of ld water. By these means I restored a it in ten minutes. I had given that cat etween ten and twenty drops. I also tried n experiment upon a horse, to which I lministered prussic acid twelve times the rength of the two per cent. acid, and by e same means restored the horse, though was lying upon the ground in convulsions, id in the incipient stage of death. I con- nued the remedies for about twenty mi- ites, and the horse was restored."

Dr. Letheby says further:—"I have ade numerous experiments with prussic id upon the lower animals. The first fect which the administration of prussic id produces upon the lower animals is the ppearance of a peculiar giddiness, of a sposition to run round, as if the head was fected; then the respiration becomes regular; subsequently there is a scream, erhaps before that scream is uttered the imal drops, at the same moment, after o or three violent respiratory efforts, hich produce a cry, a shriek, or a scream; nvulsions follow, with foaming at the outh; and in a longer or shorter time, cording to the quantity of the acid admi- stered, death ensues. I have not had an portunity of seeing its effects on the hu- an subject. After the shriek, or scream, l sensibility and volition ceases. In my dgment, a person after giving that riek would not be able to walk or con- rse."

Dr. Thompson was of the same opinion. e remarked:—"The effects of taking it e those which have been so clearly ex- ained by the last witness—giddiness, intness, convulsions, resembling those of tanus or lock-jaw, and screaming. When e symptoms have advanced to a scream, e powers of volition are gone. After the ream it would be impossible for a party talk, so as to describe what had hap- ned."

This is not a place to criticise this ver- ct, but the facts thus brought out are fficiently important to be placed on re- rd. The probable exhumation of the mains of Mrs. Skelley may cause further portant experiments to be made. A rong wish exists that such an inquiry ay be instituted.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS THE SECOND

Michael Angelo was too proud to be a od courtier, and did not scruple where he was treated with contumely to mark his honest resentment. At one period of his life it is reported that the pope Julius II, repeatedly refused to grant him an audience. Michael, disdaining to conceal his indignation, returned home; and the expression which he used on taking his departure was: "If his holiness wants me from this time forward, he must seek me elsewhere." The pope, afterwards, sent five couriers, and one after another, ordering his immediate return. But before they overtook him, he was beyond the limits of the papal jurisdiction. Upon their delivering the pope's letter, which was couched in these terms: "Return immediately to Rome, upon pain of our displeasure," Michael Angelo wrote the following reply: "Having been expelled from your holiness's ante-chamber, and not being at all conscious that I in any way merited the disgrace, I adopted the only source which remained open to me, consistently with the preservation of that character which has heretofore rendered me worthy of your confidence. I cannot return, for if I was not deserving of your esteem yesterday, I cannot become so to-morrow, unless, indeed, through the caprice of fortune, which would be quite as undesirable to your holiness as to myself." They were afterwards reconciled at Bologna, upon the occasion of the pontiff subjecting that territory to his allegiance. At the interview which was then sought by Julius, and consented to by Michael Angelo, an honourable trait in the pope's character is recorded in Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo. When the painter entered the pontiff's chamber, the latter said, in a tone of displeasure: "Instead of coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should come to you." Michael Angelo replied, that his error arose from feeling too strongly a disgrace which he was not conscious of having discovered; but hoped that his holiness would overlook the past. One of the cardinals in attendance, undertook to excuse, what he designated a "lame apology" to the pope, on the ground that men like Michael Angelo were ignorant of everything but their art. The pope hastily replied, "Though hast vilified him, which I have not done. Thou art the ignorant fellow, and no man of genius: get out of my sight."

The Gatherer.

Modest Merit.—Speaking of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, *The Britannia* says—"It is to be regretted he does not leave other persons to puff up Mr. Montgomery's works and abilities. Paragraphs in 'an

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evening paper' would be a more creditable mode of achieving his aim than such sentences as these thrust into a dissertation on the most solemn themes of the gospel:—'Here we shall venture to quote from an essay little known, and which will not be reprinted, some remarks on the Scriptures as a rule of faith, and commend them to the candour of those who *can* think.' Then as a note to this passage we have:—'From the Introductory Essay to Luther.—*A second edition* and *out of print!!!*' Reading this, placed where it is, those who *can* think will be apt to inquire, 'Who is the first object of Mr. Montgomery's worship.'"

Expedition.—Between one and two o'clock on Thursday, news was received in London of the death of the chamberlain, Sir William Heygate. By three o'clock Mr. Alderman Brown's placard as a candidate for the office, appeared on the walls of the city.

Old Residences.—Our ancient English *places* (palatia), *Hostels*, or *Inns* (for by such appellations the dwelling-houses of persons of consequence were formerly distinguished), had, indeed, much of the form, either accidentally or designedly, of the caravanseras of the East; a spacious quadrangle entered by a gateway, round the sides of the area of which the lodging-rooms and offices were arranged. One prominent feature of the cluster of edifices, was always the great or common hall. The quadrangle form had, however, in all probability, a reference to defensive arrangement, for a certain space was thus completely immurred, and sometimes surrounded by a moat; to this space but one entrance was allowed,—namely, through the great gate. The parapets of the building were crenellated and embattled, with a view to defence, ornament, and state etiquette. To erect these domestic fortresses, it was necessay to have a license from the crown, a provision arising probably from the annoyance which the sovereigns had been liable to from their possessors in times of political discontent. An example of one of these licenses is found in that from Henry VI to his brother the Duke Humphrey, by which the latter is permitted to castellate his manor-house at Greenwich; called, from the amœnity of its situation, the palace of *Placentia*, otherwise *Plaisaunce*: "Rex concedit quod Humfridus dux Gloucestriæ et Eleanor oxur ejus, possent karnellare (crenellare) manerium suum de East Greenwich, et imparcare 200 acras terræ infra manerium suum prædictum."

On the sale of the Speaker's House in the Smoking Room of the House of Commons.

It might provoke a cynic's smile
To note this dwelling's wayward doom,
Saved from the *Houses' burning pile*,
But knocked down in the *smoking-room*.

Serious Origin of a Comic Opera.—Beniowski, or the Exiles of Kamstchatka, an opera produced by M. Duval in Paris, rather more than twenty years ago, was written under circumstances not a little singular. During the reign of terror, about the end of 1792, Talma lived in the Rue Chantereine (in a house afterwards inhabited by Bonaparte), and collected round him every evening a crowd of celebrated men. This meeting became suspected. The infamous Marat had the insolence to intrude himself, to address the most injurious speeches to all persons of any consideration. They mocked the wretch, pushed him from side to side, and at length, to get rid of him sooner, one of the guests followed him from chamber to chamber with a lighted pan on which perfumes were burning. The rage of the monster may be easily imagined. The next day his fearful journal denounced Talma to all France, and from that moment the tragedian was in danger of his life; for then, as in the time of the Venetian oligarchy, there was too much foundation for saying, "Executioners were ready when suspicion began." One evening, after having acted in tragedy, Talma was more depressed than usual (his name had just been inscribed on one of the fatal lists). M. Alexander Duval, to dissipate his fears, or at least to share his danger, came home with him to sup and sleep. It was in the middle of a long and gloomy night: anxious for the fate of his friend, anxious also for his own, unable to sleep, M. Duval went into the library, and took up by chance the Memoirs of Beniowski; these immediately gave him the idea of a piece for the stage. "In spite of my alarm, I found my head (says he) clear to sketch the plot of an opera, which the public has received favourably, though without knowing that this offspring of my imagination was born amid fear and danger."

London and Blackwall Railway.—The total number of passengers in 1843, was 999,683; in the present year, 1,478,237. This great increase is partly accounted for—from the Gravesend visitors finding it so much more safe, pleasant, and expeditious, to avoid the Pool at the commencement of their journey.

Mechanism of the Spine.—The cervical vertebræ in birds are not only numerous, but that they vary in number from nine to twenty-four; whereas, in the class *mammalia*, their number, with one exception (the three-toed sloth), is constantly *seven*. The mole, whose head appears buried between the shoulders, has precisely the same number as the horse, and as the preposterously long-necked giraffe.

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The Mirror

OF

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THE WANDERING JEW.

MADAME BAUDOIN, AGRICOLA, AND THE MAYEUX.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

CHAPTER XII. — THE BACCHANALIAN QUEEN'S SISTER.

The person who entered the house of Dagobert's wife was a little deformed woman, about eighteen years of age; she was not what is positively termed humpbacked, but her body was curved like an S, with her head sunk between her shoulders. Her features thin, pale, and regular, and very much marked with the small-pox, were expressive of sadness. By one of Nature's singular caprices, the prettiest woman in the world would have been proud of the long, beautiful chesnut hair that hung in clusters round the neck of this poor girl. She held an old basket in one hand, and although badly clothed, yet her dress, such

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as it was, evinced the greatest neatness, cleanliness, and order. In the suffering and resigned countenance of this unfortunate creature, misery and grief were fearfully depicted. From her birth she had become an object of ridicule, bearing from her infancy the name of the Mayeux or Humpy, which grotesque appellation brought at every instant her sad misfortune to her recollection. Dagobert's wife and Agricola, although very kind to her, never called her by any other name.

The Mayeux had a very pretty sister, whom Perrine Soliveau, their stepmother, tenderly loved, but who treated the former with harshness and disdain. The poor girl, in weeping, used to go to Frances, Dagobert's wife, who consoled her, and to encourage and distract her attention, taught her to read and to write.

Cephyse, the sister, was active and intelligent, but bold and indiscreet, so much so, that from her noisy frolics she was called by all who knew her the Bacchanalian Queen; and she certainly showed herself worthy of that sounding title.

The Mayeux never thought of her sister but with anguish; she continued to work assiduously, gaining, by early and late hours, about four francs a week. There are thousands of unfortunate creatures at the present time whose hard labours are recompensed by a like pittance, which, to the thinking man, is unjust, is revolting. Female work is paid at least half less than that of man's. That is, we suppose, because women are *weak* and *delicate*, and often have their wants doubled by being left mothers of helpless children.

The Mayeux lived, then, on four francs a week—that is, if working fifteen hours a day, if suffering from hunger and cold, can be called existence.

The savage who knows nothing of civilisation has the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air, the fish of the river, the fruits of the land to live upon; and for shelter he resorts to the thick trees in the forest. Civilisation deprives man of these gifts of God; civilisation, which looks upon property as sacred, might, however, in return for hard labour, which enriches the country, give a salary sufficient to secure a wholesome livelihood; nothing more nor nothing less. Can it be called existence to live from day to day in that extreme boundary which separates life from the grave, and exposes all to cold, hunger, and disease.

To give an idea of the life which society inexorably imposes upon thousands of honest, industrious labourers, by its negligence to all that relates to a just remuneration for labour, we will show how this poor girl existed on four francs a week.

Six lbs. of bread, sec. quality	84 cent.*
Two buckets of water . . .	20
Dripping (butter being too expensive)	50
Salt	7
A bushel of charcoal . . .	40
A quart of dry vegetables .	30
Three quarts of potatoes . .	20
Candles	33
Needles and thread . . .	25
Total	3,09 : 3f. 9c.

Leaving a balance of ninety-one centimes for clothes and lodging.

By good luck she was an exception with respect to her room to many poor creatures. Not to hurt her feelings, which were extremely sensitive, Agricola bargained with the *concièrge* to let the poor girl have a room, which held exactly a bed, a table, and a chair, for twelve francs; out of his own pocket he paid eighteen to make up the thirty; thus she had a franc and seventy cents. per month for her other expenses.

If a scarcity of labour should take place, or if any of these unfortunate creatures should become ill, which is almost constantly occurring from the insalubrity of their abodes, and from their diet, what becomes of them. Alas! the mind is appalled, and shrinks from dwelling on such gloomy pictures.

This insufficiency of salary is the cause of much vice and of much sorrow. The position of the Mayeux, or Humpy, which we are going to depict, exhibits the moral and physical condition of thousands of human creatures who are obliged to live in Paris on four francs a week.

The poor Mayeux, notwithstanding the generosity of Agricola, lived miserably. Her health, which was always delicate, was seriously affected by privation—still so sensitive was this poor girl, that she pretended to gain a great deal more than she did, to prevent Madame Baudoin and Agricola from offering her what they could ill spare.

Strange though it may be, this deformed creature possessed a loving, generous heart, and a cultivated mind. The Mayeux was the first one to whom Agricola showed his poetical ebullitions. One day, to the great astonishment of Agricola, who had finished reading a few of his verses, the young girl blushed, and timidly showed him a few verses of her composition, which, though failing in harmony, were simple and touching. From that day he consulted her, and they mutually encouraged each other. The young girl, who had been brought up with Agricola, loved him as

* There are a hundred centimes to a franc which latter sum is about 1od. English money.

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much as an unfortunate creature such as she was could love—who hid her passion in the inmost recesses of her heart, and from fear of its being known, assumed the greatest reserve in Agricola's presence and in that of his mother; she alone possessed the secret.

Such was the poor girl who entered the house of Dagobert's wife, when she was busily preparing Agricola's supper.

"Is it you, my poor Mayeux? I have not seen you all day. Have you been ill? Come and kiss me."

"I have been very busy, and have just finished my work. I am going for charcoal. Do you want anything?"

"No, my child; but I am very uneasy—Agricola has not come home. He will kill himself with working. Alas! for a quarter of an hour I have not been able to see a bit; no, not so much as to permit me to sow these sacks. It breaks my heart the very thought of living at the expense of my son."

"Ah, Madame Baudoin, if Agricola heard you."

"I know, very well, he thinks only of my happiness; but that renders me still more miserable. To be with me, he foregoes all the advantages that his comrades have, of lodging with his master—the good and excellent Mr. Hardy. Instead of living in this miserable place, where we can scarcely see in broad daylight, he would have, as the other workmen of the establishment, and at very little expense, a good room, well heated in winter, aired in summer, and surrounded with gardens and trees which he loves so much. Besides, he never thinks of the long distance he has to go every morning and evening; it is enough to fatigue any one."

"Ah! Madame, he forgets all that in thinking of your comfort. Mr. Hardy offered you a house at Plessy, but Agricola knew that you would not leave the one in which he was born, and refused.—Stop, Madame," added the Mayeux, blushing, "be comforted, he is coming up the stairs."

A cheerful sound reached the mother's ears. It was the lively song of the blacksmith, whose voice was full, sweet, and sonorous.

"He must not see me weeping," said the good mother, wiping the tears from her eyes. This is his only hour of enjoyment after his labour; I must not embitter it by showing him that I have been in tears."

CHAPTER XIII.—AGRICOLA BAUDOIN.

The poetical blacksmith was a tall, active, robust young man, about twenty years of age. His hair and eyes were jet black, his nose aquiline, and his countenance open and expressive. He wore velveteen trowsers and a blue blouse, darkened by the smoke of the forge; a black cravat carelessly tied round his well-developed neck, and on his head a cloth cap, with a small peak in front. One thing contrasted strangely with the homely habiliments of Agricola—a magnificent flower of dark purple, with silvery petals which he held in his hand.

"Good evening, mother," said he, on entering; then, smiling, he added, "and my little Mayeux, how do you do?"

"You are late, my son," said Madame Baudoin, going to the frying-pan to serve up the modest repast; "I was becoming uneasy about you."

"Was it about me, or about my supper, my dear mother?" said Agricola, gaily. "You never forgive me when late—you are afraid that the good little supper, which you always prepare for me, should be spoiled. O gourmand! go along with you," and Agricola tapped his mother familiarly under the chin.

"You rascal; you will make me upset the frying-pan."

"That would be a pity, my good mother, it smells so nice; let me see what it is. I'll wager it's potatoes fried with lard; you know I like them for supper."

"It is Saturday," said Madame Baudoin, reproachfully.

"You are right, mother," said Agricola, winking knowingly to the Mayeux, "it is Saturday, and here's my wages."

"O what a lovely flower," exclaimed the Mayeux; as Agricola was about to give his mother the money; "such a flower in the middle of winter! Look, Madame Baudoin."

"What a lovely flower; and how nicely it smells. Where did you get it, my son? did you find it?"

"Find it, my good mother. No, no; there is nothing so beautiful to be picked up on the way from the Barrière du Maine to the Rue Brise-Miche. But I see you are both curious. I will satisfy you. This flower accounts for my being so late. As I was turning the corner of the Rue de Babylone, I heard the faint yelping of a dog. I looked, and saw the prettiest little poodle I ever beheld, about the size of my hand, with long silken ears that hung to its feet. I lifted up the little creature, which began to lick my hand. It had a broad silk ribbon round its neck, beneath which was a small plate attached to a gold chain. I took a match from my box, rubbed it, and saw—Lutine: Miss Adrienne de Cardoville, No. 7, Rue de Babylone. I walked by the side of a long wall, then I came to a porter's lodge. I rang the bell; I saw bright eyes on the other side of the gate, which was at

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length opened; I looked, and saw a beautiful young girl, in the costume of by-gone ages. Scarcely had she opened the gate, than she exclaimed—'O sir, Lutine, you found it, and brought it to its mistress. How happy Miss Adrienne will be! Come, you must see her, as she would be displeased if I deprived her of the pleasure of returning you thanks for such a kind act.' And without giving me time to reply, she walked away, making a sign for me to follow her. Ah, my good mother, it is impossible to describe all that I saw in traversing the magnificent saloon full of crystal, and beautiful flowers that embalmed the air. In the midst of this dazzling sight was a young lady of ideal beauty, whose hair was more brilliant than gold, whose eyes were dark, and whose white skin resembled the alabaster. 'Mademoiselle,' said the young girl I followed, and who, notwithstanding her handsome dress, was only a servant, 'here is Lutine. This man found it and brought it here.' 'O sir,' said the young lady, whose voice was soft and musical, 'O sir, how can I thank you for this kind service—for this honest act. I have a foolish attachment to this little creature.' Then looking at me, and thinking from my appearance that she might show her gratitude otherwise than in words, she took a small silk purse from her pocket, and said, 'No doubt, sir, you have lost time in coming here. Take this.'"

"Ah, Agricola," said the Mayeux, "she did not know you."

"Stop. Seeing that her offer wounded my feelings, she took this flower from a magnificent china vase, saying, in an accent full of kindness, 'At least, sir, you will accept this flower.' As I was taking it, another young girl beautifully dressed entered, saying, 'Mademoiselle, *he is there.*' At these words, the young lady rose, and said, 'I shall never forget, sir, that I am your debtor. Be so kind as to remember my name and address.' Then she disappeared. The young girl who conducted me to the room showed me to the door, and after saluting me graciously, left me in the Rue de Babylone, bewildered and confused. It seemed to me as if I had left an enchanted palace."

"It is true, my child. It is like a fairy tale. Is it not so, my poor Mayeux?"

"Yes, Madame Baudoin," said the young girl, in an air of distraction, which was not observed by Agricola or his mother. The poor girl was suffering bitterly. She felt no hatred, nor was she jealous, of that young lady whose beauty and wealth were so distinguishable; but she never before had felt so severely the effects of ugliness and poverty.

"Now, my dear mother," said Agricola, "I have told you one of the causes that made me so late; I shall now tell you the other. On coming to the door, I met the dyer, who stopped me with his stained green arms, and said, with a frightened air, that he had seen a well-dressed man walking near the house, as if watching for some one. I replied, 'Well, Father Loriot, are you afraid that they find out the secret of dyeing those splendid long green gloves that you wear;' and after telling him that they may spy away, he retired, and I made my way up stairs."

In saying these words, Agricola put his money in his mother's drawer. Madame Baudoin then placed the frying-pan on a corner of the table, and the Mayeux went and fetched a jug of water, which she handed to Agricola.

"Thank you, my little Mayeux," said Agricola. "How kind you are. Come, take this beautiful flower for your trouble."

"You give it to me!" cried the poor girl, with emotion, whilst a red flush enlivened her pale and interesting countenance. "You give me the flower which the lovely, good, handsome, rich, and kind lady gave you—you give it to me," repeated the poor Mayeux, confused and stupified.

"What the deuce should I do with it. Wear it near my heart, or mount it on a golden pin?" said Agricola, laughing. "I was pleased with the manner in which the young lady thanked me; I am happy in having found her little dog; and I am delighted in seeing that you are pleased with the flower. You see I have made a good day of it."

Agricola washed his hands, took the seat which his mother had placed for him, and looking at the Mayeux, said, "Will you not sup with me?"

"No, thank you, Agricola," said the Mayeux, looking downwards. "I have just had my supper."

"It was only for form's sake that I asked you, for you will never eat with us. You are like my mother; she always takes dinner by herself. In that way she spares everything, and prevents me from knowing it."

"No, my good son," said the mother, "it is for my health. An early dinner agrees with me. How do you like your supper; is it good?"

"Good, my mother; it is excellent. Cod is a splendid dish. Indeed, I ought to be a Newfoundland fisherman to have such a liking for it."

"Well, my son, since you like it so well, you shall have the same next Friday and Saturday."

"Do not give it me too often," said Agricola, laughing, "in case I take a surfeit. But let us speak of to-morrow. What say

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you to a walk, and the Mayeux will accompany us."

"You know, Agricola," said the Mayeux, her face crimsoned and her eyes cast down; you know I must never go out with you and your mother again."

"And why so; may I ask you the reason for refusing me," said Agricola, smiling.

"Because," said the young girl, sadly, "I would not like you to have any more quarrels on my account."

"Ah, excuse me," said the blacksmith, striking his forehead.

What the poor girl alluded to was this:—The Mayeux used occasionally to go out on Sundays with Agricola and his mother, which, for the poor girl, was a treat of no ordinary kind, and to enable her to do so she had worked many a night, and fasted many a day, in order to buy a bonnet and shawl, to make herself appear respectable when with Agricola. The few walks that she had taken by the side of him whom she loved in secret were the happiest moments of her life.

One day, as they were strolling leisurely along, an uncouth man, in pushing past them, struck the poor girl with his elbow, which caused her to scream. The brute, instead of apologising, turned round and said, "You deserve it, cursed humpback."

Agricola, like his father, was gifted with that forbearing character which distinguishes the generous heart of the man of strength and courage, but, in chastising a cowardly insult, he was hasty and violent. He left his mother, and, rushing up to the man, who was about his own height and size, he gave him two of as hearty blows as were ever dealt on human face. The man wished to retaliate, but the athletic blacksmith repeated the dose, to the great satisfaction of all the bystanders.

One may easily conceive the regret that Agricola experienced in awakening the recollection of the poor girl to this painful circumstance. "Forgive me, my good Mayeux," he said; then, leaning his head over his chair, he added, "Come, let me kiss you," and he gave her two cordial smacks on her pale cheek.

At that hearty embrace the lips of the young girl became pale, and her heart beat so violently, that she was obliged to lean against the table.

"You forgive me, do you not?"

"Yes," said the poor girl, trying to overcome her emotion. "Pardon me in your turn for my weakness, but the recollection of that quarrel made me ill. I was so afraid; if the crowd had taken the part of the other man."

"Yes, indeed," said Madame Baudoin, "I never was so much afraid in my life."

"Oh," said Agricola, to change the conversation, "you afraid; the wife of a soldier—of a grenadier of the imperial guard! Brave father; I think he will arrive soon. It is now four months since we heard from him, and he said that he would be in Paris about the end of January."

"That is true, my child; but now it is February, and we have heard nothing of him."

"That is the reason that we may expect him daily; and it would not astonish me should Gabriel arrive about the same time. Remember what he said in his last letter from America. What happiness, mother, if we were all meeting together.—But you weep."

"Alas, poor Baudoin, he must have suffered much. My heart bleeds when I think we have so little to comfort him after all his sufferings."

"What do you say?"

"At present I don't earn anything."

"Well! have we not a room for my brave father, and a good table too. When he and Gabriel arrive they will no longer have any occasion for masses—with that saving, my father may have his bottle of wine and his pipe and tobacco.

A knock at the door interrupted Agricola, who called out, "Come in."

The door was opened, and Father Loriot said, "I want to speak to you privately, Agricola."

"Is it about the spy you saw a short time ago."

"No, no; he has gone away. Come, quick; it is very important."

The blacksmith rose, and went out, leaving his mother with the Mayeux.

(To be continued.)

LONDON ART-UNION.

The *Athenæum* says, "there is no denying the fact, that a large proportion of the subscribers purchase shares, not from a love of art, not for the purpose of gaining a picture, but the money, or as nearly as possible, the money's worth of the prize; and who, on becoming prize-holders, take the more obvious means of securing the object. One instance has occurred at the recent distribution; the particulars of which, so far as they have come to our knowledge, we do not hesitate to make public—a sense of duty outweighs all other considerations in our doing so; moreover, we have the consent of the artists named, to give the statement on their authority.

"On an early day after the drawing, Mr. Leahy, the artist of the large picture on the subject of Lady Jane Grey, was visited by two gentlemen, one of whom acted as spokesman, and the other remained almost mute, on behalf of a Mr. Saunders, of Bur-

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ton-upon-Trent, who had obtained a prize of £200, in the London Art-Union. The speaker on this occasion candidly confessed that his friend did not want a picture, but money; and accordingly proceeded to make an offer of £25, for the nominal purchase of the 'Lady Jane Grey,' on condition of his receiving the remaining £175 in money. In reply, Mr. Leahy stated, that the arrangement was impossible, as the price of the picture alluded to was £400; but, even if it were not so, he should decline the proposition. They then took their leave. Soon after, his neighbour, Mr. Hollins, sent over to Mr. Leahy, with a request that he would come to him, and be present at a conversation between him and two applicants for one of his pictures. On entering the room, Mr. Leahy recognised the same gentlemen, and heard them make a similar offer to Mr. Hollins, increasing the bonus, however, to £50—which Mr. Hollins altogether refused, saying, that his character was worth more than £50, and that artists were to be treated as gentlemen, and ought not to be subject to such applications. After receiving some further admonitions from both artists, on the impropriety of their conduct, the strangers departed. Mr. Leahy and Mr. Hollins having heard that the same parties had been to other artists on a similar errand, gave notice of the facts to the officers of the Art-Union. The result remains to be known—meanwhile, for the satisfaction of our own minds, we called last Wednesday (4th inst.) at the office of the London Art-Union, and were there informed, that Mr. Saunders, the holder of the prize of £200, had purchased a picture by Mr. Lance, called 'The Grandmother.'"

THE HANDLOOM WEAVER.

The heart that can feel for another would be smitten with incurable sadness could all the misery of those who have to toil for their bread be known. To open the fearful volume of life is an appalling task, for what do we read there but scenes of horrid violence, monstrous fraud, cruel meanness, and unmerited suffering. A volume lately published, entitled "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," furnishes some striking evidence of the sorrows of humble industry. The writer and his book are touchingly described by an able writer in the *Britannia*, part of which we shall transcribe. We read—

This handloom-weaver, though his talents must be widely known in Scotland, is at the loom still, with his employment fast failing him. He has "been taken by the hand" by a noble-hearted gentleman, Mr. Gordon, of Knockespock, and his merit made known to a large number of eminent personages. But preferment comes slow; poor William Thom has not yet met with the good fortune of the ploughman. No place in the excise has been offered to him. Such as he was in 1841, when his verses first met the public eye, such is he in 1844—a handloom-weaver. "The solitary loom," he says, "is fast sinking;" to avoid sinking with it, he gives these rhymes to the public. They are patronised by no noble names, honoured by no list of subscriptions; instead of the hot-pressed quarto you might expect, here is a poor, mean, little tract. He conceives it hopeless to appeal to the wealthy to purchase a half-guinea book, so he makes it as cheap as he can, that those who really love Scottish song may buy it, and that it may find its way into cottages, workshops, and factories—perhaps, also, into the solitary rooms of those who, like himself, still ply the shuttle with the hand.

But what has his fortune to do with that of Burns? He is not a Burns? Perhaps not; if he were it would take half a century to ratify his fame. When the ploughman's verses first became known they were not allowed to be compared with those of Ramsay and Ferguson. What wonder, then, that the claims of William Thom should be unrecognised, who stands so far apart from Burns, yet comes the nearest to him of all who have lived since his death? Scott and Campbell wrote in the southern tongue and for southern tastes, but all the best pieces of this author are in the favourite dialect and style of Burns. His themes are as humble; his love for his country—hardly as she has used him—as deep; his sympathy for distress as strong and pure; the fount of song in his heart nourished from the same sources, and his strains made beautiful by displaying the finest beatings and holiest affections of the Scottish heart in humble life.

The preface to the book is—not a romance, for romance supposes something distant and imaginative—but one of the most touching stories of real life ever revealed. This weaver raises the curtain which separates the feelings and sufferings of his class from the sight of the more fortunate. The spectacle is a painful but instructive one. It is like catching a glimpse of the interior organisation of the human frame, and understanding what strange secrets are hidden under cover of the goodly outward body. The first view is repulsive, for the elements of life are shocking to the eye; but when the connection of all the parts, one to another, is traced—when it is seen you cannot touch the brain, or burden the stomach, or affect the heart, without deranging the whole system—you admire the harmony that prevails, and become wiser for the knowledge that, if one organ

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be disturbed, the whole body is in danger of fatal sickness. Such a lesson is taught in this book; the author feelingly vindicates the virtues and sensibility of the poor, and seeks to destroy the barrier that separates them from the rich. He shows how much fine affection and pure love may dwell in the heart that has hardly a rag to cover it; what heroism may spring from the extremity of wretchedness; what generosity may be born of misfortune.

A handloom-weaver in Newtyle, near Cupar Angus, found, some years back, his employment fail him. In consideration of his wife and large family, he was supplied with one web weekly, and that produced him five shillings. Five shillings a week for a family of six persons, and in winter, too, when fuel was dear! One by one the hoarded articles of better days were parted with; and still, with every exertion, the children could hardly be kept alive. Think, then, what must have been their agony when sometimes even that five shillings earned so hardly was stopped. The picture of one day's suffering gives a key to that of months:—

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window to keep all within as much like night as possible, and the mother sits beside the beds of her children to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out into a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

Matters grew worse in place of better; and at last the poor weaver and his family determined to leave a place where starvation threatened them. Pawning the last dearly-prized remnant of their prosperous days—for that period was prosperous with them when work could be obtained by willing hands—they obtained a few shillings, and, with these purchasing "a pack," and a few cheap books and tracts, this pair, with their young children, set out on their wanderings. How disastrous, after a long journey, was their first night; they begged at farm-houses, where cheerful lights gleamed through the windows of comfortable rooms, for shelter in the barn, and were denied; at fine residences, where everything told of luxurious living, they implored they might lie down in the stable or cattle-shed, and were repulsed. The mother had an infant in her arms, and the chill night wind, combined with deprivation of food, fell heavy on it. At midnight they obtained permission to rest in the outhouse of a farmer more hospitable than his fellows. But sleep was denied them. They were roused by the piercing shrieks of the mother. Her Jeannie had died as she held the infant's lips to her all but barren breast!

When their darling was buried, they again set forth on their weary pilgrimage, but with saddened and woeful hearts. They experienced the worst condition of humanity in a civilised country; they were homeless wanderers, knowing not where to procure food or to lay their head. The weaver's narrative touchingly describes the burden of existence under such circumstances:—

"The busy singing world above us was a nuisance, and around the loaded fields bore nothing for us—we were things apart. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'Tis but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, we were nevertheless offered 'a piece to the bairnies.' One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance, as yet, was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset! Then came the time of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset was to ensure refusal. After nightfall the children, worn out with the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down."

Affairs at last took a better turn. In other days the weaver had been attached to his flute, and bore it with him through all his misfortunes. Accident suggested to him its use as a means of relief. When at Methven the woman, who kept a refuge for the very poorest, demanded sixpence for a night's lodging for his family. He had not so much in the world, and rather than beg, determined to try his fortune with his flute. With his poor faithful partner he walked beyond the precincts of the town, waiting till the shades of evening fell, and then took his flute from his pocket. What a

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bright picture is here of the sympathy of the poor with wretchedness:

"The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still *facing* the town. "The Flowers of the Forest" brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another. * * * Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that 'ease and grace' which is indispensable to him who would successfully 'carry the gaberlunzie on.'"

In all his wanderings he never failed to meet with commiseration and relief from those but a little better off than himself. Those who had but half work never denied these wayfarers a seat at their board, and a portion of their substance: this he found so often that he emphatically exclaims, "If it was not for the poor the poorer would perish." In that text there is much to meditate on. It is the theme for charitable thoughts, and for kind constructions, for merciful judgments, of people who, amid strong temptations and fearful want, yet preserve so much of active sympathy and benevolence for beings more wretched than themselves.

When things became more settled, the weaver returned to his loom, and settled with his family at Inverury. When destitute of work he amused himself with writing out verses. Some of these were sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*, and attracted the notice of Mr. Gordon. When sitting with his children down to the last meal he could procure on a bitter winter day, with their few things packed up ready to start for the Aberdeen House of Refuge, he received a handsome gift from that gentleman, which proved only the earnest of greater benefits. Mr. Gordon invited the weaver and his family to his house, took him to London, and introduced him to society.

The result we are not told. It is not, however, too much to hope that happier moments are reserved for those who have endured so much. In a future number we may take further notice of his verses. One specimen is all we can find room for at present.

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—"Gin a bodie meet a bodie."

They speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'e—
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree;
But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,
Is, Heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain—
The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.
Shall sapless prudence shake its pow?
Shall cauldrife caution fear?
O, dinna, dinna droune the lowe
That lichts a heaven here!

What tho' we're ca'd a wee before
The stale "threescore an' ten;"
When "Joy" keeks kindly at your door,
Aye bid her welcome ben.
About yon blissfu' bowers above
Let doubtfu' mortals speir,
Sae weel ken we that "heaven is love,"
Since love maks heaven here.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RIVERS.

Arms.—Sa. a fesse chequy ar. and az. between three bezants.

Crest.—A stork, ppr, beaked and membered, or, the right foot resting on an anchor erect, cabled, of the last.

Supporters.—Dexter, a falcon, wings endorsed, or; sinister an unicorn, ar.

Motto.—*Æquam servare mentem.* "Preserve an equal mind."

This family, the branches of which extend through the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Southampton, &c., is descended from Nicholas Pitt, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, and whose grandson, John Pitt, clerk of the Exchequer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, marrying Joan, daughter of John Swayne, Esq., left with two daughters, three sons, William, John, and Thomas, of Blandford, in the county of Dorset, ancestor of the earls of Chatham. The eldest son, Sir William Pitt, knight, was comptroller of the household, and a principal officer in the Exchequer in the reign of James I. He died in 1636, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, who was succeeded, in 1643, by his eldest surviving son, George Pitt, Esq., an officer in the royal

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army during the civil wars. This gentleman married, in 1657, Jane, eldest daughter of John Savage, second earl of Rivers (a dignity which expired with John, fifth earl, in 1728), and relict of George Brydges, lord Chandos. He was succeeded by his eldest son, George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, M.P. for the county of Hants, who dying in 1745, was succeeded by his eldest son, George Pitt, Esq., M.P. for the county of Dorset, and a diplomatist of the first grade, who was elevated to the peerage, 20th May, 1776, by the title of baron Rivers, of Strathfieldsaye. His lordship obtained a second patent, 16th March, 1802, creating him baron Rivers, of Sudley Castle, in the county of Gloucester, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B., and after him to the male issue of Louisa, Mrs. Beckford, his daughter. He was succeeded by his son George, who, dying in 1803, was succeeded by his son George, second baron, born 19th September, 1751, one of the lords of the bedchamber. His lordship died in July, 1828, unmarried, when the barony of "Rivers of Strathfieldsaye" expired, while that of "Rivers of Sudley-Castle," devolved, according to the limitation, on his nephew, Horace William Beckford, Esq., as third baron, born Dec., 1777, who married 9th Feb., 1808, Frances, only daughter of Lieut. Col. Francis Hale Rigby, of Mistley Hall, in the county of Essex, and had issue, George Pitt Rivers, present baron, Horace, Fanny, and Harriet-Elizabeth. Lord Rivers relinquished entirely his paternal surname of Beckford, and assumed that of Pitt-Rivers, but his lordship's issue are to bear the name of Pitt only. His lordship died 23rd Jan. 1831, and was succeeded by the present Rivers, of Sudley Castle.

DON'T TALK OF SEPTEMBER.

From the Tyne Mercury.

Dont't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the First.
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together—how tame!
I'd get up *my* game of ecarté,
But they go to bring down *their* game!

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken,
They're tempted by birds on the wing!
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting my sweets and my trifles,
Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves!

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!

Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now, 'stead of popping the question,
They set off to pop at the birds.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies;
You care not for locks on the forehead,
The *locks* made by Manton you prize!
All thoughts sentimental exploding,
Like *flints* I behold you depart;
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport;
Let these double-barrel discussions
Exhaust double bottles of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons,
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's;
The men are all *gone to the dogs!*

THE DRAGOMAN'S ART.

The trust necessarily reposed in an interpreter by those who travel to distant and comparatively unknown lands is, of course, great. Ignorance and pride may often misrepresent, and be slow to set right. A more whimsical, but, we fear, just, description of the sort of communication which occasionally takes place between Europeans and Mehemet Ali, we have not seen than that furnished, in a jocular but clever work, called "Eothes, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East." The farcical representation which the author gives is neatly introduced. He says:

I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, "the Pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has

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crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a cockney. Have I not told you *always* to say that I am a branch of the family of Mudcomb Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I'm not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman—[is silent.]

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karagolhookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal.)—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The ends of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—This wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection! tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbance to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or in Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole of the earth, and by the sides of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—The Pasha 's right about the cutlery (I tried my scimitar with the common officer's swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well, (to the Dragoman) tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha, that our rural districts

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deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeomen is still, thank God! the British yeoman:—Oh! and by the bye, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman).—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams, of the horses that shall carry his excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF BRAZIL, AND THE DIAMOND FINDERS.

The discovery of the diamond mines of Brazil, which has proved so detrimental to the prosperity of India, took place early in the eighteenth century. In 1730 the diamonds were declared royal property, though all persons were permitted, under certain regulations, to engage in their extraction. On every negro thus employed, a capitation tax, varying from £1 6s. 0½d. to £13 0s. 5d., was imposed. In a few years it was found that owing to the extraordinary increase in the number of diamonds brought into the market, their value had diminished three-fourths. Measures were then taken to limit the extent of the supply. In 1735, the diamond mines were farmed at £25,854 3s. 4d. per annum; but the speculators were bound to employ no more than six hundred slaves; and this system was continued until 1772.

It was, however, discovered that the working of the diamond mines by private individuals, whose interests were diametrically opposed to those of the government, as in despotisms they always must be, was accompanied by frauds and abuses of various kinds. The government subsequently determined to take into its own hands the superintendence of the mines, and new regulations were drawn up. By these the diamond district was more effectually cut off from the rest of the world. Situated in a country governed by absolute power, it was now subjected to a despotism still more absolute; all social ties were snapped asunder, or greatly enfeebled—in short, everything was sacrificed to the design of securing the exclusive property of the diamonds to the crown. In several instances, the extreme severity of the regulations caused them to fall, like the laws of Draco, into desuetude; those for example, intended to limit the amount of the population and the number of the merchants; which condemned to confiscation or the galleys a negro detected with mining implements in his possession, or prohibited the sinking of the foundations of a house unless four officers of government were present. When M. de Saint-Hilaire visited the mines in 1817, the administration had undergone successive modifications. The principal officer, at this period, was denominated the intendant of the diamonds, whose jurisdiction extended over the whole province. His power was nearly absolute. He regulated at his pleasure every thing connected with the working of the diamond mines, removed or suspended the employés, refused or granted permission to enter the district—without which even the governors of the province themselves had not the power to pass its boundaries—took whatever measures he judged proper for the prevention of smuggling, and directed the movements of the military force. But the authority of the intendant was not confined to what more immediately concerned the mines; the police in the interior of the district was under his control; and being at once an administrator and a judge, it was necessary that he should have studied jurisprudence. In civil transactions, where

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the value of the property in litigation did not exceed one hundred thousand reis (£25 sterling), he judged without audience or appeal. Lawyers were banished from the district; and this, it does not appear, was ever the subject of complaint. The authority of the intendant in criminal affairs was extremely bounded. The treasury in which the diamonds were deposited, had three keys, one of which was placed in his hands, the second in those of the first treasurer, and the third was held by the principal clerk.

The places where diamonds are found, and where a body of slaves, with the requisite officers and overseer, are established, are called "services." According to the regulations, each of these troops should have a separate chaplain; but the administration being exceedingly poor, and therefore compelled to be economical, had commenced its reforms by diminishing the number of priests; one chaplain being compelled to superintend two troops of negroes, when they happen to work at the same service. All the negroes who labour in the different services belong to private individuals, who hire them, at so much per week, to the administration of the mines. They once amounted to three thousand; but the increasing poverty of the government caused this number to be diminished to one thousand; and their pay was reduced to less than half of what it formerly was. Each negro was clothed, and furnished with medical attendance during sickness, at the expense of his owner; but he is maintained and supplied with tools by the administration.

The condition of these slaves, whose labours furnish the costly gems which sparkle on the bosom or amid the tresses of beauty, forms a striking contrast with that of the classes whom they enrich or adorn by their toil. A wretched species of food, scantily doled out, enabled them to sustain for a few years the weight of their misery. A quantity of coarse maize flour, a certain proportion of kidney beans, and a little salt, constituted the whole of their food; to which, by way of luxury, a small quantity of roll tobacco was added. When the kidney beans fail, their place was supplied by some kind of animal food. As little time was allowed the negroes during the day, they were compelled to dress their food on the preceding evening, sometimes with no other fuel than a little dried grass. Being forced to remain, almost the whole year, with their feet all day in the water, living on food little strengthening or nutritious, and generally cold or badly cooked, they were subject to enfeebling disorders, arising from the debilitated state of the alimentary canal. Frequently, they incurred the risk of being crushed by falling rocks, or avalanches of earth, which suddenly detach themselves from the face of the precipices. Their labour was painful without intermission. Constantly under the eye of the overseer, to snatch a moment's repose was beyond their power. Nevertheless, such is the wretchedness of their condition in the domestic or particular service of their owners, such the natural appetite of man for gain, that these unfortunate beings exhibited a decided preference for this species of employment. The money, observes M. de Saint-Hilaire, which they procured by secreting diamonds, and the hope of emancipation, should they be fortunate enough to find a gem of a certain size, were doubtless the principal causes of this preference; and being in large numbers, they contrived, in spite of their wretchedness, to excite each other to merriment, singing in chorus the songs of their native land; whereas in the houses of their masters they were subjected to a thousand caprices, here they obeyed one fixed rule, and so long as they conformed to it, feared no chastisement.

In ancient Egypt, as is learned from the sculptural paintings of Eilithyias, even the reapers in the fields were kept in order by fear of the whip; and the relation of Agatharchides discloses the character of the cruel regulations to which the labourers in the emerald mines, in the eastern desert, were subjected. The practices of despotism are the same in all ages and countries. In the diamond mines of Brazil, the whip is the principal incentive to industy; each of the overseers being generally armed with a large stick, terminated by a strip of leather, with which he is to chastise on the spot any negro whom he considers negligent. It may easily be imagined how frequently such a being, constantly irritated by the irksomeness of his employment, must be tempted to strike. When the fault is of a serious nature, a more severe punishment is inflicted; the criminal on these occasions being tied to a ladder, and scourged by two of his companions with a whip of five thongs.

From this mode of life, a fortunate accident sometimes frees the slave. When he happens to find a diamond weighing an octavo, or 17¼ carats, his value is ascertained by the administration, the price is paid to his owner, he is dressed, and set at liberty. His comrades, rejoicing at his good fortune, place a crown upon his head, make a feast, and bear him in triumph on their shoulders. He is entitled to preserve his situation in the mines, and receives weekly the sum formerly paid to his owner. If the diamond weighs only three-fourths of an octavo, the slave still obtains his freedom, though he is obliged to labour for the government some time longer. In 1816,

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out of one thousand negros, three obtained their liberty; in the following year not a single instance had occurred up to the month of October, the period of M. De Saint-Hilaire's visit. For the discovery of diamonds of inferior weight and value, the slaves receive trifling rewards, as a knife, a hat, a waistcoat, &c.

When the negro finds a diamond, he shows it to the overseer, holding it between his fore-finger and thumb, and spreading his other finger; after which he deposits it in the wooden bowl suspended from the roof of the shed beneath which the operation of washing is carried on. At nightfall, the overseers in a body bear the bowl to the special administrator, who takes an account of the diamonds found, causes their number and weight to be ascertained, and puts them in a purse, which he is supposed always to wear about his person. Monthly, or at shorter intervals, should the junta require it, the diamonds are deposited in the treasury, each administrator forwarding those found in his service, by one or two overseers, accompanied by a number of slaves. The treasurers verify the number of gems delivered to them, weigh them again, and enter in the book an exact account of their weight, the name of the service where they were found, and the dates of their reception. These preliminaries completed, they lodge them in the treasury. Every year they send to Rio de Janeiro the diamonds found during the preceding twelve months, in the following manner. They have twelve sieves, each pierced with holes of a different size; the first large, the rest diminishing gradually; and through these the gems are successively passed. The largest diamonds remain in the first sieve, those a size less in the second; and so on, until the smallest fall even through the last. Thus they are divided into twelve lots, each of which is made up into a separate packet, inclosed in bags; and these are placed in a chest, on which the intendant, the fiscal, and the first treasurer put their seals. This done, the chest departs, accompanied by an officer appointed by the intendant, with two horse soldiers and four infantry under his command. On arriving at the Villa Rica, it is conveyed to the general, who, without opening it, affixes his seal; it is then forwarded under the protection of the same escort to the capital.

The negro who conceals a diamond is severely punished. It is in vain, however, that the rigour of the laws has been increased, and measures of prevention resorted to. Cupidity and skill set all terrors at defiance. Formerly, when the diamonds were more abundant, there existed a sort of smugglers who, acting in concert, dispersed themselves over the places where the jewels were most plentifully found, and sought for them themselves. Some of the party, stationed as sentinels on the heights, gave notice to the labourers of the approach of the troops; upon which the whole band made their escape, climbing the most difficult and precipitous mountains. This was the practice that caused them to be denominated *grimpeiros* or 'climbers,' from which, by corruption, the word *arimpeiros*, the appellation by which they are still known, has been formed. Since the diamonds have grown more rare, and require considerable labour to extract them from the earth, this extraordinary race of smugglers has disappeared, though a few fugitive negroes, miserable and desperate, still go in quest of chance jewels along the banks of the remote solitary streams.

The negroes in thieving exhibit a degree of subtlety which the most experienced knaves might behold with envy. The new comers, raw novices, on their arrival, are instructed in the mysteries of the profession by the old, whom they quickly rival in ability. One of the predecessors of M. Da Camara, intendant of the mines, complaining that the abstraction of diamonds had become extremely frequent, and accusing the administrators of being wanting in vigilance, was assured by the latter that the most active surveillance could not prevent the delinquencies of the slaves. Desirous, however, of ascertaining by experience the ability of the negroes, the intendant commanded the most adroit among them to appear before him, placed a small jewel amidst a heap of sand and flints in one of the channels where they usually washed for diamonds, and promised the slave his liberty if he could steal it without being detected in the theft. The negro then began washing sand in the ordinary manner, while the intendant steadfastly fixed his eyes upon his movements. In a few minutes the magistrate demanded of the black, where the stone was. "If reliance may be placed on the word of a white man," replied the negro, "I am free;" and taking the diamond from his mouth, he showed it to the intendant.

The temporary villages which spring up rapidly in the vicinity of the mines, and fall to decay with equal rapidity when the works are abandoned, present, while they last, a not unpleasing appearance, perched on the sunny slopes of the hills, or on the romantic precipitous banks of the diamond streams. One of these curious establishments is thus described by M. de Saint-Hilaire.

"The houses of the troop of Corrego Novo, in number twenty-two, form a small hamlet rising on a gentle slope above the stream. They are constructed with earth, and thatched with straw, and stand round

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a square open space. None of them possess a second story; and their roofs, very different from those which are elsewhere seen in Brazil, are considerably higher than the walls that support them. The huts of the negroes, inferior in size to those of the overseers, have no windows, and are each inhabited by several slaves. Those of the overseers, on the other hand, are furnished with casements, are white-washed, and in many instances surrounded with gardens, in which I observed peach-trees in blossom. Two overseers dwell in the same house, which contains two apartments and a kitchen. The administrator occupies an entire mansion, and with him I remained during my stay at Corrego Novo."

In most cases, the working of gold or diamond mines,—and the remark may perhaps be applied to many other sorts of mining,—must be regarded as a species of gambling; at all events its results on the moral constitution are to a certain extent the same. Sudden exaltation from poverty to riches, succeeded by expensive habits, dissipation, voluptuousness, and an utter distaste for the more ordinary processes of industry, marks the career of both gambler and the miner. Even in the midst of poverty he dreams of incalculable wealth, refuses to direct his attention to any useful employment, and constantly deluded by insane hallucinations, drags on a life of wretchedness, with El Dorado ever glittering before his imagination. The provinces traversed by M. de Saint-Hilaire furnish numerous examples of this kind of madness. Formerly, great fortunes were sometimes acquired by a lucky accident, with marvellous rapidity, when near the Rio do Carmo, gold, as Luccock observes, was frequently found by plucking up the grass, and shaking the roots. Those days however, are now over; yet numbers of adventurers, stimulated by these hackneyed traditions, continue to haunt the neighbourhood of the old mines.

Review.

The Pictorial Reader, compiled from the most approved authorities.—[Brittain.

We have here but a small volume astonishingly full of entertainment. It consists of extracts, for the most part from modern writers. Some interest attaches to bringing clever writers together, who have never been seen side by side before. It is admirably got up, and profusely illustrated. The embellishments bring before the eye the image of all that is most striking in the accompanying essays or narratives, and it is truly said, that here, at a trifling, at an insignificant cost, the rising generation may enjoy "such an assemblage of pictorial representations, as would formerly have created an expense which the affluent alone could meet."

We add a specimen of the cuts. That we select, relates to De Foe's description of starving, p. 50. The curious will perhaps like to compare this fictious picture with the real description of Famine which appeared in a late number, p. 154.

"The third day, in the morning, after a night of strange and confused inconsistent dreams, and rather dosing than sleeping, I awaked ravenous and furious with hunger; and I question, had not my understanding returned and conquered it, I say, I question whether, if I had been a mother, and had a little child with me, its life would have been safe or no.

"This lasted about three hours, during which time I was twice raging mad as any creature in Bedlam, as my young master told me, and as he now can inform you.

"In one of these fits of lunacy or distraction, whether by the motion of the ship or some slip of the foot, I know not, I fell down, and struck my face against the corner of a pallet-bed, in which my mistress lay, and with the blow, the blood gushed out of my nose, and the cabin-boy bringing me a little basin, I sat down, and bled into it a great deal; and as the blood ran from me, I came to myself, and the violence of the flame or the fever I was in abated, and so did the ravenous part of the hunger.

"Then I grew sick, and retched to vomit, but could not, for I had nothing in my stomach to bring up. After I had bled some time I swooned, and they all believed I was dead; but I came to myself soon after, and then had a most dreadful pain in my stomach, not to be described, not like the colic, but a gnawing eager pain for food; and towards night it went off with a kind of earnest wishing or longing for food. I took another draught of water with sugar in it, but my stomach loathed the sugar, and brought it all up again; then I took a draught of water without sugar, and that staid with me, and I laid me down upon the bed, praying most heartily that it would please God to take me away; and, composing my mind in hopes of it, I slumbered awhile, and then waking, thought myself dying, being light with vapours from an empty stomach; I recommended my soul to God, and earnestly wished that somebody would throw me into the sea.

"All this while my mistress lay by me, just, as I thought, expiring, but bore it with much more patience than I, and gave the last bit of bread she had to her child, my young master, who would not have

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taken it, but she obliged him to eat it, and I believe it saved his life.

"Towards the morning I slept again, and first when I awaked I fell into a violent passion of crying, and after that had a second fit of violent hunger, so that I got up ravenous, and in a most dreadful condition. Had my mistress been dead, so much as I

loved her, I am certain I should have eaten a piece of her flesh, with as much relish, and as unconcerned, as ever I did the flesh of any creature appointed for food; and once or twice I was going to bite my own arm. At last I saw the bason in which was the blood I had bled at my nose the day before; I ran to it, and swallowed it with much haste, and such a greedy appetite, as if I had wondered nobody had taken it before, and afraid it should be taken from me now."

The Gatherer.

Outrage on Royalty.—The robbers of the present day do not stand for trifles; of this a new instance has been given in the case of the duke of Genoa, the second son of the king of Sardinia, who, it is stated in a letter from Tunis, of the 10th ult, while riding in the neighbourhood of his chateau of Taconige, was stopped by banditti. The prince told them who he was, which, however, did not prevent the robbers carrying away his purse, watch, and some jewels.

On the admiration of Women of Rank and Beauty.—"Pray why is it absurd in me to think, that the chivalrous spirit which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty, without any consideration whatever of enjoying them, was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages? And am I not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner, by means of speculation of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? I tell you again.— that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France, in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing—*did* draw tears from me, and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description;—they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or, as you express it, downright foppery. My friend, I tell you it is the truth; and that is true, and will be truth, when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine."—*Burke.*

Manufacture of Iron.—The application of electricity, to supercede several of the expensive processes in the manufacture of iron, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labour required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and subtle elements, create its high market value, and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast, is, in its moment of

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consolidation subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted.—*Newcastle Advertiser.*

Taglioni and Her Husband.—Taglioni has obtained from the French tribunals a divorce from her husband, M. Gilbert des Voisins, on the ground of his having refused to admit her into his house. The unsuccessful plea of the husband was, that his wife, Madame Marie, had violated the engagement contracted by her at her marriage, to renounce the stage; and had for ten years lived separate from him. [Though anxious to restrain her dancing *steps*, the husband appears at last to have regretted that he caused her to take *other steps* to obtain a divorce.]

Epigram suggested by the recent blustering of the French Press against England.

La Jeune France in a fever boast loud of their Prince;
Of his *writing* and *fighting* they're full,
Still it needeth no argument all to convince
That *John Veal* is no match for *John Bull!!*
R. R. B.

[Though far fetched, the above is neat.
At least the pun on *Veal* is *meet.*]

A young Author and the Booksellers.—"You have no idea, what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London, is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendation with a 'hum—um;'—a set of hardened villians! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether."—*Gerald Griffin.*

Neddy Rapid Outdone.—"In the brief space of sixty-two days I have twice crossed the Atlantic; devoted a week to London and its environs, another to Paris and Versailles; giving the principal part of a day to each of the great cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Dieppe, Rouen, Nancy, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Malines, Antwerp, Oxford, Derby, York, Leeds, and Manchester; examined the *chemins de fer* of France, Germany, and Belgium; the railways of England, with the stations and depots of each country; travelled in cars of the first, second, third, and fourth classes, in post-chaises, *fiacres*, *cabriolets*, and omnibuses; in the various compartments of diligences; on the top of English post-coaches; lodged in magnificent hotels with princes and nobles, in common houses with 'travellers' and dissenters; sailed down the Rhine from Mayence, by Coblentz, to Cologne, amid towering mountains and vine-hills, crowned by the ruins of ancient castles and feudal halls; paused to admire the palaces and cathedrals that have exhausted the wealth of nations, the cloistered abbey and crumbling monastery; traversed the classic halls and green lawns of Oxford; attended an anti-corn law meeting in Oxfordshire; and seen lords and squires put down by the eloquence and talent of self-made men; explored the courts of Westminster, the galleries and museums of Paris, Versailles, and Antwerp."—*Two Months Abroad, by a Railroad Director of Massachusetts.*

Cardinal Cheverus.—The statue of the late apostolic bishop of Bordeaux, was inaugurated on the 8th ult, in his native town of Mayenne, with the pomp, civil and religious, due to the occasion. The statue, which is by the sculptor David, is highly spoken of, and described as expressing, in attitude and sentiment, the *Sinite parvulos* of the Gospel. Four bas-reliefs present passages in the life of the cardinal; one exhibits his heroic bearing amid the tempest, on the coast of France; another his meeting, in the American forest, with the native converts who had lost their pastor; a third represents him administering consolation in the hut of an aged negro; and a fourth shows him bearing wood to the sick-chamber of the poor woman, whose husband returns home unexpectedly to find the holy man discharging this work of lowly charity.

Public Works in Liverpool.—In Liverpool there are the following works now in progress:—Assize Courts, (Corporation) cost £80,000; New Gaol, (Corporation) cost £100,000; Albert Dock and warehouses,(Dock Committee) £600,000; New North Dock Works, including land and junction with Leeds Canal, (Dock Committee) £1,500,000; Reservoirs, Green-lane, and corresponding works, (Highway Commissioners) £50,000; Industrial Schools at Kirkdale, (Select Vestry) £30,000; Gas Extension, (New Gas Company) £140,000; Shaw-street Park, (private shareholders) £2,500; making a gross total of £2,500,000.

Eleven Jurymen and a half.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed—'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my Lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he is gone away about some business, *but he has left his verdict with me.*'"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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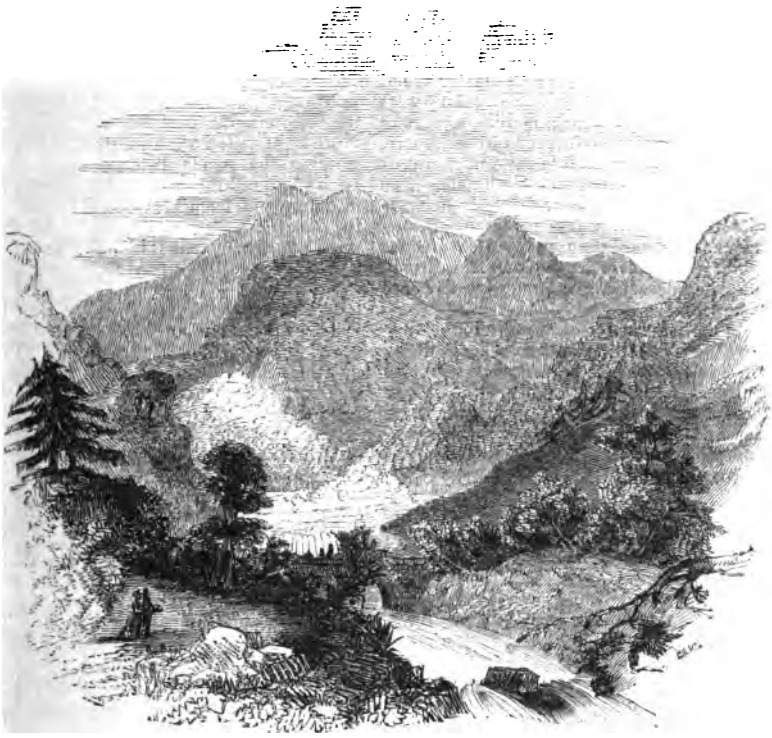

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Progresses of sovereigns are events to which great interest usually attaches. The minutest incident which occurred centuries ago is treasured up in families honoured with the presence of royalty. Queen Victoria in again visiting

"Caledonia bleak and wild,"

shows a more than ordinary taste for the beauties of nature. In her wide dominions, perhaps, no scenery can be witnessed in which the sublime and the beautiful are more strikingly blended than in the woods and glens of Blair Atholl, the Falls of Bruar, and the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Great rejoicings are witnessed, but as the *Court Journal* remarks, "the old system of royal progresses is at an end. It has given place to a system more congenial to the spirit of our age and institutions. Whoever has had so much loyalty, antiquarian and retrospective, as to consult one of the Books of Progresses, which have been published by sundry sincere worshippers of state regalia, will have a vivid recollection of the number of trumpets and halberts, kettle-drums and battle-axes, fifes, heralds, and sergeants-at-arms, who were considered in the good old times indispensable to the retinue of the sovereign of this country, when he or she thought fit to move out of London, or through London, or to make any public passage from one place to another. The notion of the sovereign, apart from the flags and bedizened horsemen, was an abstract idea, which never entered into the imagination of the worthy people of England.

"*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The

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banners and brass instruments, the quarterings, poursuivants, and proclamations, are all over. A procession such as used to escort Queen Elizabeth from London to Greenwich, or to the gates of Temple Bar, to receive the keys of the City from a Lord Mayor, robed up to the chin in furs, as if he were first magistrate of the North Pole, would astonish the unsophisticated senses of our public."

The able editor adds: "Our Queen—our gracious young Victoria, the mother of the princes who are destined hereafter through years of advancing glory to cluster round and sustain the throne of this realm—goes abroad into the sunshine like any lady amongst us, with no further retinue, pomp, or state, than the private suite fit and proper for her condition and her habits. She not only rides abroad, or drives in her private carriage, with less ceremony of outriders sometimes than many of her great nobility, but traverses the public railroad, and when occasion serves, "takes her ease in her inn."

As an historical fact, worthy to be preserved, the following outline of the journey will be acceptable to most readers. It will contrast, not less remarkably with the time necessarily consumed in former days on such an expedition, than does modern costume with the unwieldy state dresses of the middle ages.

It was on the 9th instant, at twenty minutes past nine, in the morning, that the royal yacht cast off her moorings at Woolwich, and got weigh upon her. As she proceeded on her course, the shores and shipping were crowded with persons anxious, if possible, to catch a view of the Queen and Prince Albert, or, at least, see the vessel which contained them. Every ship coming up the river, and seeing the royal standard flying at the mast-head of the yacht, saluted it in the usual manner, by dipping their colours, while their crews assembled aft, and cheered her Majesty as the vessels swiftly passed each other. As the yacht neared the village of Stone, one of her Majesty's steamers was observed coming up the river at full speed. She proved to be the Lightning, the vessel which conveyed his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia to the Continent at the conclusion of his visit to this country. The intelligence was conveyed to her Majesty and Prince Albert by Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and her Majesty commanded his Lordship to telegraph the Lightning to send a boat on board the yacht immediately. A boat was accordingly lowered from the Lightning, and rowed with great rapidity to the yacht, and the required and gratifying information of the safe landing of his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia was conveyed by the commanding officer of the Lightning to her Majesty. Hitherto the yacht had not been going at full speed, but when she had passed Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, she increased it to nearly its maximum. When the royal yacht arrived at the Nore, the Ocean, flagship at Sheerness, fired a royal salute. There was no man-of-war of any description at the Nore.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the royal yacht and her attendant squadron proceeded may be formed from the time in which she took in reaching the Nore. She left Woolwich at twenty minutes past nine, a.m., reached Gravesend at fifty-five minutes past ten, and passed the Nore light at ten minutes past twelve, performing the whole distance from Woolwich to the Nore in two hours and fifty minutes, and from Gravesend to the Nore in one hour fifteen minutes. At three, p.m., the royal yacht was off Harwich, at a quarter past five off Aldborough, and at ten o'clock off Yarmouth. At nine and half-past ten, a.m., on Tuesday, her Majesty passed Flamboro' Head, and Scarboro', and at half-past three, p.m., Tynemouth. The distance from London to this port is 320 miles, and it was accomplished by the royal yacht in 29 hours. At half-past four the royal yacht reached Seaton Roads. At seven, she was abreast of Bamborough Castle. At midnight, the light of St Abb's Head was visible; and at a little before two the following morning, the yacht entered the Tay, where her Majesty was met by the splendid steam-ship, the Perth, brilliantly illuminated and decked from stem to stern with colours of every description and of every nation. The Perth was appointed by the Trinity Board-house to escort the Sovereign up to the Tay. The instant the Perth observed the approach of the royal squadron, she fired blue lights and rockets, which were answered by others further up the Tay; and, the atmosphere being remarkably bright, in a short space of time the joyous news of her Majesty's arrival was known throughout Dundee. At a quarter to nine, a.m., her Majesty landed safely from the royal barge, and immediately proceeded, with her suite, in four of the royal carriages, *en route* to the Highlands. Her Majesty and the Prince, with their suite, arrived at Blair Athol, at a quarter past three, p.m. The journey, it is said, was never performed so expeditiously before.

There are some martial recollections connected with the spot to which she now repairs. "The Castle of Blair Atholl," says the *Britannia*, "was seized for Viscount Dundee, the gallant and devoted adherent of the unfortunate James, in 1689. Advancing to the castle, which was threatened by the troops of William III, Dun-

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dee learned that the enemy had entered the pass. Without an instant's hesitation he resolved on battle. He gave the signal, and his followers, with brave impetuosity, burst upon their foes, sword in hand, and utterly routed them. The battle was won in seven minutes from the moment of the charge, and twelve hundred of William's forces were left dead on the field. But the victory was dearly won, for Dundee fell by a random shot at the moment of triumph. It is to this battle that Scott makes his aged minstrel in the "Lay" allude in those noble lines which form the opening of the fourth canto:—

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring balfires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle horn.
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of the great Dundee.
Why, when the vollying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Grœme."

The ancient chapel of Blair Atholl is now mouldering into ruins, and forms one of the most picturesque objects within the grounds of the castle. This ruin is doubly interesting, as being the burial place of every highland chieftain of ancient descent and lofty lineage; but the chief object of interest within its moss-grown walls is the tomb of the celebrated Claverhouse, whose body was brought to Blair Atholl after the battle of Killiecrankie, and received honourable interment from the Atholl family, against whom he had so long combated with such terrific energy and effect. Every traveller and tourist makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of this celebrated hero, and the descendants of the Covenanters still shudder at the bare mention of the name of the "bloody Claverse."

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

A new association under the above name, over which Lord Conyngham is to preside, has recently been formed. Its object may be described in the words of his lordship on the occasion of their first meeting last week in the Town Hall at Canterbury. "We have come here," said his lordship, "to investigate, to preserve, and illustrate our national monuments. We are combined to protect and save the noble edifices of our Gothic forefathers, and by the force of our example to induce the ruder inhabitants of this celebrated city to spare and protect the antiquarian objects so immediately around them, to take an architectural interest in their cathedral, nor pass unheeded by the rude green hillocks of the dead—the Barrows in the park at Bourne, or on the Downs immediately adjoining."

These objects are good, and as the society boasts already many eminent names, much that is valuable and interesting may be expected to result from their inquiries. Certain ludicrously unfortunate passages, however, appear in the notices of their proceedings at or near Canterbury.

In the *Athenæum* we find a report of some flourishes of Sir William Betham, which, though entertaining to read, do not seem to have been remarkably pertinent on the occasion.

"Sir William began by enlarging on the usefulness of an antiquary, and the ill-nature of a critic in the *Quarterly Review*, who had called him a credulous gentleman, an Irishman, who wished to make everything Irish. Indignant at the accusation, Sir William exclaimed, 'I am an Englishman,' as boastfully as Sir Philip Sydney has exclaimed, 'I am a Dudley by the mother's side; my chief boast is that I am a Dudley.' This over, he enlarged on the Tower of Belus, on the supposed history of Semiramis; that Semiramis was an earlier kind of Britannia, and that Lobson spoke a different language from Jacob."

What this Canterbury tale had to do with Canterbury or its antiquities, Sir William did not think it necessary to explain, and the hearers likened him to the clever gentleman described by Lord Bolingbroke, who was so overflowing with knowledge, that when asked a question he gave information on all sorts of subjects but the particular one in regard to which it was solicited.

"But let that pass." The association proceeded to Barnham Downs, where the discovery of human remains, bones, glass, and pottery, rewarded their labours. Afterwards, as Lord Albert Conyngham had provided a luncheon for the party, they adjourned to his lordship's seat, near Bourne. From the house they adjoined to a paddock off the park, where four Saxon barrows were laid open. In one of these graves was discovered a small urn, about eight inches high, of red pottery ware, a glass of thin green manufacture, and two or three small bronze ornaments, the clasps of a purse, as was conjectured by Mr. C. Roach Smith and other members of the association.

At the evening meeting, Mr. Pettigrew

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being called upon to offer any remarks that occurred to him on what they had seen, mentioned that the first barrow explored contained the remains of a child eleven or twelve years of age—these remains were not perfect. There were also a quantity of glass beads and a necklace. In the next grave were found the bones of a female about the middle stature. A necklace was also found, and a dagger lay by her side. No instance of a spear being found in the burial-place of a female in one of these barrows had ever before been known. In another barrow several bones had been found belonging to a male who was in the prime of life when he died, as proved by the state of the bones when found. He would be answerable that the bones had not been interred more than fifty years. He did think the party, whomsoever it might be, had not been legitimately buried. Probably these remains belonged to some one who had been murdered; certainly they were neither Roman nor Saxon remains.

It was rather disappointing to have relics supposed to be twelve or thirteen centuries old brought down to the level of bones of yesterday. Professor Buckland would not give up the point. He said:—

"Having had about twenty years' experience in the study of bony substances, both of the animal and the human species, he believed himself competent to form an opinion upon what he had witnessed during the day. Latterly he had turned his attention to remains found in 'barrows,' and he could with the utmost confidence declare that the remains were most decidedly Saxon remains of the fifth and sixth century."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,"

of course occurred to every one. The Professor went on in a strain that surprised most of his hearers. He had found two earth worms in one of the recently opened pits, and this is the way in which he mentioned them:—

"At the bottom of one of these graves he had discovered a small portion of surface mould, which he was led at first to believe was thrown there by our Saxon forefathers, just as we do now at our interments, when we commit ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, but he found, as he went on, two earth-worms six inches long, and infinitely obliged was he to these worms, that had come down to devour this Saxon."

Infinitely obliged to the earth-worms! He will next ask them to dinner, perhaps. But, seriously, that the modern Protestant ceremony, committing earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, should be inferred from finding a handful of surface earth in a barrow just opened has in it so much of burlesque, that we can hardly proceed with gravity.

"What should be *grave* he turns to farce."

One other piece of wisdom from the same source must be placed on record. The doctor had seen some pigeons about Canterbury Cathedral. There birds are sometimes mischievous to the roofs of buildings; but what did Professor Buckland apprehend from them? Nothing less than that they might set Canterbury Cathedral on fire! Set it on fire by the spontaneous combustion of the "guano" they were likely to leave behind them. Really if such luminous announcements are often to be made by this new association, the Archæological Society will gain for itself a ridiculous reputation which our contemporary, *Punch*, may envy; but we hope for better things from it in its future progress. The surveyor to the Cathedral, a plain-spoken man, gave a just satire on the learned Professor's alarms, by hinting that the pigeons were just as likely to *set the Thames on fire!*

MADELON LAPPERRIERE, THE TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

By Will o' the Wisp.

There once lived in the Rue—it doesn't matter what—in the good city of Paris, a certain, not very celebrated artist, named Michael Angelo Muller. At the moment we are about to introduce the artist to our readers, he was standing, palette and brushes in hand, admiring the portrait of an ass, evidently just completed. "Beautiful," he exclaimed, glancing round the room, the walls of which were covered with portraits of the same lively animal; "I never painted a more superb ass in all my life. But I must be off to the Rue St. Honoré, or—"

At this moment the door was burst open, and first a servant, and then a young gentleman, rushed into the room. The latter, embracing the artist, cried, "Here I am, uncle! Throw the arms of that venerable dressing-gown round my neck, and embrace your nephew."

"Sacre!" ejaculated the artist, "do you mean to strangle me! I thought you were hanged long ago."

"No, no, uncle," was the reply, "I never could be so undutiful as to take precedence of you in that interesting ceremony."

"Well, sir, and what is your business in Paris now? I thought I had provided for you, when I instructed you in the noble art of painting. I taught you gratis, sirrah, and allowed you to copy all my chef-d'œuvres."

"All your asses you mean, uncle."

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"Well, sir, asses, I don't deny it; every great painter has his line, his peculiar walk in art; mine," said Michael Angelo Muller, importantly, "mine is the walk of the ass. No matter—what brought you here?"

"Love, and my nag of ten toes, uncle—the little god without the indescribables has given me such a stinger. I'll tell you how it happened. Three months ago, when I quitted this beloved roof, I turned my toes towards Lyons, and went forth with half a franc in my pocket as a travelling painter."

"And what did you paint on your travels?"

"Asses, uncle! I kept in your line, and painted nothing but asses. From respect to you I stuck to the ass. I may say I lived upon asses all the way from Paris to Lyons. In the best parlour of every inn on the road, you'll find copies of yourself, for while the landlord was drawing my bill, I was drawing a picture to pay my little account."

"You paid your bill like an ancient Roman, *as in præsenti*."

"Um, oh! yes, yes! but to come to the point. I arrived at Lyons, and there I beheld such a creature. Talk of your Venus de Medici—she was a cinder wench to her."

"What is that to me? What do you want?"

"Your blessing, uncle, and a trifle of money, that I may go and throw myself at the feet of the idol of my affection."

"Money!" cried the artist, in a tone of horror; "how dare you ask me for money, you graceless boy? Quit my room—there's the door."

"But, uncle, only hear me."

"No, sir, I've heard enough."

"It 's no use shaking me off, I'll stick to you like birdlime."

"We 'll see that, Master Phillipot," said Muller, having pushed him out, and locking the door.

"Hallo, uncle," cried Phillipot, through the key-hole; "I'll be back with you to supper. Good bye, good bye."

"Thank goodness, he's gone at last," said the artist. "Here, Robin, my coat and wig."

"There you are, sir," cried the servant, issuing from the closet, where he had taken refuge, clapping the wig on his master's head, which caused a cloud of flour to fly from it.

"Now, Robin," said the artist, as he dressed himself, "attend to me. I expect a young female here from the country this evening."

"A young female, sir," echoed Robin, surveying his master with a look of intense wonder, "Lor."

"Don't be a fool, Robin. The girl I expect is the daughter of my old schoolfellow, Captain Lapperriere."

"Oh! beg pardon, sir," interrupted Robin. "Wasn't that him that ran away with the rich banker's daughter many years ago."

"The same. She was a beautiful girl! and an only child, but her father would never receive her—confound that laundress,—nor forgive her, because—she never leaves a button on my shirt—because she married a poor subaltern. Well, soon after his marriage, Lapperriere marched with the army to Russia. In that disastrous campaign he fell, and his wife, who had accompanied him, died on the field of battle in giving birth to a female child. A few days before Lapperriere was killed, he wrote a letter to me, in which by a sort of presentiment of his fate, he confided to my care, in the event of his death, his wife and child. The poor lady died, but the infant was picked up by an old trumpeter of the 11th Chasseurs, and was nursed by his wife. From this circumstance she has obtained, in the regiment, where she has remained ever since, the name of the 'Trumpeter's Daughter.'"

"But may I ask, sir," said Robin, "why you did not obtain the guardianship of the young lady sooner."

"Wh—why—a—a—there—there was a reason for that," stammered the artist.

"And now, sir, do you mean to be a father to her for the remainder of your life."

"Father, indeed! I mean to be her husband, Robin, and—what's that noise?"

"Only the sweeps in the next chimney," said Robin; and, as his master had finished dressing, he put his cap and red gown into the closet, and they left the room.

They had hardly done so a minute, before a pair of legs appeared hanging down the flue, evidently fishing for the top bar of the grate. They then slipped down to the hearth, and our old friend Phillipot proved to be the owner of them. "I told uncle I should be back, and I've kept my word," soliloquised that respectable individual, sitting down in a chair; "by the way, it 's more than I ever did to my tailor. I bribed the urchin who was sweeping the chimneys next door to introduce me into the flue, and so dropped in quite in the family way, without ceremony. Now, I'll take another peep at the portrait of the enslaver of my susceptible heart. There she is," he continued, taking a rough portrait from his pocket. "The beautiful Trumpeter's Daughter! painted by this faithful hand, as I first beheld her marching with her regiment through the streets of Lyons. Heigho! I attended parade as regularly as the drummer every morning for three weeks, but could never get near enough to speak to her. Ha! there's somebody coming." He had hardly time to slip behind a chair when Robin entered, followed by a

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handsome young woman, in the costume of a vivandiere, who Phillipot, much to his surprise, recognised as the Trumpeter's Daughter.

"So this is to be my billet. Well, there's my luggage," said Madelon, throwing down her knapsack; "but where's the commandant?"

"The commandant," echoed Robin.

"Yes, the governor of the garrison—this new guardian of mine, M. Muller."

"Oh, ma'amselle, he was obliged to go abroad on a little business, but he will soon return, and be delighted to meet you here."

"Oh, he needn't hurry himself," said Madelon, taking a survey of the room. The walls were completely covered with portraits of asses; a supper table stood in one corner, and in a recess near the window was placed a figure dressed as Julius Cæsar, and a curtain to draw before it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Madelon; "I say, is that old scaramouch meant to represent M. Muller?"

"Oh, dear, no! that is our decoy bird."

"What 's that?"

"Why, that is a dummy figure, that we dress up every morning, and put in a chair near the window, so that the people on the other side of the way think some great man is sitting for his portrait. Sometimes he is an admiral, and sometimes he 's a bishop. Last week he was a popular preacher, this he is to be a favourite actor in the character of Julius Cæsar."

"I tell you what, my friend," said Madelon, "I don't half like my new quarters."

"You'll like them better when master's married you."

"Married me!" echoed Madelon, "ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" laughed Phillipot, forgetting himself.

"Who laughed?" said Madelon, looking round in surprise.

"I don't know," answered Robin, in an alarmed voice, looking about the room, but Phillipot stole into the closet unobserved; "I thought it was you."

"Never mind, *I'm* not afraid. Set down the candle, and I'll take forty winks in this chair, till M. Muller returns," said Madelon, throwing herself into an armchair, "I'm dead tired with my march."

Robin left the room, and Madelon composed herself to sleep.

In the meantime, Phillipot, in the closet, had arrayed himself in his uncle's dressing gown and red cap. "I think I furnish a splendid copy of an old master," thought he, as he stepped out, and surveyed himself in the glass. "This cap and red gown would make me pass anywhere for my uncle's duplicate. Hem, hem, ma'amselle. Hey, she's asleep." He approached her as he spoke, when, starting up, she cried—

"Halt, there, fall back. Ah, surely 'tis my guardian, M. Muller."

"Wonderful penetration," said Phillipot, in an old man's voice. "It *is* your affectionate guardian that presses you to his agitated shirt-frills."

"What a very warm embrace the old gentleman gives," thought Madelon.

"She's the very image of her departed sire," said Phillipot, holding her at arms' length. "Come to my arms again for *his* sake."

"Ah, *you* knew my poor father well."

"Knew him, he was my bosom friend; we fought together side by side."

"Then you have *been a soldier?*" asked Madelon, eagerly.

"Soldier, oh yes, for several years; I carried the colours."

"Brave man. But you were speaking of my father."

"Yes, of my dear friend Alfred."

"Alfred, his name was Charles."

"Ah, to be sure, you're right. My head is not so sound as it was before I received the sabre cut at the battle of ——, where I killed fourteen of the enemy. I often lose my memory altogether; but sit down, and tell me, has any good looking young fellow stolen this little heart yet?"

"No, no, 'tis here safe enough," answered Madelon.

"Yes, yes, but I mean has any particular person created a tender feeling in that quarter?"

Madelon shook her head.

"Eh, no; have you never seen at Lyons an interesting individual—a stranger?"

"What," said Madelon, with great animation, "a young painter, in a blue coat and a brown study, who appeared every morning at parade. Why one would think you borrowed his eyes. Ah! poor fellow, I certainly did feel—but perhaps you may blame me."

"Oh no, not at all, no woman could be blamed for admiring such a very superior young man. In fact, he 's my own nephew."

"Ah, then, that accounts for the eyes."

"Oh, quite. I esteem him so much that if I thought you loved him, I'd snuff out the candle of my hopes, nip my young affections in the bud, and say, 'Take him, Madelon, make poor Phillipot happy, and Heaven bless you both."

"You would," cried Madelon; "oh! my dear guardian, let me embrace you."

"A thousand times if you wish, my dear."

"How I pity my unfortunate uncle," thought Phillipot.

"I may now acknowledge to you that I do love your nephew."

"Oh, my dear child, you have made me

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so happy, that if you will shut your eyes I'll bring him to you in a moment."

"You will. Bless your dear old heart," said Madelon, shutting her eyes.

Phillipot ran into the closet, and hastily divesting himself of his uncle's dressing gown and "specs," came out again, and speaking in his natural voice, said, "Madelon."

"Who goes there?"

"Phillipot."

"Are you indeed Phillipot?"

"Yes," said he, taking her hand. "Behold me; no, don't open your eyes—imagine me."

At this moment the voice of Muller struck his ears, and uttering an exclamation—and not a very pious one—he jumped out of the window as the artist entered.

"Well," said Madelon, "why don't you go on?"

"Eh," said Muller, going on tiptoe to look at her. "What's that she's saying? Poor thing, she's asleep and dreaming. I won't disturb her. Zooks, she's a charming little creature. He! he! he!"

"Why don't you speak?" said Madelon, who had not heard the artist's soliloquy. "I'm not angry, you take my hand again. If you don't I'll open my eyes," continued she, looking about her in surprise at seeing noboby but Muller in the red cap. "Ah! he's gone, he's deserted. Pshaw! my old guardian again."

"Hem! hem!" said the artist; "ma'amselle, my name's Muller."

"Well, I know that," said Madelon, pettishly.

"How the deuce did she know that," thought he. "Hem, you're quite welcome to Paris and my little domicile, ma'amselle. Permit me to have the pleasure of a salute."

"Oh, you've had salutes enough already. Besides, you nearly stifle me."

"*I* stifle you, what does the girl mean?"

"Oh Heavens! how old you are grown," said Madelon, noticing his face, "I don't like you half so well as I did awhile ago."

"Why you never set eyes upon me till this moment."

"How can you forget? Oh, 'tis that terrible wound in your head."

"Wound, I have no wound."

"Oh, yes, you have, you know you received it at the battle where you killed fourteen of the enemy."

"I killed fourteen of the enemy."

"My poor guardian's memory is quite gone," thought Madelon.

"Well, well, Madelon, we'll talk no more of these matters, now. I knew you would be tired and hungry after your journey, so I got a little supper for you. He! he! he! we shall be as merry as crickets, so give me a kiss to relish my appetite."

"No, sir," said Madelon, dodging him round the table.

"Pooh, pooh, I must have one."

"Then come and take it, if you can."

The artist now chased her round the table, and even went so far as to try to jump over a chair, but, luckless mortal, it was more than he could clear, and both himself and the chair rolled on the ground.

"Oh! lift us up," roared the artist, kicking about like a frog in convulsions, for be it known the artist was very fat.

As Madelon assisted him to regain his feet, Robin poked in his head, and said, "Here's a letter for you, sir, requiring your attendance at the barracks of the national guard."

"Pooh!" said the artist, "its some mistake, you should have told the messenger I was exempt."

"So I did. 'Master,' says I, 'is more than sixty years of age, and can't mount guard.'"

"You're a fool, Robin. I'll go this moment, and see what it means."

"Take your umbrella with you," said Madelon, "for it rains heavily, and if you don't come back, why good night."

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RETURN.

Agricola had scarcely been absent five minutes before he returned, his face pale, tears in his eyes, and his hands trembling. He remained a few moments at the door, as if his inward emotions prevented him from approaching his mother.

"Well, my son, what is the matter?" demanded Madame Baudoin, while the poor Mayeux, in silence, gazed at Agricola in astonishment mingled with fear.

"O, mother," said the artizan, in an altered voice, "you must prepare yourself to hear something that will astonish you. Promise that you will be calm and reasonable."

"What is the matter, Agricola? How you tremble! How pale you are!"

"O, my good mother—you do not know; but you must be prudent—you are going to be very happy; but sometimes sudden joy is as fatal in its effects as sudden grief."

"What do you mean, my son?"

"I was right in telling you that he would arrive."

"Your father!" cried Madame Baudoin, rising from her chair; but her surprise was so great that she remained motionless,

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pressing her heart with her hand to calm its beatings.

"Courage, my mother—the first blow is over—you have now only to enjoy the happiness of once more beholding my father."

"My poor Dagobert! After ten years' absence—I cannot believe it true. Is it so, my son?"

"Yes, it is true; and if you promise to stifle your emotions, I will tell you when you will see him."

"It will be soon—will it not?"

"Yes; perhaps to-morrow—perhaps to-night—perhaps at this hour." Then rushing to the door, he opened it, and Dagobert and the two daughters of General Simon entered.

Madame Baudoin, instead of throwing herself in the arms of her husband, fell upon her knees, and breathed forth a prayer to God, thanking him for his goodness, and acknowledging her gratitude for the safe deliverance of her husband.

For a few seconds the actors in this scene remained silent and motionless, while each countenance expressed tender veneration for that excellent woman, who, in her religious fervour, forgot in such a time the creature for the Creator.

Madame Baudoin at length rose, and approached her husband, who received her in his arms. For a few minutes they remained thus, giving vent to tears of joy, but when they withdrew their heads, the countenances of this reverential couple were calm and serene—for the expression of pure, simple, and natural affection never leaves behind it violent agitation.

"My children," said the soldier, looking at the orphans, "this is my good and worthy wife. She will be to the daughters of General Simon what I have been myself."

"The daughters of General Simon!" cried Madame Baudoin, in surprise and admiration; "poor dear creatures. They seem like two angels, and so like each other. Dear children; they are cold, their little hands are frozen. What a pity the fire is out!" then she began to rub the hands of the orphans in hers.

The Mayeux, on hearing these words, desirous of making herself useful, ran to the closet for some wood, kindled the fire, filled the coffee-pot with water, and put it on the flames. The poor girl accomplished this with so little noise that it was not perceived by any one. Suddenly the barking of a dog was heard.

"O it's my old faithful friend Rabat-joie." said Dagobert, approaching the door. "He also wishes to get acquainted with the family."

Rabat-joie bounded into the room, and after rubbing its head against the hand of Dagobert, it approached Rose and Blanche, looked at Agricola, then at his mother, and seeing that no attention was paid him, he went up to the Mayeux, who was sitting in an obscure corner of the room, and putting into practice the popular saying, "The friends of our friends are our friends," he began to lick the hands of the young girl, who at this moment had been forgotten by all. At this caress the tears started to the eyes of the Mayeux. She put her hand upon the head of the faithful Rabat-joie, and patted it; then, thinking that she could render no further service, she rose and left the room without being perceived.

After expressions of sincere affection having passed on all sides, Dagobert, his wife, and son, began to think of the realities of life.

"Dagobert," said Madame Baudoin. "I am sorry that we have not better accommodation for the daughters of General Simon."

"Do not be uneasy about that," Dagobert said; "the poor girls are not difficult to please. To-morrow I will go arm-in-arm with my brave son, to find General Simon's father at Mr. Hardy's, and, I assure you, our gait shall be a proud one."

"No," said Agricola, "you will neither find M. Hardy nor the father of Marshal Simon at the manufactory."

"What is that you say, my son—the *Marshal?*

"Yes. A few friends of the General succeeded in establishing the title and grade which the emperor conferred upon him after the battle of Ligny."

"Do you hear that, my children," said Dagobert, with emotion; "you arrive at Paris daughters of a duke and marshal. Any one seeing you in this humble habitation would not think that of you, my poor little duchesses. Father Simon must have been glad when he heard that of his son. What did he say, my boy?"

"He said he would give grades, titles, and all to see his son. However, from the last letters of the Marshal, he is expected soon."

At these words Rose and Blanche looked at each other, and their eyes filled with tears.

"God be praised," said Dagobert; "these poor children and I shall be happy to see him. But where is Father Simon and Mr. Hardy?"

"Ten days ago they went to the south to examine an improved English furnace."

"How vexing. I relied on seeing the General's father, as I wish to speak to him about affairs of the greatest importance. We shall find out where he is; then you can write to him my son, and tell him of the arrival of his two granddaughters. For the present, my little dears, you must be patient; you have not found Paris the golden city you had pictured in your imaginations. Patience, patience; you will see

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by and bye that Paris is not so bad as it appears."

"I am sure," said Agricola, gaily, "the arrival of General Simon will change Paris into a true city of gold for the young ladies."

"You are right, Mons. Agricola," said Rose. "You guess what will make us happy."

"How is it that you know my name, Mademoiselle?"

"We used to speak about you with Dagobert, and lately with Gabriel."

"Gabriel," cried Agricola and his mother in surprise."

"Yes," Dagobert said. "It will take fifteen days to tell you everything; and, amongst other things, how we met Gabriel. What a brave young man; and how worthy he is of being loved as a brother. My good Frances, so poor! and to have adopted this unfortunate child! What an excellent creature!"

"My brave husband, do not speak so; it was my duty. I could not look upon the poor child but with a bleeding heart."

"How did you meet my brother? strange! yet how fortunate."

"As you are going to give me the half of your room to-night, we shall chat over these matters. You may make up your mind to sleep little. I have a great deal to say, and as much to ask."

While Madame Baudoin was preparing a glass of hot wine and water for the orphans, some one knocked; but before Agricola reached the door, it was opened, and a man, tolerably well-dressed, entered, fixing his eyes upon the orphans.

"After knocking," Agricola said, confronting the man, "you might have waited till the door was opened to you. What do you want?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the stranger, speaking slowly, that he might have time to examine the interior of the room. "I beg a thousand pardons. I am sorry at my indiscretion."

"Well, well, sir. What do you want here?

"Does Mdlle. Soliveau, a humpbacked workwoman, live here?"

"No, sir, she lives up stairs—"

"O, sir," said the stranger, with extreme politeness. "I am confused, sir, at my awkward mistake. I again beg a thousand pardons. I also beg madame's pardon, the young ladies' pardon, and the gentleman's pardon."

"If you continue long thus, sir, you will require to make an excuse for the length of your excuses. As for Mdlle. Soliveau, she is under our special charge, and it is too late for you to see her to-night—call to-morrow."

At these words, which were sharply spoken, Rose and Blanche smiled, and Dagobert twisted his moustaches in pride, saying to his wife, "Bravo! my boy has a spirit; ah! I suppose you are accustomed to it."

The ceremonious stranger cast a long last look upon the orphans, Dagobert, and Agricola, and left the room.

A few minutes after, Madame Baudoin, with maternal solicitude, spread a mattress on the ground for herself, and made her bed with linen as white as snow for the orphans. Agricola, with his father, was passing the door of the Mayeux's room to reach his own chamber, when the poor girl, hidden in the shade, said, in such a low voice that the blacksmith alone could hear, "Agricola, you must speak to me to night. Danger is threatening you."

A few minutes after the *polite* stranger had left the house of Madame Baudoin, he was seen approaching a coach stationed at the Cloisters of St. Mary. In the interior of the coach sat M. Rodin, envelopped in a mantle. "Well, what have you learnt?"

"The two young girls and the man with the grey moustaches entered Frances Baudoin's. Before knocking at the door, I, in listening, heard them say, that the young girls would sleep in Frances Baudoin's room, and that the old fellow with the grey moustaches would take a share of that of the blacksmith."

"Good! now hasten to Frances Baudoin's confessor, and tell him that I am waiting his arrival in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, that I wish to see him *instanter*, on matters of the utmost importance."

"All this will be faithfully executed,' replied the man of politeness, bowing profoundly.

CHAPTER XV.—AGRICOLA AND THE MAYEUX.

An hour after these different scenes had transpired, the most profound silence reigned in the Rue Brise-Miche. A flickering light, which escaped by the crevices of a small door, announced that the Mayeux had not yet retired to rest. The poor girl, seated on her bed, her face pale from sudden emotion, her eyes full of tears, her head inclined towards the door as if waiting with impatience to hear the step of Agricola, was holding a letter in her hand. A door, at last, was softly opened, and Agricola entered.

"I was waiting till my father fell asleep," said the blacksmith. "But what is the matter, my good Mayeux; how pale you are? you weep. What danger is this that frightens you so much?"

"Read!" said the Mayeux, in a tremulous voice, handing him the letter which she held in her hand.

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"A person who cannot make himself known, and who knows the brotherly interest that you take in Agricola Baudoin, warns you that this honest and industrious mechanic will probably be arrested to-morrow. His song of the 'Labourer's Rights' has been criminated, and several copies have been found in a secret society, whose leaders have been imprisoned."

"Alas!" cried the poor Mayeux, in tears, "I now understand all. The man that the dyer spoke about was watching your return."

"Pshaw!" said Agricola, throwing the letter on the table with disdain, "the accusation is absurd. Do not be uneasy, my good Mayeux. I never write political verses. Mine breathe only a love for humanity. Can I prevent my songs from being sung in a secret society."

"Read on, Agricola."

"Well, since you wish it, I will do so."

"A writ of habeas corpus has been issued against Agricola Baudoin. Without doubt his innocence will be made known sooner or later; but he will do well to put himself out of the reach of his pursuers to prevent himself from being imprisoned for two or three months, which would be a fearful stroke for his poor mother, whom he supports.

"A Sincere Friend, who cannot at present divulge his Name."

Silence reigned for a few minutes, which was broken by Agricola, who, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Do not be uneasy. Some one has imagined that it was the first of April, and wished to make a fool of me before the time. My songs only extol the delights of labour and of charity. If justice be blind, we must get a dog and leading-string for her, that she may be enabled to go ahead."

"Agricola," said the young girl, despairingly, uneasy at the jocular mood of the hearty blacksmith, "I entreat you to listen to me. It is true that your songs breathe the holy delights of labour; but they they also deplore the unjust lot of the poor workman, who is subjected, without a ray of hope, to all the miseries of life. They speak of the evangelical brotherhood, but your good and noble heart identifies itself in the lines which follow against wicked and hypocritical impostors, and against the yoke in which the majority of employers have enthralled the working classes. Well, Agricola, if at such a time as this, several of those songs have been found on men who have been arrested, you may fear the consequences."

At these sensible words, spoken with all the fervour of an affectionate heart, Agricola said, "Perhaps you are right, my good Mayeux."

"Do you not remember Reni, who was imprisoned for a month, because a person who was convicted of a conspiracy had a letter of his in his pocket. O! Agricola, weigh well what I am saying to you. If you were imprisoned—your mother—your father—what would become of them without the fruits of your labour?"

"What you say of Reni is true. He was imprisoned, still he was innocent. To be a month without working. What would become of my father and mother, my good Mayeux—the very idea frightens me."

"Agricola," cried the poor girl, "you must apply to Mr. Hardy. He is a good man, and is esteemed by all. If he were to give security for your appearance, perhaps they would not imprison you."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hardy is from home; and as for the precaution of the letter, it matters little. I might as well be in prison as under hiding. I would lose my work either way."

"Alas! that is true," said the Mayeux. "What is to be done?"

Agricola buried his face in his hands, and the Mayeux, with tears in her eyes, remained silent. At length she started up, saying, "Agricola, you're saved, you're saved."

"What do you say?"

"Yes, yes. The young lady that gave you that lovely flower has, without doubt, a generous heart. You must go to her—"

No sooner had the poor girl spoken these words, which were uttered with emotion, than two large tears started to her eyes, and rolled down her pale cheeks. The poor creature, for the first time in her life, felt a pang of jealousy. Another woman was fortunate enough to have it in her power to aid him whom *she* adored! *she*, poor, impotent, miserable creature.

"Do you think so. But what could that young lady do?"

"She told you to remember her name, and address, and if you required anything, to apply to her. That young lady, from her position in society, must have friends who will be able to protect you when they know your innocence."

"You are right, my poor Mayeux," said Agricola, sadly. "If that young lady should render me this service, and if security be required to preserve me from prison, I shall be prepared . . . . But no, I can not apply to that young lady. What right have I for so doing. What signifies the service that I rendered her when compared with that which I demand."

"Do you think, Agricola, that a generous heart balances the services that it receives with those that it can render. Believe me, I can vouch for that which relates to the heart. I am but a poor creature, who ought not to compare herself to

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any one. I have nothing, I can do nothing. Well, Agricola, I am sure that that young lady so much above me, will feel even as I do in this instance; yes, she will understand your cruel position, and she will do that with joy which I so willingly would do, were it in my power. Alas, alas, to be devoted, without the power of rendering assistance!"

There was something in these words—expressed with intense feeling—in the contrast which the obscure, infirm, miserable, and disdained Mayeux drew between herself, and Adrienne Cardoville, the type of splendour, beauty, and opulence, that moved Agricola to tears. Stretching forth his hand, and pressing that of the Mayeux, he said, "How kind you are! Besides being endowed with a good heart and good sense, there is something noble in you!"

"Unfortunately, I can only give you advice."

"And your advice shall be followed, my good Mayeux, for it springs from a noble soul: you have overcome my scruples by trying to persuade me that the heart of Adrienne Cardoville is as good as thine."

The Mayeux remained silent; her heart beat with pleasing emotions. There are certain creatures, decreed by fate to suffer, who experience grief unknown to the world at large; still there are delights which they alone feel. The least tender word at once reaches the hearts of these poor things, who are customarily reviled and treated with disdain.

"You will go to-morrow. At the break of day I shall watch at the bottom of the stair, and will let you know if I see any one.

"You are a good girl. Stop, I think I hear my father."

"Agricola, are you asleep, my boy?" reached the ears of the blacksmith.

"Be quick," said the Mayeux, "your absence might make your father uneasy. Do not leave to-morrow till I tell you if I have seen any one."

When Agricola had shut the door after him, the poor girl, without taking off her clothes, threw herself upon her bed, and waited with anguish the dawn of day, that she might bestir herself in the cause of Agricola. Sleep closed not the eyelids of the Mayeux. At times her thoughts would revert to the conversation that she had had with the man whom she loved in secret, and she wondered if she had been graceful, and beautiful, and had been loved with as pure and devoted a love as she had for him, what would have been the difference. But knowing that she could never experience the sweet delights of mutual love, she consoled herself with the hope, that at all events she might be useful to Agricola.—At the break of day, the Mayeux rose, and stole down stairs.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE BREAK OF DAY.

The old soldier rose with the dawn, shaved and dressed himself with military exactitude, then, fixing his eyes upon his son, with an expression of inward joy, said, "What! you are mocking me, are you? You wear moustaches, my boy. What a fine grenadier you would make! Had you never a desire to be a soldier?"

"My mother—"

"Ah, that's true; but I think the time for the sword is gone by, and we old chaps are only fit to be put by the chimney corner like old rusty guns. We have had our time."

"Yes, your time of heroism and of glory," said Agricola. "Do you know, that I am proud in being your son."

"Well, my boy, your old father is proud of you. But how do you get on with M. Hardy. Is he kind to you?"

"Kind! why, father, there is not a more generous, nor a more just man in the kingdom. Compared with other workshops, his is, indeed, a paradise. Joy is depicted in the countenances of all those whom he employs. Every one there, works with vigour, and with pleasure too."

"Ah, then your M. Hardy must be a magician."

"Yes, father, he knows how to make labour attractive. Besides a fair salary, he gives each a share of his profits, so that every one does his best. But that is not all; he has constructed airy buildings for the workmen, and lets them at a low rate."

"It is truly said that Paris is the place of wonders; and here I am, never to leave you nor my good little wife."

"No, my father, we shall never part," said Agricola, suppressing a sigh; "my mother and I will try to make you forget all you have suffered."

"Suffered! Who the deuce has suffered? Look me in the face. Now tell me if I look like one who has suffered much. By the rood, since I placed my foot here, I feel myself a young man. You will see shortly how I can walk. I'll wager that I'll leave you behind me. Ah, my boy, how the people will look at us, and when they see your black moustaches and my grey ones, they will say, 'there goes the father and son.' Come, let us see our day's work. you will write to Marshal Simon's father, stating that his granddaughters have arrived, and that he must hasten to Paris, to settle affairs of importance respecting them. While you are writing, I will go down and bid my wife and the two girls good morning. We shall eat a mouthful; your mo-

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ther will go to mass; and you and I shall take a walk."

"Oh, my father," cried Agricola, with embarrassment, "I can't accompany you this morning."

"How, you cannot. It is Sunday."

"Still I cannot," said Agricola, with confusion. "I promised to return to the shop to finish a job that was in a hurry. If I did not keep my promise, M. Hardy might suffer by it. I shall soon return."

"Ah, that's different," said the soldier, with apparent grief. "I thought I would walk through all Paris with you this morning. It is vexing, very annoying. But I'm wrong. How soon we give up ourselves to joy. Here am I grumbling about a walk being postponed for a few hours—I who for eighteen years desired nothing better than seeing you, without counting upon anything else—I am an old fool. Hurrah for joy and my Agricola." And, to console himself, he pressed his son affectionately in his arms.

That caress affected poor Agricola, who thought every moment that the fears of the Mayeux would be realised.

"Now that I am myself again," said Dagobert, "let us speak of affairs. Do you know where I will find the addresses of all the notaries in Paris?"

"I do not know; but it will be easy to find a list of their names."

"I will tell you how I want it. When in Russia I sent by the post, and by order of the mother of those children, certain important papers to a notary in Paris. As I was to call upon him on my arrival, I wrote his name and address in my portfolio, which, unfortunately, was stolen from me on the road. I have forgotten the name, but if I saw the list, I think I could pick it out."

Two knocks were heard at the door, which startled Agricola. He thought that it was some one who had come to arrest him. The father, not observing the emotion of his son, said, in a loud voice, "Come in."

(To be continued).

THE FOOTSTEPS OF COWPER.

The editor of "Sam Sly's Journal," published at Cape Town, a very agreeable and powerful writer, seems, notwithstanding a lengthened residence in Africa, to have a lively recollection of home. There is something not a little interesting in the manner in which we find him fondly recalling lovely scenes in England, and identifying them with our poetry. The Israelites, when exiles in captivity could not endure the lays of Zion. Our English wanderer, not a captive like those who mournfully sat down by the waters of Babylon, seems to derive the sweetest consolation from associating his thoughts with the poetry of his native land. From an article continued through several numbers of his journal, under the title of "The Footsteps of Cowper," pleasing exhibition of his taste and enthusiasm.

"'The year 1782 was an eventful period in the life of the poet. In March his first volume issued from the press; in the summer, Parson Bull engaged him in the translation of Madame Guion, and by means of a small portable printing press, given him by Lady Austen, who had returned from London to Clifton, he became a printer as well as a writer of poetry.' Before the close of the year, Lady Austen was settled in the parsonage at Olney—when we knew it, occupied by the Rev. Henry Gauntlett—so that there was plenty of chattering, gossiping, and walking to and from 'Silver End.' In fact, Mr. Unwin is informed, in a letter which he received from the poet, in January, 1783, that 'they passed their days alternately at each other's chateau.' But this intimacy, it appears, only lasted two years, for in 1784 they separated. Now, whether the old women in 'Silver End,' seeing so many ladies entering the poet's house, and so few gentlemen, began to whisper and make long necks over their tea-cups—whether the Scan. Mag. in consequence were published, and put into brisk circulation—or whether the 'green-eyed monster' wormed himself into the thoughts of Mrs. Unwin, and induced her to hint to her inamorata, her jealousy of the interest and attentions excited and shewn elsewhere (the slightest hint from whom would have been sufficient to shake off a thousand interlopers, however captivating and intellectual, in favour of his bosom friend), we dare not take upon ourselves to determine. But so it was, as before expressed, that Lady Austen *did* absent herself suddenly and continuously; brought about, no doubt, by the delicate suggestions of the poet, in which transaction his biographer says, 'that while it by no means lowered the character of either of the ladies, it exceedingly elevated that of Cowper.' One cannot but admire the purity and spotlessness of that mind, with fortitude and caution adequate to the avoidance of the mere appearance of mischief, but this was the characteristic of the man,

'Whose virtues formed the magic of his song.'

"But suppose we here take a book in hand, and follow the poet from his own writings to *Weston*, and his favourite '*Alcove*.' Well, there he goes! with his dog, '*Beau*,' and Mrs. Unwin is leaning upon his arm. Now he is turning 'Talbot's Corner,' then he crosses over to old *Stow's*, the shoemaker (who with his sons, perhaps, whistle him a trio as he passes, for they

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were always at it), now he is quitting *Whitlock's* timber-yard, and the *Misses Smith's Alms' Houses*—erected under the superintendence of old *Palmer*, the ironmonger—and the Feoffee grounds, and is soon out of the parish of Olney. He now makes a pause upon a rising spot—we know it well—and is looking over the meadows to the left, referring and reminding his companion of the scene. Let us just keep back a little, and listen to what he says:—

'And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter, I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon *this* eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling winds, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated dwelt upon the scene.
Hence, with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving; and beside
His labouring team that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast-rooted in their bank,
Stand, never over-looked, our favourite *elms*
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and over-thwart the stream,
That as with molten glass, inlays the vale.
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side, the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless—square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.'

"Bravo! Cowper, thine is a beautiful and perfect landscape—distinct and clear—no dash of the pencil could render it more vivid or more correct."

MADRE DOLOROSA.

The strange inventions of other times for punishing heretics, have been written on so often, that it might have been supposed no novelty, in the way of torture, could be imagined or discovered. Mr. Schoberl, however, in his recent publication, gives something of the kind. According to him:—

"In the year 1808, in a recess in a subterraneous vault, contiguous to the private hall for examination, stood a wooden figure, made by the hands of monks, and representing the Virgin Mary. A gilded glory encompassed her head, and in her right hand she held a banner. It struck us all, at first sight, that, notwithstanding the silken robe, descending on each side in ample folds from her shoulders, she should wear a sort of cuirass. On closer scrutiny, it appeared that the forepart of the body was stuck full of extremely sharp nails and small knife-blades, with the points of both turned towards the spectator. The arms and hands were joined, and machinery behind the partition set the figure in motion. One of the servants of the inquisiton was compelled, by command of the general, to work the *machine*, as he termed it. When the figure extended her arms, as though to press some one most lovingly to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier was made to supply the place of a living victim. The statue hugged it closer and closer; and when the attendant, agreeably to orders, made the figure unclasp her arms, and return to her former position, the knapsack was perforated to the depth of two or three inches, and remained hanging on the points of the nails and knife-blades. To such an infernal purpose, and in a building erected in honour of the true faith, was the Madonna rendered subservient!—she, the immaculate and the blessed, who transfused celestial grace into the pencils of the greatest painters, and the highest charm of which art is susceptible into the walks of the most eminent sculptors. One of the familiars (as they are called) of the inquisition gave us an account of the customary mode of proceeding on using this machine. The substance of his report was as follows:—Persons accused of heresy, or blaspheming God or the saints, and obstinately refusing to confess their guilt, were conducted into this cellar, at the further end of which numerous lamps, placed round a recess, threw a variegated light on the gilded glory, and on the head of the figure, and on the flag in her right hand. At a little altar, standing opposite to her, and hung with black, the prisoner received the sacrament; and two ecclesiastics earnestly admonished him, in the presence of the mother of God, to make a confession. 'See,' said they, 'how lovingly the blessed Virgin opens her arms to thee!—on her bosom thy hardened heart will be melted—there thou wilt confess.' All at once the figure began to raise her extended arms—the prisoner, overwhelmed with astonishment, was led to her embraces—she drew him nearer and nearer, pressed him almost imperceptibly closer and closer, till the spikes and knives pierced his breast. Either agony or terror extorted a confession from the writhing wretch, or if he still withheld it, he remained insensible in the arms of the figure, while the blood trickled from a hundred small but not mortal wounds. Oil and healing balsam were applied to them: and on a carpet spread at the feet of the figure, in the vault now brilliantly lighted up, he was left to come to himself. If this experiment failed, he was remanded to his dungeon, there, probably, to await fresh torments. It deserves remark, that the barbarians, by a perversion of language worthy of Satan

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himself, gave this machine of torture the appellation of *Madre dolorosa*—not the afflicted, but the afflicting mother."

The Noble House of POWERSCOURT.

Arms.—Ar., on a bend, gu., cottised, sa., three pair of wings, conjoined in livre, of the filed.
Crest.—A demi eagle, rising, wings expanded, ar., looking at the sun in its glory.
Supporters.—Two pegasi, ar., winged, maned and hoofed, or.
Motto.—*Fidelite est de Dieu*, "Fidelity is from God."

The Wingfields are an ancient family, and have been connected with many scenes of historical importance. The name is derived from the manor of Wingfield, county of Suffolk, where the progenitors of this family are stated to have been located before the Conquest, and the place of their abode denominated Wingfield Castle. Camden says, that this manor gave both a name and a seat to a large family in those parts, famous for their knighthood and ancient gentility, which brought forth an abundance of renowned knights, and among them two celebrated companions of the order of the Garter in the reign of Henry VIII.

Sir Richard Wingfield, lineally descended from the Wingfields, of Leatheringham, in Suffolk, was a personage of high military reputation, and commenced his career under his uncle, the lord-deputy Sir William Fitzwilliam, in the civil wars in Ireland. He was afterwards engaged upon the Continent, and returning to Ireland, was appointed by queen Elizabeth, in 1600, marshal of that kingdom, which office was confirmed to him by James I, and he was at the same time called to hismajesty's privy council. In 1613, Sir William was joined in the government of Ireland, and again, in 1622, having in the interim been elevated to the peerage of that kingdom (February 19, 1618), by the title of viscount Powerscourt, but died without issue in 1634, when the dignity expired, while the estates devolved upon his cousin, Sir Edward Wingfield, who was a distinguished soldier under the earl of Essex, and a person of great power and influence in Ireland. He died in 1638, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard Wingfield, esquire, of Powerscourt, who was succeeded by his only son, Tulliott Wingfield, esquire, in whose favour the viscounty of Powerscourt was revived by patent, dated February 22, 1665. This nobleman deceased without issue, in 1717, and the peerage again expired, while the estates passed to his cousin, Edward Wingfield, esquire, barrister-at-law, who had one son and two daughters. The son, Richard Wingfield, esquire, of Powerscourt, M.P., was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, February 4, 1743, by the titles of baron Wingfield and viscount Powerscourt. He married twice, and had two sons, Edward and Richard, the second and third viscounts, and two daughters. On his death, Edward, second viscount, succeeded to the title. He died unmarried, when the honours devolved upon his only brother Richard, third viscount, who married Emilia, daughter of John, earl of Aldborough, and had three sons and three daughters. On his death, in 1788, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, fourth viscount, who died July 19, 1809, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, fifth viscount, born September 11, 1790. His lordship married, February 6, 1813, Frances Theodosia, eldest daughter of Robert, second earl of Roden, by whom (who died in 1820) he had issue, Richard, the late viscount, and Catherine Anne. His lordship married a second time, in 1822, Theodosia, daughter of the Honourable Hugh Howard, and niece of the earl of Wicklow, but had no other issue. He died August 9, 1823. He was succeeded by his son, Richard Wingfield, born January 18, 1815, married January 21, 1836, lady Elizabeth Frances Charlotte Jocelyn, daughter of the earl of Roden. He had issue, Meroyn, born October 13, 1836, Maurice Richard, born January 15, 1839. On his death a few months since, he was succeeded by the present peer, who is of course still in his minority.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAMPBELL.

By Mrs. H. W. Ritchie.

Another lyre hath hush'd its farewell tone,
From life's still changing sky a light has gone!
Poet—who sang so well of hope's sweet ray,
Still beckoning sorrow to her starry way;
What lays but thine have taught so well her power,
To smooth the rugged toils of life's lone hour,
The way-worn pilgrim's sadness to beguile,
And bid the future's flowery promise smile!
Hope, ever prompt to smooth the brow of care,
And clear the gathering shadows from despair.
For far, how far, beyond the bounds of time,
Thy numbers swell, and on their way sublime,
Led by the angel Hope, that world explore,
Where ransomed millions fill the peaceful shore,
Where every sound of mourning dies away,

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rejoice in Heaven's eternal day.
thy name with Hope's green wreath be

till song itself shall be resigned!
y memory love, for tranquil hours
y thee in fancy's fairy bowers.
l beauty—peaceful and serene,
ves and woodlands own perpetual green,
e Atlantic Isles thy muse could fling
'eet magic, over "Wyoming,"
ıde's peerless grace again recall,
ʍ "the heath-flower decks the ruin'd

o'er Indian wilds will fancy view
where dwelt the loving and the true!
rt gather'd to the dust, where rest,
high heritage, the noblest, best,
m to your band, departed throng,
like him awoke the chords of song.
red greetings from the tombs arise,
ss on each breast the marble lies,
was "tremblingly alive all o'er,"
it and feeling wake each pulse no more!
ır gives that place of tombs to thee,
hope cheer our earthly destiny,
e gloomy grave pursue her way,
stedfast Faith's unchanging ray.
each gentle spirit sheds the tear
sorrow over Campbell's bier!

The Gatherer.

ition of the Blood.—Sir Everard ıcovered that carbonic acid gas ırge proportion of the blood, and luid is a tubular structure. The ısing through every particle of Sir Everard found by observing 'th of a grain of wheat daily microscope; he first saw a blob, a tube passing from it; the blob juice of the plant, and the tube ed by the extrication of carbonic Reasoning from analogy, he ex- globule of blood, and found it of similar tubes, which he was) inject under the exhausted re- ın air-pump.

Weddings.—The Oxford Herald 'he Jewish law sanctions very rriages. Males of the age of ears and one day are allowed to ıd females at a year younger. ı hold it a direct sin against the nent, "Be thou fruitful and mul- hey are not married in their eigh- r. The modern ceremonial deviates)ly from the ancient, but the rabbis ıat the ceremonies observed are ch were followed at the wedding

'ty of Herrings.—It is stated ıgle herring, if suffered to mul- nolested and undiminished, for ars, would show a progeny greater ıan ten such globes as that we

g Silk.—The following directions ıng silks are by one of the first lyers:—Half a pound of soft soap, ınful of brandy, and a pint of gin; mix all well together; with a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side —it will then look as good as new.

Distinguishing Marks of Royalty.—The Queen of Wurtemburg seems remarkable for nothing but changing her dress three times a day, and never wearing the same gown twice.—*Mrs. Shelley's Travels in Germany and Italy.*

A Natural Mistake.—The late witty Samuel William Riley, author of the *Itinerant*, seeing a proud and solemn calf of sixty, swelling down Lord Street, Liverpool, accosted him, politely touching his hat, "Excuse me, sir, stopping you in the street, but I just wished to inquire the rent of the house No. 13, Great George Street?" "Sir," replied his Haughtiness, "I have no house in Great George Street." "Oh! I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Mr. R., "I thought all the town belonged to you!"

A Committee on the Heart.—Awful times those were, when a committee may be appointed to inquire into the secrets of a single heart. This, however, has occurred. In May, a heart was discovered in the Sanite Chapelle, Paris, which gave rise to some controversy on the question, who had been its original possessor. The chemists of the public delivered the opinion of the Academy on the subject. Then on the point, whether this could be the heart of Saint Louis, as one side of the argument affirmed. The Academy appointed a committee to examine the evidence, material and documentary. The committee having brought their labours to a close, report to the Academy that there is no authority whatever for believing the *heart* in question to be that of Saint-Louis.

Weber the Composer.—Some interesting facts connected with the name of this eminent musician have been published. His son, who came to London for the purpose of removing the remains of the composer to Dresden, waited on the clergy of the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, where Weber was buried. The visitor being introduced into the chamber where his father died, was surprised to find that all things had been left there as at the moment when the great artist expired. On the desk at which he wrote, lies an unfinished rondo for the piano, on which he worked on the day before he died. The coffin was opened for the son, in presence of these priests; and the body, though not embalmed, appeared in a complete state of preservation. Herr Weber caused a model of the features to be taken, and casts have been sent to Dresden.

Bridge at Warsaw.—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has

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been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient Catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins (upwards of £150,000 sterling), and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge. [It is to be hoped that this singular bridge story is not the invention of some *arch* wag.]

The Polka.—This dance which has become so famous at Paris, is of recent Bohemian origin. A peasant girl, servant to a citizen in Elbekosteletz, a town three hours distance from Prague, was on a Sunday dancing for her pastime, at the same time accompanying her steps with an air of her own fancy. The schoolmaster and organist, Joseph Neruda, having observed her movements, composed an air adapted thereto. The dance was afterwards, for the first time, performed in public at Elbekosteletz; from thence it was introduced into Prague, where it obtained the name of Polka, thence migrated to Paris, where it acquired much celebrity, and finally extended itself to London, New York, and all the great towns on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The girl, the inventor of this far-famed dance, is now married in her native country. [She ought to have had something handsome for her *copyright*.]

Pleasure Grounds at Manchester.—A society for the preservation of ancient footpaths has saved the labouring classes of Manchester many a shady lane and pleasant meadow path, on which the genius of monopoly had set its eye. In the same town, it is now proposed to raise by subscription a sum of 50,000*l*., for the purchase of fields and gardens, to make fresh walks and pleasure-grounds for the manufacturing population. To this fund Sir Robert Peel has contributed 1,000*l*.

Novel Cure for Consumption.—The *Ober Post Ampte Zeitung* has the following:—"The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff, have, in several instances, effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption, *pothises tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wish to await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended any danger of life."

Captain Warner's Secret.—M. Jobbard, of Brussels, has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Captain Warner's destructive power. "It consists," says he, "of a Congreve rocket made in this way: the head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those generally in use. He discharges his projectile from a directing tube from the porthole of the vessel, and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is three or four miles, but Captain Warner imagines he can send it five or six, by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds." [He means at the expense of government. The duke of Normanby is willing to do the same thing, till he sends a projectile from London to St. Petersburgh.]

An Englishman in Damascus.—In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot-passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle road. Until the arrival of the British Consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk on the upper way: Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such an exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond-street: the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life. I was lounging, one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak, and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt; he had nothing to tell, except the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans.

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The Mirror

OF

TERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

3.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

FALLS OF THE FENDER.

ATHOLL CASTLE, AND THE ALLS OF THE FENDER.

retreats, which the Majesty of now honours, and to which, in nce, all eyes are naturally turned, e where her Majesty resides is not n, frowning structure which ima- would picture in "the stormy As the visitor approaches from lo, interminable downs and majes- tic hills meet the eye. Their wide extent reminds him of the Ettrick Shepherd's description of a portion of the country with which he was familiar, and which, valuable as it was, owed all its importance to the sheep dog, but for whose sagacity, strength, and activity, unassisted man could make no use of the boundless tracks which are now among the unfailing sources of abundance and national wealth. But not on their

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proud eminences does the eye find the present abode of royalty. Descending from the summit of the "Heaven-kissing Hill," it gradually declines, and at length, in the smiling vale, the princely seat of the Atholl family appears. All around seems to invite the mind, weary of the toilsome cares of life, to enjoy luxurious repose. Noble firs clothe some of the adjacent hills to their summits, while those of others are lost in a blue mist, such as, according to Gibbon, from their threatening and impracticable aspect were sufficient to turn aside the Roman conquerors from penetrating far into the wilds of Caledonia. The scene is one of extraordinary magnificence. We quote from the *Illustrated News*:—"At all hours of the day—from the early morning, when the summits of the hills are hidden in mists, to the night when the hills form a grand amphitheatre enclosing the domain—the scene is beautiful in the extreme. Blair Castle is by no means the castellated structure which its name imports. It is a large, straggling, and irregular building, which, upon a near approach, arranges itself into a central mansion of three stories, extending to the width of eight windows in front, and two in depth, without any architectural pretensions, the battlements and bastions with which it was formerly surmounted and flanked having been long since swept away, in order to disarm it of the importance attached to it in the feudal times, as the key of the pass into the northern Highlands, and commanding the valley and pass of Killiecrankie. On the left of the main building, and nearer the high road from Perth to Inverness, is a long and low range of buildings, which contains many large and convenient apartments, in which ample accommodation has been found for her Majesty's suite and attendants. Behind these are extensive offices and stabling, all built in the most plain and unpretending style, which is the character of the whole edifice, although there are several spacious and magnificent apartments on the basement and principal story, furnished in excellent taste. The castle fronts the south, and although environed on all sides by lofty hills, is situated on a high range of table land, which is completely shut out from the lower valley of the Tay by the mountains forming the defile of Killiecrankie. Although there are few trees, and those of small size, in the neighbourhood of the castle, all the mountains around are covered nearly to their summits with wood, the dark and majestic forest of Athol forming, with the lofty and cloud-capped range of the Grampians in the distance, a splendid background to the picture. The main entrance, from which the castle is distant about half-a-mile, fronts the high road from Perth, and is a massive turreted structure, one of the few remaining relicts of the old feudal times. The scenery in the neighbourhood is extremely wild and romantic: deep ravines through which the mountain streams find their way to the Tummel or the Garey; lofty cataracts appearing at a distance like silver threads running down the precipitous sides of the mountains; dark masses of larch and fir, and the bold and naked crags towering above all, form a combination of natural beauties which have rendered this portion of the Highlands deservedly celebrated.

"The historical recollections connected with the castle are extremely interesting. In 1644 it was besieged by Montrose, who experienced a very unexpected resistance on the part of the brave men by whom it was garrisoned, which compelled him to retire. In 1655, Colonel Daniel, one of Oliver Cromwell's generals, marched against it with a numerous and well-appointed army, and eventually succeeded in taking it by storm. It afterwards, when under the command of Sir Andrew Agnew, stood a long and vigorous siege against the troops of the Pretender immediately preceding the battle of Culloden, which compelled the assailing party to raise the siege. But the most striking event in which it formed a prominent part was the well-known and bloody battle of Killiecrankie between Lord Dundee and the Government forces, under the command of General Mackay. The castle, with the rides and drives surrounding it, has an air of the most perfect seclusion and repose. The gardens extend along the Tay, and command the most delightful and picturesque views. In the immediate vicinity, several thousand acres of forest trees were planted between forty and fifty years ago, greatly improving and ornamenting the scenery around the duke's domain. On the opposite side of the Tay is Birnam Hill, the lower part of which was covered with trees in the time of Macbeth, and now celebrated for its blue slate quarries."

Here the future historian will have to record on the 11th of September, 1844, Queen Victoria and her royal consort arrived, the revered and honoured guests of its noble owners, where a century before the most virulent hostility on the part of the ancestors of her present entertainer was felt towards the royal family of England. "What a change," exclaims the *Literary Gazette*, with rational amazement, "in a century. It is not quite a century since 'the Forty-five,' and here in sylvan retreat and Highland sports are a Queen of the detested house of Hanover, her German husband, and her child; in the very heart of the land of Stuart devotedness—

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'Down by Lock Tummell and banks o' the Garey.'

A hundred years ago their lives would not have been worth a pin's fee; now they are all but worshipped by the same race of men, guarded like idols, the wild deer chased, and the loveliest green of all the Scottish glens, Glen Tilt, and the romantic falls of Bruar, 'promenaded' like Kensington and St. James's. What voices might the walls of Carlisle and the Tower and Temple-Bar of London utter, could the ghastly heads exhibited on them witness this strange scene! Who can look forward to 1844?"

That, perhaps, as *Horatio* says, were almost to "consider things too curiously."

The falls in this romantic vicinity are among the most striking objects that meet the view. Those of Fender, in the grounds of Blair Castle, her Majesty has visited with Lady Glenlyon. They are formed by a burn falling into the waters of Tilt. The gushing stream aud the rugged grandeur of the landscape may well fix the admirer of the beauties of nature. More rich, varied, and sublime objects are seldom thrown together by

"The pomp and prodigality of Heaven,"

to charm the observant eye, and lead the mind of the beholder to contemplate the author of our being in the magnificence of his inanimate creation.

THE ENLIGHTENED SPANIARDS IN MEXICO.

Prescott, in his History of Mexico, gives a striking picture of the representatives of a refined and learned nation among an ignorant and unenlightened people. He tells us:—

"At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, great quantities of these manuscripts were treasured up in the country. Numerous persons were employed in painting, and the dexterity of their operations excited the astonishment of the conquerors. Unfortunately, this was mingled with other, and unworthy feelings. The strange, unknown characters inscribed on them excited suspicion. They were looked on as magic scrolls, and were regarded in the same light with the idols and temples, as the symbols of a pestilent superstition, that must be extirpated. The first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga—a name that should be as immortal as that of Omar—collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Tezcuco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused them to be piled up in a 'mountain heap'—as it is called by the Spanish writers themselves—in the market-place of Tlatelolco, and reduced them all to ashes! His greater countryman, Archbishop Ximenes, had celebrated a similar *auto-da-fé* of Arabic manuscripts, in Granada, some twenty years before. Never did fanaticism achieve two more signal triumphs, than by the annihilation of so many curious monuments of human ingenuity and learning! The unlettered soldiers were not slow in imitating the example of their prelate. Every chart and volume which fell into their hands was wantonly destroyed; so that, when the scholars of a later and more enlightened age, anxiously sought to recover some of these memorials of civilisation, nearly all had perished, and the few surviving were jealously hidden by the natives. Through the indefatigable labours of a private individual, however, a considerable collection was eventually deposited in the archives of Mexico; but was so little heeded there, that some were plundered, others decayed piecemeal from the damps and mildews, and others again were used up as waste paper!"

MEXICAN IDOLATRY.

Quetzalcoatl was a god of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metals, in agriculture, and in the arts of government. He was one of those benefactors of their species, doubtless, who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity. Under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took, of its own accord, the rich dies of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds. In short, these were the halcyon days, which find a place in the mythic systems of so many nations in the Old World, It was the *golden age* of Anahuac. From some cause, not explained, Quetzalcoatl incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods, and was compelled to abandon the country. On his way he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico. When he reached the shores of the Mexican gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan. He was said to have been tall in stature, with a white skin, long, dark hair, and a flowing beard. The Mexicans looked confidentially to the return of the benevolent deity; and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way for the future success of the Spaniards.

Human sacrifices were adopted by the

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Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of their empire; till, at length, almost every festival was closed with this cruel abomination. These religious ceremonials were generally arranged in such a manner as to afford a type of the most prominent circumstances in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. A single example will suffice. One of their most important festivals was that in honour of the god Tezcatlepoca, whose rank was inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called "the soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. He was depicted as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him, and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense, and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and as he halted in the streets, to play some favourite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honours of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honours of a divinity. At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs; while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itztli*—a volcanic substance, hard as flint—and inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BURLINGTON.

Creation.—10th September, 1831.

Arms.—Sa., three harts' heads, caboshed, ar., attired, or, on an escutcheon of pretence sa., a lion passant guardant or, between three helmets arg.

Crest.—On a mount vert, a buck, statant ppr, wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, arg. and az.

Supporters.—Two stags ppr. attired and ungaled or.

Motto.—Cavendo tutus, "Safe from caution."

William Cavendish, fourth duke of Devonshire, K.G., espoused, while marquis of Hartington, the lady Charlotte Boyle, youngest daughter, and eventually heir, of Richard, fourth earl of Cork, and last earl of Burlington of the Boyle family, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. The youngest son, lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, born March 31, 1754, inherited the Burlington estates, and after representing the county of Derby for several years in parliament, was created, by letters patent, dated September 10, 1831, baron Cavendish, of Keighley, and earl of Burlington. His lordship married, February 27, 1782, lady Elizabeth Compton, daughter and heiress of Charles, seventh earl of Northampton, and by her ladyship had four sons and two daughters. He died, May 9, 1834, and was succeeded by his grandson William Cavendish, the present

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He was born April 27, 1808, and
l, August 6, 1829, Georgiana, fourth
er of George, present earl of Car-
ıd has issue, William, lord Caven-
ırn July 22, 1833, and other chil-
His lordship is chancellor of the
ity of London.

---

e Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

ted by the Author of the "Student's h Grammar," translator of Hugo's ne," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

APTER XVI.—BREAK OF DAY.

(Continued.)

oor was opened, and Gabriel en-
ho immediately threw himself into
's arms, exclaiming, "My bro-

riel! after so long an absence,"
ricola; "and you have at last ar-

ert, moved by the marks of bro-
ve, felt his eyes moistening. There
leed, something touching in the
of these two individuals, with si-
earts, but with character and as-
different; for the manly counte-
f Agricola showed more forcibly
eate and angelic physiognomy of

t is that you have on your fore-
said the blacksmith, after fixing
s attentively on the missionary,
your hands also. Look, father!"
has wounded you thus, my child?"
obert, "Tell us how it happened?"
not trouble yourself about this,"
riel, blushing; "when I was on a
mongst the savages of the Rocky
ns, they crucified me, and had
scalp me, when Providence res-
from their hands."
rtunate child," said Dagobert,
re without arms; where were your
ons?"
never carry arms," said Gabriel,
"and there was no one with me,
exception of a guide."
; you went alone and unarmed into
rbarous country?"
force faith never springs; persua-
e can spread evangelical truths
these poor savages."
when persuasion is of no avail,"
icola.
, my brother, we die for our
ifying those who injure us; we
the cause of humanity."
moments' silence ensued. Dago-
w too well what courage was, not
stand the calm and resigned hero-
e young missionary; and both he
and Agricola looked at him with admiration mingled with respect. Gabriel, without affectation or false modesty, demanded, ignorant of what was transpiring in the breast of the old soldier, "What was the matter?"

"What is the matter!" exclaimed the veteran, "after being at the wars for thirty years, I thought myself as brave as any one; but I have found one braver than I. Do you know that these heroic wounds are far more glorious than our's; we are fighters by profession."

"Yes, my father," said Agricola, in an exalted tone, "such are the priests that I could love, that I would venerate—charity, courage, and resignation."

"O, do not extol me too much," said Gabriel.

"Extol you!" said Dagobert, "extol you for courage which excels everything. When we face the enemy, it is amidst the beating of drums, the roaring of cannon, with the emperor or an officer observing each of our actions, and should we succeed in accomplishing a deed of valour, reward attends us; but you, to front an enemy fifty times more ferocious, and to be tortured and put to death, without hatred, without anger—pardon in your mouth and a smile on your lips. And all this done in solitude, and for what? for nothing!"

"You are right, father," said Agricola, "his bravery and his wounds will not change his gown into a bishop's robe."

"I am not so disinterested as I appear," said Gabriel, with a soft smile, "if I am worthy, a recompense is waiting for me above."

"As for that, my boy," said Dagobert, "I know little about it; but this I know, that my cross of honour would become your robe as well as it would my coat."

"Those recompenses, father," said Agricola, "are never bestowed on humble priests, such as Gabriel; "ah, if you knew how much virtue and how much good lie hid at the heart of the humble curate—of those who are ignominiously termed the "lower clergy"—how much sterling worth and devotedness are to be found in those worthy country curates, who are inhumanly treated, and writhe under the yoke of their bishops. Like us, those poor curates are the labourers for whom every generous heart ought to feel, and every honest man to demand amelioration. Like us, they are the sons of the people, and justice ought to extend itself to all. Is that not true? You cannot deny, my brother, that your ambition is to be a country curate, for you know how much good you could do in such a vocation."

"My wish has never changed—but, unfortunately ...." Gabriel here inclined his head, and remained silent.

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"Poor brother—but how did you get out of the hands of the savages?"

At that question, Gabriel trembled, and his face became red.

"Never mind answering," said Dagobert, perceiving the sudden change, "if it gives you the least uneasiness."

"I have nothing to hide from either of you; but it is difficult to explain that which I do not understand myself."

"How is that?" said Agricola, in surprise.

"Without doubt," said Gabriel, "my enfeebled mind, when waiting death with resignation, must have deceived me, otherwise I would have known who the woman was."

"It was a woman who rescued you from the hands of the savages," said Dagobert, in surprise.

"Yes," said Gabriel, absorbed in thought, "a beautiful young woman."

"Who was that woman?" demanded Agricola.

"I do not know. When I asked, she replied, 'I am the sister of the afflicted.' I demanded where she was going, and she said, 'I go where there is suffering,' and she continued her way towards North America—towards that desolate place where the snow is eternal, and where night ever reigns."

"As in Siberia," said Dagobert, becoming pensive.

A gentle tap at the door renewed the fears of Agricola, who had forgotten all in his joy at seeing his adopted brother.

"Agricola," said a soft voice, "I wish to speak with you immediately."

Agricola rose, and went to the door.

"O, Agricola," said the Mayeux; "how late it is, and you have not yet left. I have been watching up to the present time, and have seen nothing; but they might come in an instant, and arrest you."

"If it had not been for Gabriel, I would have left before this."

"Gabriel here! How fortunate! He must have passed up stairs when I went to your mother to see if she wanted anything. Now, Agricola, do set out; but, first, give this letter to your father; your mother has just received it. I shall go and watch at the door—do make haste."

"Do not be uneasy. I shall start immediately."

The Mayeux went down stairs, and Agricola went to his father, saying, "Here's a letter for you."

"For me; read it."

"Madame—I learn that your husband is engaged by General Simon in an affair of the greatest importance. As soon as he arrives, tell him to repair to my study at Chartres, without the least delay. I am commissioned to give to him, and to no other, papers indispensable to the interests of General Simon.

"DURAND, Notary at Chartres."

Dagobert looked at Agricola in surprise, saying, "Who could have told this man of my arrival?"

"Perhaps the notary whose address you lost, and to whom you sent your papers."

"His name was not Durand, and he was notary at Paris instead of Chartres. However, if he has important papers—"

"I think it will be as well for you to set out as soon as possible," said Agricola, happy at the circumstance, which would cause his father to leave town for at least a couple of days.

"Well, I think your advice is good, and I shall follow it. I should like to pass the day with you. It is singular—it is vexing—but, perhaps, it may lead to good. Happily, I can leave Rose and Blanche with my good wife; and their dear angel Gabriel must pay them an occasional visit."

"Unfortunately, that will be impossible," said Gabriel, with sadness. "I come to inform you of my return; also, to bid you farewell."

"How! farewell!" exclaimed Dagobert and Agricola, at the same time. "Go away so soon! Impossible!"

"It is true!" said Agricola, suppressing a sigh. "I shall not see you again for a long time."

"Hold, my brave boy!" said the soldier, with emotion. "There is something in your conduct which tells me that you are oppressed, ill-treated. I don't like that man, whom you called your superior at the Château de Cardoville. He has a forbidding countenance; and, believe me, I am sorry to find you enrolled under such a captain."

"You must excuse me, father," said Agricola, who started at the name of Château de Cardoville, "it is getting late, and I promised to be at the shop at eight o'clock."

"That is true, my son. Go—good bye. I shall see you on my return from Chartres."

"One word more, my brother," said Gabriel, who had remained a few moments pensive and silent, "I want your counsel and your aid—and your's also, my father. Yes, I shall require the aid of two men of resolution. May I not rely upon you two. At whatever hour, on whatever day it may be, a word shall bring you to my aid."

"At all hours," Dagobert said, "we are at your command, my brave son. In us you have a father and a brother."

"Thanks, thanks; you have made me happy."

"If it were not for your black robe," said Dagobert, smiling, "I might think that

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you were going to take a part in a fearful duel."

"A duel!" said the missionary, shuddering. "Perhaps a strange, terrible duel will take place, at which I shall require two witnesses such as you,—a father and a brother."

A few minutes afterwards Agricola hastened to Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, where we shall conduct the reader.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE PAVILION.

Eight o'clock struck on the neighbouring church; a lovely winter's sun rose behind the leafless trees, which, in summer, had formed a verdant dome above the small pavilion, called Louis the Fifteenth. The door of the vestibule was open, and the rays of the sun fall upon a lovely creature, who had at her feet a small English dog, belonging to the species that is styled King Charles's breed. The name of the young girl was Georgette; that of the dog, Lutine. Georgette was about eighteen, and never did a Byron depict, or a Molière imagine such a bewitching creature, such a quick eye, such a wicked smile, such white teeth, rosy cheeks, coquettish form, little feet, and such a fascinating gait.

Although it was early, Georgette was tastefully and neatly dressed. A small Valenciennes bonnet, ornamented with rose-coloured ribbons, sat gracefully on her fair hair, which shaded her fresh and piquant face; she wore a lavender gown, fastened in front, designing a neat, round, well-shaped waist, as pliable as a reed; her short sleeves, trimmed with lace, exposed a plump, white arm, which was partly concealed by long Swedish-skin gloves, that served to screen it from the inclemency of the weather. While Georgette lifted up her gown to descend the steps, she exposed to the indifferent eye of Lutine, a fine shaped ancle, and a neat little foot.

Lutine, which the reader will remember was happily found by the blacksmith, was no sooner at liberty, than it barked, bounded, and ran in playfulness amongst the long grass, while Georgette, appearing as lively as her handsome little companion, ran after it, and caused herself to be pursued in turns athwart the velvet sward.

Suddenly a second person appeared, the grave aspect of whom put a sudden stop to the amusement of Georgette and Lutine. The little King Charles was a few steps in advance, and hardy as a devil, faithful to his name, stood firm on his legs, shewing *the enemy* a row of well-set ivory teeth.

The enemy consisted of a woman beyond the prime of life, who was accompanied by a fat, light-brown lap-dog, that was called Monsieur. She was the waiting-maid of the Princess de Saint-Dizier, was of the middle size, and exceedingly corpulent. The age, the countenance, and costume of each of the females, contrasted strangely, which contrast was as observable in their two companions; for there was as much difference between Lutine and Monsieur, as there was between Georgette and Madame Grivois. When the latter saw King Charles, she started in surprise, which movement did not escape the young girl.

Lutine looked at Monsieur, which was twice his size, with an air of defiance, and advanced towards him; but the latter took refuge behind his mistress.

"I think you might find something better to do, Mademoiselle," said Madame Grivois, sharply, "than to set your dog upon mine."

"I suppose it was to avoid this occurring, that you chased Lutine out of the garden, with the intent of causing him to be lost; happily, an honest blacksmith found him, and brought him home to his mistress. But, Madame, to what fortunate event am I indebted for this early visit?"

"I come from the Princess, on matters of importance, therefore, must see Miss Adrienne immediately."

Georgette tried to hide her embarrassment, by replying with an air of assurance—

"Mademoiselle went to bed late last evening, and she told me not to disturb her before noon."

"That may be; but, as it is her aunt's orders, you'd better go, Mademoiselle, and awake your mistress."

"My mistress receives orders from no one, and I shall not disturb her till noon."

"Then I shall go myself."

"Florine will not open the door to you, and I have the key of the hall-door, so that no one can get near her."

"How! you dare prevent me from executing the Princess's orders."

"Yes; I dare commit the crime of not allowing you to awake my mistress."

"Ah, such are the results of the kindness of the Princess to her niece. Mademoiselle Adrienne no longer respects her aunt, and is now surrounded by a parcel of gay young spit-fires, who dress themselves every morning as if they were going out on hunting excursions."

"Ah, Madame! how dare you speak about dress; you, who formerly were the most coquettish, the most airy of all the Princess's servants. That has been told here from generation to generation, even to our days."

"What do you mean, impertinent girl, by generation to generation?"

"I mean generations of chambermaids; for, with the exception of yourself, no one could ever remain more than two or three

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years with the Princess. She had too many qualities for these poor honest girls."

"I command you, Mademoiselle, not to speak in such a way of my mistress, whose name should only be uttered on the bended knee."

"Why, people will speak of what they see and hear. No farther back than yesterday evening, a carriage stopped a few steps from the house, and a mysterious personage, enveloped in a mantle, came out, knocked discreetly—not at the door, but on the window of the lodge—and at half-past one o'clock the coach was still there, waiting for the mysterious personage, who, during that time, was probably pronouncing, as you wish it, the name of the Princess on his bended knee."

Whether Madame Grivois was ignorant or not of the visit that M. Rodin had paid her mistress, she only shrugged her shoulders, saying, "I do not know what you mean, Mademoiselle. I did not come here to listen to your idle tales. What do I see!" she added, in exclamation, "Mademoiselle Adrienne enter the house at eight in the morning. If I had not seen her, I would not have believed it."

"Mademoiselle Adrienne! you saw Mademoiselle Adrienne!" said Georgette, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Ah! I understand. You wish to improve upon my story of the coach and the mysterious personage. Well, it is clever."

"I tell you that I saw her. I knew her by her walk, her bonnet, and her cloak. I assure you that you, nor Florine, nor Heba, will remain twenty-four hours longer here. I will go immediately to the Princess, who will put an end to this abominable conduct. To be out all night—to return at eight in the morning!"

Madame Grivois would not listen to a reply, but hastened to the Princess to tell her what she saw; while Georgette hurried to her mistress to inform her that Madame Grivois had seen, or believed that she had seen, her enter by the garden door.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ADRIENNE'S TOILET.

An hour had elapsed since Madame Grivois had seen, or believed that she had seen, Mademoiselle Adrienne enter by the garden gate.

In order that the reader may understand the foregoing passages, it will be necessary to give an idea of the original character of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. That originality consisted in an exceedingly independent spirit, an innate horror of all that was ugly, a desire to surround her person with all that was lovely and attractive. She was not satisfied with that alone which pleased the eye; the harmony of song, the melody of instruments, the cadences of poesy, caused her infinite pleasure, whilst a harsh voice or a discordant noise gave her pain. She was also passionately fond of flowers, and enjoyed their perfumes as she did the sweet concord of sounds.

Mademoiselle Adrienne loved all with moderate discretion; she distinguished herself by cultivating and refining the senses which God had given her, and her desire for grace and elegance, for physical beauty, was not more than her adoration of the beauty of the mind.

The toilet chamber of Adrienne, was a sort of temple, which one might have imagined had been erected to the worship of beauty. At the bottom of the room, facing the mantle-piece, were large white marble vases, in which were the most choice flowers that embalmed the air, and, in each corner, were groups of Daphnes and Chloes of exquisite sculpture.

Adrienne, who had just come from her bath, was seated near her toilet, her three maids surrounding her. From some caprice, or rather as a natural consequence of her love of beauty and harmony, she had chosen three lovely girls as servants, Georgette, Heba, and Florine, who were dressed in an original, coquettish, and pleasing manner.

Georgette busied herself in combing the golden hair of her mistress; Heba, one knee on the ground, and the little foot of her mistress on the other, was putting on a small satin shoe; Florine, at a short distance, was holding in her hand, a box of perfume, with which Adrienne rubbed her delicate and beautifully tapered fingers; while Lutine, sitting in her mistress's lap, seemed observing with serious attention the different phases of the toilet.

Whilst the young girls were dressing Adrienne, the latter took up a letter which was sent her by the steward of the Château de Cardoville, and read as follows:

"Mademoiselle,—Knowing your generous and good heart, I take the liberty of addressing you in confidence. For twenty years I served the late duke, your father—I think I may say, with zeal and probity. The château is sold, so that my wife and I, without resources, are about to be set adrift upon the world. At our age, Mademoiselle, it is hard; very hard."

"Poor people," said Adrienne, "my father often extolled their devotedness and probity." She continued,

"We might have escaped this cruel treatment by committing a base act; but, whatever should happen, neither my wife nor I would accept a loaf purchased at such a price.

"To explain, Mademoiselle, the unworthy act, by doing which, I was to retain the

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stewardship, I must tell you, first, that a few days ago, a M. Rodin came here.—"

"Ah, M. Rodin, the secretary of the abbot, Aigrigny," interrupted Adrienne, "then there's certain to be perfidy and black intrigue. Let us see:—"

"M. Rodin came from Paris to tell us that the estate was sold, and that we would retain our place, if we succeeded in persuading the lady who had purchased the land, to accept an unworthy priest for her confessor; and, in order to accomplish this end, we were to calumniate an excellent man who is respected by all. You know, Mademoiselle, that we could not hesitate. We shall leave Cardoville; where we have been, for twenty years, but we shall leave it honestly. Then, Mademoiselle, if you, who have always been kind and good, could secure a place for us with any of your wealthy friends, you will free us from great embarrassment."

"Certainly, it will not be in vain that you have applied to me," said Adrienne. "To rescue these honest people from the clutches of M. Rodin, is at once a duty and a pleasure; besides it will thwart those who are powerful, and who oppress."

"After speaking to you about myself, let me now implore your protection for others. We must not only think of ourselves. Three days ago, two vessels were wrecked on our coast, and the few who escaped were brought to the château. Several of these parties set out for Paris, but there is one, whose wounds prevented him from leaving. He is a young Indian prince, who appears to be as good as he is handsome."

"A young Indian prince, good as he is handsome!" exclaimed Adrienne, gaily; "this shipwrecked Adonis of the Ganges has already excited my sympathy. Let us see:—"

"One of his countrymen, who seldom leaves him, and who is communicative, told me, that he had lost all he possessed in the wreck, and that he did not know how to reach Paris, where his presence was indispensable to his interest. It was not the prince that told me this; no, he never complains; it was his countryman, who also stated, that the young man had already suffered much; that his father, who was king in India, had lately been killed, and that the son had been dispossessed of his rights by the English."

"That is strange," said Adrienne, reflectively. "These circumstances bring to my recollection what my father used to tell me about one of our relatives who married an Indian king, whose cause General Simon, who has been lately created Marshal, espoused. But let us see if poor Dupont gives the name of this handsome prince."

"I trust, mademoiselle, that you will excuse our indiscretion; but if you would send him a small sum of money to buy European clothes, for he has lost everything."

"European clothes!" exclaimed Adrienne. "Poor young prince. O, no! But the name—"

"Besides this, mademoiselle—if you would provide him with a small sum sufficient to enable him and his countryman to reach Paris, you will render a great service to that young prince, who has already suffered much. Should you wish to direct a letter to him, such is the way in which his countrymen write his name—'The Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, King of Mundi.'"

"Djalma," said Adrienne, reflectively; Kadja Sing—yes, those are the names which my father often repeated in telling me that there was no one more chivalric or more heroic than the old Indian prince, our relation. And Djalma, my cousin, is brave, good, young, and handsome, and without resources. O, how fortunate I am. Georgette, quick, get pen and ink, and write to my dictation:—

"My dear Titian—You can render me a very great service, and you will do it, I am sure, with that cordiality which I have always experienced in you. You must go immediately to the artist who made my last costumes of the fifteenth century, and tell him to prepare a modern Indian costume for a young gentleman. You can take for your measure Antinous, or rather the Indian Bacchus—it will be more appropriate.

"This done, which must not exceed two or three days at most, you will go to the Château de Cardoville. The worthy steward, whom you know well, will conduct you to a young Indian prince, named Djalma. You will tell this high and puissant seigneur of another world, that you come on the part of a *friend incognito*, who, acting as a brother, sends him all that he requires. You must add that his unknown friend is anxiously waiting for him at Paris; then repair with this dear prince, who was born in the country of flowers and of diamonds, to the Rue de Babylone. You must not be astonished at this strange conduct, and you must tell the old respected steward that at the bottom of all this there is something more than apparent folly.

"Adieu, my old friend; I enclose an order upon my bankers for whatever sum you may require.

"Adrienne de Cardoville."

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While Georgette was sealing the letter, Heba entered, saying that the workman who found Lutine wished to see her mistress; he was pale, and apparently very sad.

"Does he require my assistance already," said Adrienne. "That would be too fortunate. Show the honest blacksmith into the small pavilion; and you, Florine, take this letter to the post."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, followed by Lutine, entered the pavilion where Agricola was.

(To be continued).

MADELON LAPPERRIERE, THE TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

By Will o' the Wisp.

(Concluded from page 195.)

Michael Angelo Muller was a very suspicious old gentleman, so it struck him that Madelon was rather in a hurry to get rid of him, and lest any one else should get there he determined to lock the door. The window had no fastening, but he put the picture of his donkey against it, and, then, turning to Madelon, said—"Now, mark me, ma'amselle; if, when I return, I find the least trace of any person having entered this room, I'll—I'll—I say if I catch any one here, sac—r—re, I'll grind him like yellow ochre." Having said this in a very solemn manner, he left the room, followed by Robin.

No sooner was he gone, than Madelon thought she heard a voice outside the window, and was advancing towards it, when a head was suddenly thrust through the donkey, and—"How do you do?" said Phillipot.

"What do you want?" said Madelon, in an alarmed tone. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know these eyes?"

"Ah! the young painter of Lyons."

"The same, ma'amselle. Will you not lend a hand to a struggling artist?" said Phillipot, getting through the picture. "Huzza! now give us a kiss."

"Not so free, sir, if you please," said Madelon, retiring.

"I beg your pardon. If I am to keep my distance as the nephew, perhaps you'll allow me to be more familiar as the uncle. 'Embrace me again, my dear child.'"

"What! had you the impudence to impose upon me—"

"A turtle-dove in the feathers of an owl," interrupted Phillipot.

"But how came you here again?"

"We'll talk of that by and bye. Here I *am*, dying with love and hunger; and heaven has sent me all I could wish for," said Phillipot, putting his arm round her waist.

"The woman I love, and the supper I adore; so come, my dear, time's precious, and my appetite's rather pressing."

"Mercy on us, I'm so afraid your uncle should return," said Madelon, sitting down to the table.

"Let him come," said Phillipot, opening a bottle of wine. "I would die a martyr to such a *stake* as this. Angel, what do you say to a glass of my uncle's 'particular!' Splendid wine—capital tipple—never knew the old brick had such good stuff in his house. Allow me to fill your glass; I'll give you—a short courtship and a merry wedding."

"Oh, my courtship is like to be short enough, though my wedding will not be very merry if I marry your uncle."

"Marry him; never, I swear it by Paul, Peter, and this piece of fine crust. Capital crust it is, too; the governor's coming out quite strong in the victualling department. I feel," continued he, taking another glass of wine, "I feel I could strangle my respectable uncle, and become a parricide for your sake."

"Why, that's only right," said Madelon, "for he swore if he found any rival here, he'd grind him like yellow ochre."

"Grind his own nephew. Inhuman monster! but I don't care; I'll face the old buffalo; I'll not flinch. I feel I've got the organ of firmness somewhere here," said Phillipot, feeling his head, "and that's an organ that no uncle can grind."

"We might contrive to escape discovery," observed Madelon, "if you had not torn that picture; that wretched ass will be our ruin."

"Stay," cried Phillipot. "That ass I've painted a thousand times, I left a copy of him, nearly finished, in this closet, before I went on my grand tour to Lyons." He ran into the closet, and brought it out.

"Truly," exclaimed Madelon, "'tis as like the one in the window, as one drummer is to another."

"Twin brothers, my love; painted from the same abstract original. Observe, there is the same noble expression of countenance, the same lips, the same ears, the same everything; it only wants a few touches to make it complete, and then it shall take the place of the defunct animal, and nobody will know the difference."

This was accomplished. Madelon now asked where he was to hide.

"Where," was the ready reply; "you see that dummy there, I'll take his place; when I get on the toggery I'll look like an ancient Rum-un. Hark! there's uncle opening the street-door; where shall I fly?"

"To Julius Cæsar," said Madelon.

"Oh, hang Julius Cæsar, there's no time now. Ah! the chimney."

"For heaven's sake be quick," interrupted Madelon.

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"I'm gone," said he, coming back. "Madelon, be firm, and if matters come to the worst, remember you've a friend in the flue."

So saying, he got into the capacious chimney, and Madelon threw herself in the chair, just as the artist entered, in a most woful plight—his clothes wet through, and his umbrella turned inside out.

Madelon seemed just awakened, and inquired what the commandant of the National Guard wanted.

"Sac-r-re," cried the artist, making a great many frantic efforts to shut the umbrella. "It was an infamous hoax; they laughed at me when I presented myself at the barracks: and one of the fellows had the audacity to call me an old fool. Stay, I am chilled; we must have a bit of fire here. Just a little cheerful blaze; I think there 's a spark, dear, in the ashes."

"No, indeed, there 's not! I saw the last spark that was there go up the chimney. But we don't want any fire—I'm quite warm. Are not you?" said Madelon, coaxingly.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the shivering artist. "Love makes one quite comfortable: but I'm dripping wet."

"Well," said Madelon, taking a napkin off the table, and turning her back to the fire-place, to give Phillipot a chance of getting into the recess. "I'll have you as dry as powder in the turning of a drumstick; 'tis not the first time I've polished an old musket."

"Ah!" thought Muller, "she's growing kind; here's delicate attention."

The artist now really began to grow warm, and applied himself to make love. "In the peculiar situation in which we are placed," said he, "we ought to drive scandal away by immediately executing a contract of marriage. I've brought the form with me; we'll settle the business at once."

Sitting down at the table, he began to write, while Madelon sat opposite. "Contract of marriage between Michael Angelo Muller, artist, on the one part, and Madelon Lapperriere, spinster, on the other part, showeth—pray snuff the candle, my dear. How did you do that?" cried the artist, as, in complying with his request, she snuffed it out.

"Beg your pardon."

"Well, no matter, there's some matches in the drawer somewhere," said Michael Angelo, fumbling in the table drawer.

In the meantime, Madelon took the contract off the table, and gave it to Phillipot, who slipped into the recess, drew the curtain, and immediately commenced dressing himself in the dummy's clothes.

By this time Muller had got a light, and missing the contract, asked Madelon where it was. She hadn't got it.

"It was upon that table," said the artist, "when you snuffed out the candle. Will you—" at this moment his eyes rested on the remains of the supper, and catching the cover up in dismay, "Ah! who has eaten my supper? where's my pie?"

"Oh," said Madelon, "oh, I suppose 'tis gone on the recruiting service."

"And, can I believe my eyes, my bottle of wine gone, too."

"You don't call that a bottle, 'tis only a cruet."

"What has become of it?" roared Michael.

"I drank it; 'tis a way we have in the army."

"But is it your way in the army to drink out of two glasses. You have had some one here in my absence; where's the villain?"

"Ask your representative there," said Madelon, pointing to the window.

"My faithful donkey," said the artist, going towards it, but recoiling with sudden alarm. "Ah, that's not my picture, 'tis a counterfeit, that animal has on a bridal, mine had not. I—I see it all—the forged order from the National Guard—the supper gone—all, all prove I've been cheated. You have deceived and betrayed me. Tremble for the consequences!"

"Tremble yourself," was the cool reply. "*I* don't know how."

"She's a perfect Amazon," thought he; I must try some milder method with her; everything depends upon getting her to sign the marriage contract to-night, or that infernal trumpeter—Ah! I have it, the authority of her father may induce her to comply, and Julius Cæsar shall perform his character. Ma'amselle Madelon," said he, solemnly turning to her, "do you revere the memory of your gallant father?"

"I cherish it in my heart of hearts," was the fervent reply.

"Do you respect his wishes, ma'amselle?"

"As the voice of Heaven!"

"That father confided you to my care."

"And how did you discharge that trust?"

"Hem, hem, that's not the question now; in the last letter his hand traced, were these words: 'Muller,' meaning me, 'watch over my yet unborn infant, I make you its guardian. Should it be a girl, bestow her hand, when she arrives at a suitable age, upon some man you approve.' I now offer you the hand of a man of whom I highly approve, *videlicet*, myself. You hesitate," he continued, as she averted her head; "behold, then, the image of your noble father, which a celebrated artist modelled twenty years ago." So saying, he withdrew the curtain, showing, not the dummy, as he supposed, but Phillipot, standing in attitude, with truncheon in hand. Without looking himself, he told Madelon to "regard those noble features. Listen to the author of your being," he continued, turn-

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ing his back, and holding up the candle, "whose venerable image seems to say—".

"Muller, you're an old rascal," said the figure, coming behind him, and blowing out the candle.

"Who's that? who put out my candle?" said Muller,

"The offended shade of your friend," was the reply.

"Oh," cried the artist, dropping the candle, "this is very awful."

"Repent your sins, you old savage," said the "shade," giving him a good thump with his truncheon.

"I—I do—I do, my friend."

"Particularly your treatment of that excellent young man, your nephew," added the intruder, hitting him a trifle harder.

"Spare me, good shade, and he shall have half my fortune," roared the artist.

"And will you promise to marry my daughter, Madelon, to him?"

"Do, dear sir, promise," suggested Madelon, "or the shade will knock your brains out."

"I promise everything," cried the trembling artist.

At this moment a trumpet was sounded at the door, which was opened, and Robin entered, carrying a light, followed by Achilles Lapromb, Madelon's foster-father, with his trumpet.

"Here's a noisy gentleman, master," said Robin.

"Silence in the ranks," said Achilles, blowing a blast that made Robin run out with his fingers in his ears.

"My dear papa," cried Madelon, "how glad I am to see you again."

"Her papa," said Muller, rising. "Why where's the angry shade of my friend?"

"He's here, uncle," cried Phillipot, coming forward, and throwing himself into attitude. "Regard these venerable features."

To express the artist's look would be impossible; his breath seemed quite taken away; at last he shouted—"So it was you, you reprobate, that painted that impostor ass; that robbed me of my supper, and almost of my wife; have I been cheated, bamboozled, and beaten by you, you dog? But I'll be revenged. I'll—" He seized his umbrella as he spoke, but before he could strike, Madelon had seized an old shield from the wall, and held it before him.

"Would you," she cried; "touch him if you dare."

"Splendid tableaux," cried Phillipot, "Achilles protecting the dead body of Patroclus."

"Very well, ma'amselle," said Muller, "you may take his part, but remember that you are dependent on me."

"Halt there," cried Lapromb. Here's a letter I received the very day Madelon left Lyons, informing me that her grandfather, M. Leon, the banker, had died, and left her two hundred thousand francs a year."

"Confusion," muttered the artist, "the secret's out at last."

"And as she will be of age to-morrow," continued the trumpeter, "she will be at liberty to dispose of it as she pleases."

"Shall I," said Madelon, placing her hand in Phillipot's, "then here it goes."

"Huzza!" shouted that worthy, "another tableaux. Venus and Adonis. Blow the trumpet, papa."

"My dear nephew, allow me to congratulate you," whined that respectable artist, Michael Angelo Muller! "I always knew you'd come to something."

"Aye, aye, uncle, but 'twonld have been to the hanging committee, if you had your way. However that is all in the background now—so give me your hand. When Madelon and I set up our establishment, you must come and live with us."

"Well, that *is* kind, but my dear gallery of asses, what's to become of them?"

"Bring all your friends with you, and you shall meet with a hearty welcome from Julius Cæsar."

"Aye," said Madelon, "and free rations and quarters from the

TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER."

UNROLLING A MUMMY LAST WEEK.

A mummy was unrolled at the Canterbury Theatre last week, by Mr Pettigrew, whose great experience in such affairs enables him, perhaps better than any man living, to illustrate the embalming practices of the ancient Egyptians.

In commencing his task, he remarked that the practice of thus preserving human remains was founded on the belief of the resurrection of the body, and by this means we were enabled to know more respecting the ancient Egyptians than we do of the people of much later ages. Whilst all that remained of the ancient Saxons in their barrows were a few crumbling bones, we could, in the Egyptian mummies that had been prepared two or three thousand years, ascertain not only the names and occupations of the deceased, but could even trace the line of their ancestry. The mummies that came from Thebes are considered to be the finest specimens of embalming, as they are more perfect than those from Memphis, where the air is more damp. Mr. Pettigrew, after describing with great minuteness the different kinds of embalming that were adopted, the most expensive of which cost about 225*l.* of our money, proceeded to explain the history of the mummy on which he was about to operate. It was brought from Thebes by

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Captain Needham, and was purchased in London. The lower part of the case in which it was contained was destroyed. The hieroglyphics appeared to have been carelessly written, and it was with difficulty he had decyphered them. They consisted of seven lines, the two last of which could only be partially made out, though it was sufficient to show that those lines were a repetition in other forms of the preceding. The following is a literal translation of the hieroglyphics on the case. They consist principally of an invocation to the deities who presided over the process of embalment:—

"Royal offering to Anup, attached to embalment, and that he may give wax, clothes, manifestation all in altar, to go out in west happy. That he may give air, the movement of breath, for sake of Har (the name of the mummy), truth-speaking son of Unnefer, child of lady of hous, Saherenneb. Royal gift offered to Osiris, resident in the west, Great God, Lord of East, that he may give painted case, good one, in Nouteker. Oh support Maut, mistress living Nepthe, great one rejoicing in Tetu with thy mother, the Heaven over thee be her name of Extender. That she may give thee to be with the God, annihilating thy enemies in the name of God, directing with other things all giving great in her name of water." The remaining two lines were imperfectly decyphered thus: "Great——her name of thy mother——over thee——in her name——thee to be with the God annihilating thy enemies in thy name of a God——that she may suffice ——making Har son of Unnefer, truth-speaking, born of lady of house Saherenneb."

Mr. Pettigrew commenced by making an incision through the pink cloth, or the covering down the whole length of the body. After the removal of a few folds of the cloth, he came to a black bituminous covering, consisting of cloth impregnated with bitumen, about one-twentieth of an inch thick. Under it was a pink covering, the same as at first, but in a whole sheet instead of being in bandages. Afterwards the bandages commenced, and occasionally small pieces of loose cloth were found which had been put in to fill up hollows, and to make the surface quite smooth. As the unrolling proceeded the bituminous matter with which the body was saturated penetrated more and more through the cloth, until it became impossible to unrol, and it was cleared away with knives—Mr. Pettigrew operating on the body, and his son, Dr. Pettigrew, on the head. The greatest interest was evinced by the spectators to witness the process, and from time to time pieces of the bandages were handed to the ladies in the boxes, but they were all returned, as Mr. Pettigrew wished to ascertain the quantity that covered the body. In one part of the bandage some hieroglyphics were marked, indicating the name of the individual, and pieces of papyrus and lotus leaf were found, but the writing on the papyrus was obliterated by the bitumen. The cloth was linen of close and strong fabric, beautifully woven, and still strong enough to bear pulling without tearing. It had a peculiar and disagreeable smell; the harder substance nearer the body, which was impregnated with bitumen, was aromatic, and not unpleasant. This substance was scraped off with the knives, and in some instances a chisel was requisite to clear it away. The dust pervaded the atmosphere, and was inhaled by all persons near. After working assiduously for about an hour, the face was uncovered, and a part of the body, sufficiently to show its form. The arms, from which the flesh appeared to have shrunk, were crossed over the body. The face had been gilded, and a great part of the gold leaf still adhered to it. The eyes were hollow, the cheek bones high, but covered with skin; the lips were thin and half-opened, showing the teeth, and the mouth had the expression of a complacent smile, approximating to a laugh! The height of the mummy, which was that of a male, did not exceed five feet, and its weight, as nearly as I can judge, from assisting to lift it on to the table, was about 60lb., but there was still much of the covering to be removed. Dr. Pettigrew sawed off the back part of the skull, which was as hard as recent bones, to expose the interior, whence the brains had been extracted, and their place filled with pitch. The mummy was supposed by Mr. Pettigrew to belong to a period about five hundred years before the Christian era. When the uncovering had proceeded as far as was considered necessary, the mummy was raised on its feet, and presented to the company, and its erect appearance on the stage was received with enthusiastic applause!

FOOD IN THE DESERT.

In the persuasion that the European maxim, "Live and let live," may be turned to account, it would seem that the Arabs of the Desert have considerable talent for "trying it on," as it is called, and no objection to get their bread dishonestly. A recent traveller, whom we have already quoted, gives the following amusing instance of journeying from Jerusalem to Egypt. He says, "It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the desert, but as we rested at the end of

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the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence; we were now just two days deep in the desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants; I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangements; and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait, for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain, by the value of a few para's worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light; I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of the poor Dthemetri with a fine, philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough to try the extent of my softness. I well knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"'Then we die!'

"'God's will be done.'

"I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that in short I was happily resigned to their fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

"In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice."

This affair increased the respect which the Arabs showed towards their master, and he was enabled to reach Cairo without further interruption.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE CELESTIALS.

Since peace was restored, we have gained opportunities of viewing the Chinese that were not possessed before. Always strange in their appearance, their ideas, though not wanting in ingenuity, appear to us as odd as their grotesque personal arrangements. Captain Arthur Conyngham has forwarded a very curious book on this subject. As aid-de-camp to Lord Saltoun, he had many advantages in his favour while making his inquiries. Some passages from his work will more than amuse.

OFFENDED MODESTY OF A BRITISH AMAZON.

The war being upon an end, social visits were paid to the British.

"Upon one occasion, a party of young Chinese gentlemen were inspecting the military barracks of the Royal Irish. Of a sudden, the harmony of their visit was interrupted by the cries and screams of one of their number, who was seen flying across the barrack yard, loudly calling for help, pursued by no less fearful a personage than a certain Meg O'Flanigan, terribly *en dishabille*—a second Molly Maloney—with an immense broom-stick, and by no means contenting herself with the demonstration of this ugly weapon, she was applying it with extreme vigour, and screaming at the height of her voice, 'I'll teach the long-tailed black-*ga-ard* to spy upon the Irish girls.' It appeared that, prompted by a vain curiosity to view more narrowly a Fanquifo (a foreign devil-wife), he had been sufficiently rash to peep through the aperture of a half-closed door, where he said Mrs. O'Flanigan was in the act of performing her toilet, when, much to her surprise, she perceived a reflection in the glass of a long-tailed gentlemen looking over her shoulder. The sequel is readily understood; to use her own expression, 'Faith, I made the long-tailed blackguard get out of that.' 'No wonder,' said the affrighted mandarin, on recovering himself a little, 'that the men

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are such devils, when they are begotten by such she dragons.'"

MANILLA MANUFACTURERS.

Of the labouring classes, at Manilla, we are told, "The natives may be reckoned as industrious, perhaps more so than are generally seen within the tropics. The manufacture, for which they are so famous, of cigar-cases, and hats of a peculiar grass, has long been known and deservedly prized at home. The most intricate tartan plaid they will imitate with a faithfulness and dexterity truly surprising, and those who have received no instruction whatever in letters will work a name or a figure with these differently-coloured straws without the smallest deviation from any given pattern. We were, however, unprepared, to meet, amongst these rude people, with a fabric which as much surpasses in its texture the finest French cambric, as the latter does the commonest piece of Manchester cotton cloth. This latter is called pinna, pronounced pinia, being made from the finest fibres of the pine, beaten out, combed, and wove with a delicacy that it is impossible to rival, possessing, at the same time, an incredible durability. Its colour is white, slightly tinged with blue. Many months prior to our arrival, the great Parsee merchant of Bombay, who had lately been honoured by knighthood, Sir Jamsetgee Jegetboy, had directed an entire dress to be sent home, in order that he might present her Britannic Majesty with something that might be considered worthy the acceptance of his queen. We were fortunate enough to see it prior to its departure. The order had been for one large dress, and two or three small ones for the prince and princess, with an injunction from the munificient donor, that 3000 dollars' worth of labour should be expended upon it. I was assured by the merchant who undertook to execute it, that between thirty and forty women were employed for nine months, working the entire day, upon the tambour; and from the specimen we then saw, as also from having minutely watched their subsequent labour, I am not inclined the least to doubt the truth of what he told me, however exaggerated it may appear. Moreover, to ensure the due attendance of the fair doncellas of the needle, it had been customary to incarcerate a considerable portion of them every evening in a species of honourable confinement, being unable to trust the promises of their returning to such severe labour in the morning. It may not, however, be improbable but that some of my readers have been, ere this, gratified with the sight of the dress itself; in which case, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen the handsomest as well as the most expensive, ever worked in Manilla, perhaps in the world. The handkerchiefs cost 60 dollars each—a curious circumstance, where, in this cheap country a whole family can live well for three or four dollars a month."

When Shakespeare said "What's in a name, we guess he never thought of such an appellation as Sir "Jamesetgee Jegetboy." That is a name indeed.

SUICIDE CONSIDERED HONOURABLE.

"GENERAL HAELING.—It having been fully ascertained, to the entire satisfaction of the imperial mind, that the tartar General Haeling voluntarily sacrificed his life on account of the loss of the city of Chinkeang-foo, the emperor, in a late gazette, issues detailed directions for the highest honours to be paid to his memory, and munificient favours to be shown towards his wife and all his relations. A splendid temple in commemoration of his virtues and his unexampled bravery, is to be forthwith erected at Chin-keang-foo, and a tablet, with his name inscribed by the emperor's own hand, is to be suspended in the hall of the principal temple of Peking.

"Any one in the government employ having run the chance of incurring the censure of the first authority, or emperor (who is there styled by the appellation of the Siagoon), whether deservedly or not, or any individual who, by misfortune or bad management, has become deeply involved in his affairs, will gather together by invitation his friends and acquaintances, giving them, as far as his means can allow, an entertainment, which, in the case of wealthy government *employés*, is extremely magnificent; towards its conclusion he will take an impressive farewell of them and in their presence dispose of all his goods, &c., according to his wishes, as though he was about to travel to some distant land; which, in truth, in one sense, he is about too surely to do. He will then quietly seat himself down, and with one of the two swords, which in the higher grades of life they invariably carry (amongst whom this honourable custom is much in vogue), he rips his bowels open in the face of the whole company, who so far from dissuading him from the action either by entreaty or force, most highly applaud him; and so far from becoming an object of pity to them, he is the enemy of those who either are witnesses of the action, or to whom it is related."

GUDE OR DEVIL.

When the treaty had been concluded, the English were viewed with much curiosity. They certainly had done wonders, but the poor Chinese, we are told, thought them possessors of superhuman power. The Captain gives an amusing instance.

"I will here relate a most absurd story which was told me by an officer, at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear

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with which they were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the porcelain tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and by the way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. This operation, of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and readily executed—the barber seeming to be delighted with the honour of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process; no sooner, however, had the barber turned round, and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than, taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out that he was visited by the devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Fauqui had left the neighbourhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calender."

The Gatherer.

Passport Regulations in Poland.—Warsaw, Aug. 21.—According to an Imperial ordinance which has just been published, no passports to foreign countries are to be granted to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Poland of both sexes before they have attained the age of 25. Excepted therefrom are merchants, their agents, carriers, children travelling with their parents or tutors, and wives travelling with their husbands; however, in consideration of a law of 1822, which prohibits the education of the young generation, care is to be taken that male children of the age from 10 to 18 do not leave the kingdom without a special permission, which is to be demanded of the Imperial Governor of the empire himself, and which is only to be granted in important cases.

Java Sugar.—A letter has been written to the East India and China Association by Mr. Lefevre, by direction of the lords of the committee of Privy Council for Trade, acquainting them, that no certificate signed by the officer of a foreign government will be received under the fifth clause of the sugar duties bill, passed in the present session of parliament; and also, that her Majesty's government has made arrangements, which will take effect immediately on the arrival of letters despatched by the July mail, for the appointment of persons duly authorized to certify the origin of sugar in the following ports of the island of Java, viz.—Batavia, Samarang, and Sourabaya; and that a consul has been appointed for Manilla, who has repaired to his post by the same opportunity.

Curious Explosive Experiment.—If we were to take a cup, set it on a piece of board on the floor, and drop a single drop of chloride of nitrogen into it, and cover it with water; the mixture touched with a piece of hot iron would explode, the cup be broken in pieces, the water thrown about, and the piece of the cup on which the nitrogen lay be driven deep into the board.—*Athenæum.*

Gunpowder.—The elastic fluid produced by the firing of gunpowder is found, by experiment, to occupy a space at least 244 times greater than that taken up by the powder from which it was originally obtained. But from the heat generated during its explosion, this elastic fluid is rarefied to upwards of four times its former bulk. The expansive force of this fluid is, therefore, at the moment of conflagration, 1,000 times greater than that of common air.

The Prince's Dog.—The greatest men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near; and king Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Bernadotte is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn into pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. The king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The crown prince had a beautiful hound, which had been trained as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away, or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Magnitude of the Universe.—Herschel estimates the star "Lyra" to be more than 54,000 times larger than the sun, which fills a cubical space of 681,471,000,000,000,000 miles; 100,000,000 of such stars lie within range of the telescope, and between every two or three is an interval of more than 200,000,000,000 miles of space. Who can think of what lies beyond the telescopic view?

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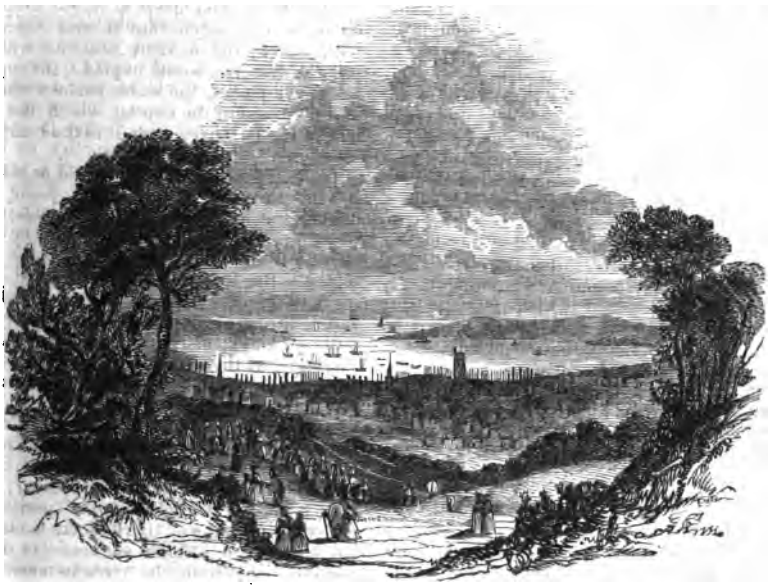

DUNDEE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE TOWN OF DUNDEE.

The ancient town of Dundee, has experienced a grateful surprise in being honoured on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Blair Atholl, with the presence of royalty. "At first," says the *Britannia*, "the report staggered the hearers, and, sages, shaking their heads, declared the news to be too good to be true." When the tidings were confirmed, it made a stir indeed. Laurels and evergreens were mercilessly slaughtered, and many cart-loads were brought into the town, for the purpose of supplying such verdant decorations as time would allow the inhabitants to prepare. It was really something like *Birnam Wood* coming to Dundee. Nearly every house was ornamented with laurel wreaths and flowers, nor was this all, many triumphal arches were thrown across the street, in the line of Queen Victoria's intended route. Dundee instantly became the object of envy to the larger places in its vicinity, who, however, had no great cause to complain of a preference given to a town lying directly in the way her Majesty proposed to travel.

The scene presented in Dundee, will long be remembered: "The provost and town-councillors were on the alert, raising what they called 'fortifications' for the purpose of firing salutes, and furbishing up all the old rusty guns long ago withdrawn from public service. Nothing could exceed their anxiety to do all that devoted loyalty could require. It was proposed to form a sort of civic body-guard for her Majesty, to appear in uniform; but the idea was wisely abandoned. A handsome triumphal arch was erected across Castle-street, and two others on the road to Blair Atholl, and a crimson carpeting laid down along the road by which her Majesty had to walk towards her carriage. Nor was this all; at the entrance to the middle quay, a hand-

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some triumphal arch was erected, in imitation of a free-stone building—in height up to the top of the flag-staff, 100 feet, and 89 feet broad. The centre of these arches, had over them the royal arms, and was inscribed, 'Welcome, Victoria, Prince Albert.'"

It now appears that the loyal people of Dundee, are not content merely to "wear these glories for a day." It has been proposed to adorn the old town with a stone arch, in commemoration of the royal visit. An elegant design has already been prepared, and many others will no doubt be forthcoming, from the pencils of English and Scotch artists. To loyal minds, it suggests a grateful reflection, that the peaceful progress of a monarch should have such consequences; should encourage the fine arts, and, at the same time, provide employment for industrious hands. Such a disposition, the noble and the affluent will do well to support. Lord Panmure has set a worthy example, by subscribing £500 towards the triumphal arch, which we may hope to see extensively followed.

Dundee is of great antiquity. By the Romans it was called Tawdunum. The present name it is said to have received from a brother of William I, of Scotland, who built a church in remembrance of his safe return from the crusades, which he called *Donum Dei*, the gift of God. "Dun," however, which begins the names of many places in Scotland, means fort, castle, or town; and as the letters D and T are confounded by the Highlanders, at least in their ordinary pronunciation, it is with more probability supposed that the word was formerly Dun-Tee, or Dun-Tay, meaning the castle or the town of Tay. It has a harbour capable of receiving a great number of vessels, and much commerce has been carried on in hemp and flax. The salmon fishery of the Tay is of considerable importance, and great quantities of that fish are annually taken, packed up in ice, and sent to London. In hot weather they pickle the salmon to preserve it.

Coarse linen goods are manufactured in Dundee. The town is governed by a provost, baillies, and council, like the other royal boroughs of Scotland. Its population has recently been estimated at thirty thousand. It gave a title to the unfortunate nobleman who fell at Killiecrankie, 1689, when it became extinct.

THE MAN AT DISCOUNT WITH HIMSELF.

A vain man is a great bore. That is acknowledged on all hands; but he is not the greatest bore in the world. I am much inclined to denounce, as a more formidable nuisance in society, the man who is at a discount with himself.

Happily the case is not a common one; most happily the vast majority of those we meet in the regions of civilised life, are on good terms with themselves. They indeed have "a crow to pluck" with the rest of the world who are blind to their merit—who have overlooked their pretensions; but that they themselves are destitute of merit never enters their heads. Sweet sirs! I kiss your hands. You may be a little out of temper with the other inhabitants of the planet, but you look upon yourselves with respect, admiration, and sincere regard.

Thereupon the would-be wag remarks, when he sees one of these gentlemen, and a very acute remark he deems it—"the purchaser who took that worthy at his own valuation, would have but a sorry bargain."

The idea thus embodied may be a just one; but for all that, I would rather bid for the vain man, than for the man who is utterly at variance with himself.

Grey-beards very properly admonish the rising generation to eschew arrogance. So far so good. It is not well to be forward.

"Man know thyself; there all true knowledge lies.'

But it is not true knowledge to think meanly of one's self under all circumstances. Each may fairly say—

"'Tis hard if all be wrong that I advance:
A fool may now and then be right by chance."

David Dingy, when I first knew him, had a very comfortable idea of his own powers. His pretensions were, to a certain extent, admitted throughout the circle in which he moved. In society, his vivacity made him a valuable acquisition, and he seemed advancing, by the path of respectability, to the confines of independence.

A cloud came over him. His good fortune was interrupted, and calamities, on a small scale, befel him, both on "sea and on land," as he rather poetically expressed it; a barge, in which he was interested, having sunk in the Thames, and a house, in which he had some property, being burnt in the Strand.

The injury which David sustained from these casualties was not to be estimated by the L. S. D. part of the business. That he was so much poorer than before, was not perhaps an agreeable reflection, but by far the worst part of the case was, that from that time forward he thought little of himself: and, in consequence, those who had before had him in great respect, soon learnt to think little, very little, of him also.

He lost his self-esteem by reflecting, that had he been wise, he would on no account have acquired an interest in pro-

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perty on the water, of which he knew next to nothing; or have trusted anything considerable in a house in the Strand, of which he knew almost as little. Just at that time some shares in a company, which it was announced, when he first obtained them, would pay an annual interest of cent. per cent., were found to be mere waste-paper. This was what he called "blow upon blow." "I was not made for this world!" he pathetically exclaimed; "all my fellow-creatures get the better of me; all trample on me at their pleasure."

And with this impression on his mind, he made up his face on the most lugubrious model he could discover. He cultivated despondency, and despondency is not often wooed in vain. The stern, obtrusive sorrows of life are so many, that if a man apply himself to fill up the intervals between, with small-weight evils, his heart will never know joy. True philosophy and wisdom, aye, and virtue, concur in taking the opposite course. To make a stand-up fight against affliction is the duty of man. If troubles come on a mortal through his own misconduct, reason suggests that, to cure them, an opposite course should be pursued: if they appear to be imposed by a superior hand, resignation is a duty.

How finely was this exemplified by the martyrs in the middle ages, and often, by the less reverenced regicides and others who were doomed to a painful and ignominious death. They professed to believe that some wise purpose would be answered by their temporary sufferings, and recalled the more awful pains encountered by the Saviour—the crown of thorns, the torturing scourge, and the horrid suspension on the cross; and bearing these in mind, their own fate was regarded as but moderately severe, and they advanced with a firm step and a joyous grateful spirit, to the stake, the block, or the gallows.

But absorbed by his own annoyances, Mr. Dingy took it for granted that he was the most unhappy being that had ever appeared on this globe, since "the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters;" and this, which was at first only imaginary, by dint of imagination became almost realised. His friends, not the mean impostors who always beset a man whose talents or means seem respectable; but those persons who had really a kindly feeling for him, after in vain attempting to rally his energies, thought it charity to themselves, to avoid one whose conversation afforded no pleasure, and no unkindness to him. Though he had ceased to covet their conversation, he was not pleased at their absence, and coldly shunned them in return. This was neither more nor less than resentment; he fancied that it was dignity.

Having made up his mind that he had no claim to respectful consideration, he was not slow in thinking that all the world had taken up the same idea. If it made him an undesirable companion abroad, it rendered him a gloomy, impracticable tyrant at home. To his wife he was sullenly silent. Did his daughter avoid the piano, it proved that she cared not to soothe him in his distress. If his son indulged in a mirthful strain, it betrayed an utter absence of feeling. When the candle wanted snuffing, he lamented that his eyes failed him; when the fire had got low, all natural warmth had deserted him. Always on the alert to magnify the bad, to overlook the good, and to depreciate himself, he soon found others polite enough to consider him, on the subject of his own waning powers, a very sufficient authority. His feeling soon got abroad. It was universally held that David's capacity had utterly failed him. Those who once admired, now could only pity him. He was not so far gone but it startled him to find that others concurred in the contemptuous opinion he had formed of himself; and he endeavoured to show that they, as well as himself, were mistaken: but though potent to create an unfavourable impression, he found, when it was once established, to remove it was not in his power. The ineffectual attempt caused increased despondency. If he forgot to answer a letter, it proved to him that his capacity had failed; if a button came off his coat, it told that poverty was coming. Distress seemed to threaten in every direction; contempt, he fancied, pursued him from all quarters. All strength of mind, all power of discrimination, all confidence in himself was lost, and he sank into a wretched state of imbecility, from which, after the lapse of a few deplorable years, death gave him a release.

Thus ended the career of one, from whom better things might have been hoped. Had he, in the day of sorrow, roused his energies, and

"Took arms against a sea of troubles."

they would probably have been dispelled by the effort, and he might again have appeared himself. If we run from a cur, the cur will give chase; and so, if we shrink from the ordinary cares of life, those cares will acquire new strength, and fiercely pursue the shrinking fugitive Most of those who have greatly risen, are men who, at first, seemed to manifest overweening confidence. It is very possible to think too much of one's self, but it is equally possible to err on the other side; and he who puts himself at a fearful discount, notwithstanding the praises which

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moral theorists love to bestow on diffidence, presently sinks even below his own calculation, and finds that, in the estimation of others, he is worth nothing.

The man who is fortunate, affluent of hope, is likely to overrate himself; an erroneous estimate is not desirable, but he is to be envied—aye, even admired—who falls into this common and venial fault, compared with the man, who, because he has experienced many reverses, thinks that of them there can be no end; that they are part and parcel of his proper existence. The one is a soldier, who, being defeated, is not afraid to fight again; he is brave, though unfortunate; while the other is a coward, who, because the battle goes against him to-day, pitifully throws down his arms, and will face the enemy no more.

The beau ideal of a superior mind is, with some critics, the man who possessing genius to astonish the world, appears unconscious that he is other than a commonplace mortal. To look for such a being is to seek

"Afaultless monster, that the world ne'er saw."

He who possesses dazzling talent, and affects not to recognize it, is a hypocrite. True it is, that many claim the distinctions due to high qualities, whose pretensions are anything but well-founded; but where talent exists, vanity will also be discovered.

An amusing story is told of the poet Goldsmith. He was looking at the performances of a posture-master, or street-conjuror, who had collected a crowd about him. One of his friends, who saw the doctor, charged him with having indulged in a soliloquy aloud, and to have exclaimed: "What fools these people are, to look with such admiration on a trumpery exhibition of tricks and fancies, while I, a man of genius, am suffered to remain unnoticed." Goldsmith manifested surprise at the accusation. He was not aware that such expressions had passed his lips, but he admitted that something like it was passing in his mind.

Richardson, the novelist, was accused of inordinate vanity. He was fond of talking about his own works, and affectedly, on one occasion, seemed scarcely to listen to a gentleman, just arrived from Paris, who mentioned that he had seen one of his books on the table of the French king's brother, because no one was by to hear the statement; and afterwards tried, but in vain, to get it repeated before a large dinner company. This might not be very high-minded, but neither was it very much the opposite. He believed what had been told, he was humble enough to deem it an honour, and was willing that it should be repeated by him who knew the fact to be true. If he had invented the story himself, the case had been different. Vanity might be mixed up with his gratified feelings! but without such vanity, he would never have been a distinguished writer.

Dr. Johnson had an abundance of vanity, which for ever shewed itself in his overbearing speech and manner; and he, and every scholar, must know that, in this, he trod in the footsteps of the great lights of antiquity. Look at the magisterial tone of Juvenal, for proof; or read Horace's ode (the last of the third book) in honour of himself. "I," exclaims the latter bard, "have erected a monument more durable than brass, more exalted than the site of the regal pyramids." Not content with saying this, which would have been sufficient to render a modern poet a laughing-stock for his contemporaries, to the end of his life, he amplifies on the grateful subject, and declares, among other things, that his verses shall be read

"Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex."

which was about as good as if a writer of to-day should say: "My poetry will be admired so long as divine worship is celebrated in Westminster Abbey." That would be a pretty long lease. But the prediction of the poet is more than fulfilled. The high priest of Jupiter no longer conducts the silent virgin to the Capitol, but the odes of Horace are admired in every civilised country. Vanity, though odious when excessive, not only may, but must, flourish with superior talent. Without it, no man would aspire. He who really thinks that he is equal to no effort of genius, ought, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, to be taken at his word, and set down for a helpless dreamer.

But for a man thus to deny himself, is ingratitude to Heaven. The wonderful varieties of mind bestowed on the human race, offer an opportunity for all to shine, in some degree, who can bestir themselves with assiduity and perseverence. He who, even after repeated failures, abandons all hope, all confidence, exposes himself to just censure for culpable ignorance, or unmanly pusillanimity.

Away, then, with the folly which would honour a man for dishonouring himself. To decry his own powers, is to assail his understanding: to commit a mental suicide. Give me the sanguine, expectant mind, which, after unmerited failure, can still boldly throw again. He manifests some kindly feeling for his fellows, who supposes that they will yet do him justice; and is worth a thousand of the croaking, sorrowing, misanthropic grumblers, who are guilty of the preposterous solecism of scorning themselves, and at the same time hating the world for doing the same.—T. G.

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THE SECRET POLICE OF RUSSIA.

The emperor Alexander, from the respect he had for the rights of his subjects, is reported to have said of himself that he was a "lucky accident." A system of vigilant suspicion, backed by iron-handed power, seems still to prevail in that mighty empire. Such horrors even now are stated to be of no very unfrequent occurrence as shocked humanity under the old regime of France, and paved the way for a bloody Revolution. We are told by "One who has seen, and describes" in a recent publication, of doings which remind us of "the Man in the Iron Mask, and Latude."

He says, there is a lady still living, who was stepping out of her carriage in her ball dress, when she was handed quietly into a sledge—her destination was Siberia. When the long journey was accomplished, she was located—she knew not in what region or government—in a hut, containing two rooms, each divided from the other, and leading into two separate yards, each a few spaces square, and surrounded by a high wall, which only admitted the light of heaven. A sentinel was mounting guard outside the walls; her coarse food was brought by a silent jailor, and here she remained for two years. At the expiration of this term, the door of the yard was one day opened, and a prisoner was thrust into her, who turned out to be a Polish nobleman, who had long been confined in the adjoining cell, but was now removed to make room for another. In this room, or den, she lived with her unfortunate companion for twelve years more, ignorant alike of the spot she was inhabiting, and of the cause of her being banished thither. One morning her door was thrown open, and a voice called for number so-and-so, by which, in the rare intervals of months and even years elapsing between the occasions on which her jailors answered her or spoke to her, they had been accustomed to address her. She stepped forward; the door was closed, without her even having time to take leave of her companion, whom she never saw again; she was hurried into a sledge; she retraced the journey of many months, and one night found herself in the office of the grand master of police; a little cupboard was thrown open, and she was presented with the identical ball-dress which had been taken from her on the night of her exile; the jewels indeed were gone, but there was not a bow, a flower, or a piece of lace of its blackened and faded frippery wanting; even the withered nosegay, and the fan, in which a long generation of spiders or brown beetles had nestled, were carefully restored to her. She was thenceforward at liberty. This lady never knew the cause of her punishment or of its cessation. "And did you never make the inquiry?" "What, be so long in Siberia, and not yet have learned discretion!" "And what was said on your re-appearance in society?" "Nothing; those who had known me formerly made no comment; to those who inquired, Who is 'Madame——? where is she from? where has she always lived?' it was simply answered, 'Madame —— demeure depuis beaucoup d'années sur ses terres." — She has long been buried amidst her estates." It is four or five years since some indiscretion was committed by an individual who had some interest with those in authority, by narrating certain passages connected with the history of the secret associations concerning which the reader will hereafter find some copious details; in a word, he let his tongue run too freely on this dangerous topic. One morning an officer of gendarmerie presented himself in his drawing-room, and, with the greatest urbanity, desired him to follow him to the chancery of Count Benkendorf. When the pale-blue uniform of the officers or privates of the corps, who are the avowed and ostensible sbirri of the secret police, are once seen crossing the threshold, a visit from the angel of death alighting there could cause no greater consternation. He obeyed, as every one must do in such a case, and leaving his family a prey to their terrors, he stepped into a sledge with his dreaded visitant. He did not return that day, nor the next, nor the day following; his relatives were meanwhile assured that he was safe, that he had powerful friends and protcctors, and that he would soon be restored to them. Thus six months of anxiety had passed away; towards the middle of the seventh the officer again made his appearance, but in guise as to be hardly recognized by those nearest and dearest to him; his ruddy cheeks were livid, his rotund body was wasted into angularity, the merry sparkle of his eye was gone, and its brightness quenched for ever in his terror. He did not complain of his treatment; on the contrary, it had just been proved to him that it was monitory and friendly. Nevertheless it had reduced him to this condition. He narrated as follows:—Shortly after leaving his home he was placed in a dark apartment. At nightfall he was ironed and placed in a sort of box upon a sleigh, such as is occasionally used in winter to transport prisoners; a grating at the top to let in the faint light reflected from the snow, but allowed no view of the scenery through which the speed of horses was hurrying him the whole night through. An hour or two before daybreak the vehicle stopped; he was blindfolded, and led into a fresh resting-place. Through the whole of the next night he was carried

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along in a similar manner, arriving to sleep in a dark dungeon, and being again hurried forward on a road which his fears told him, beyond the consolations of hope, to be that of Siberia. Thus, night after night, and day after day, elapsed; the former in speeding towards the fearful solitude, the latter in reposing as well as he could from the fatigue of his arduous journey. The dark nights became moonlight; the moon rose again, and again the night became moonlight; and he was still forced to hasten on uninterruptedly without having seen one furlong of the way. The faint light of the moonless winter's night, piercing through the narrow aperture which afforded air to the vehicle, now enabled him to distinguish the objects it contained, so well had his eyes become accustomed to the utter darkness in which he was kept during the day. Like all people, too, deprived of vision, after many weeks he learned to substitute for it a sense which the eye-sight often leaves comparatively dormant—that of discerning things by touch and feeling. He had no opportunity of making any observations on the road he was travelling; but the interior of his cage he knew plank by plank, nail by nail, and it might almost be said straw by straw. He therefore, in the darkness of every day, endeavoured to make acquaintance with every fresh dungeon in which he found a night's abode. He was struck with the utter monotony and sameness of these places of relay; he had seen, as all Russians have, the battalions of the imperial guard, where one man, to the very setting of a cross-belt, to the colour of his hair, the shape of his moustache, and to the very expression of his countenance, as nearly resembles each other as peas in one shell; but he was struck, after travelling some thousand versts or two, to find the dungeon resembling another so closely that every brick and stone was disposed precisely like another. At last, upon one occasion, he left a piece of the hard brown crust of his rye bread marked in a peculiar manner with his teeth. To his utter surprise, at the end of his night's journey, he found a crust perfectly similar in the dungeon in which he lodged. He now began to doubt his own senses; sometimes he fancied he was insane; sometimes he conceived the unutterably fearful idea that he was somehow doomed to a dark and unrelieved monotony, which was to extend to the merest trifles, and that this was a means of moral torture, of which, as he approached Siberia, he was experiencing a foretaste. It is strange to say, that with these causes of suspicion, it was not till many weeks after that the thought flashed across his mind—a thought which he discarded as an illusion, but which at last came breaking in upon him like a ray of light—that he had never moved from the same environs, and had returned to sleep every night in the same spot. Such, in fact, proved to be the case: night after night, for months, he had been hurried along the same road, to return to the same cell. It must be remembered that this was not a punishment, but only a friendly warning, to deter a man in whom some in power felt an interest from incurring it.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE INTERVIEW.

When Adrienne entered the saloon, Agricola was examining a magnificent silver vase, which bore the words, "Jean Marie, working chaser, 1823." Adrienne trod so lightly that she had approached the blacksmith without his being aware of it.

"Is not that a handsome vase, sir," she said, in a silver-toned voice.

Agricola started, and replied, in confusion, "Very handsome, Mademoiselle."

"You see that I am an admirer of what is just and right," said Adrienne, pointing to the words engraved on the vase. "A painter puts his name to a picture, a writer to his book, and I hold, that a workman, who distinguishes himself in his trade, should put his name to his workmanship. When I bought this vase, it bore the name of a wealthy goldsmith, who was astonished at my fantasies, for I caused him to erase it, and to insert that of the maker of this wonderful piece of art, so that if the workman lack riches, his name, at least, will not be forgotten. Is this just, sir?"

"As a workman, Mademoiselle, I feel sensible of this act of justice."

"A skilful artisan merits esteem and respect. But take a seat, sir." Seeing Agricola hesitate, Adrienne added, pointing to little King Charles, "That poor little creature bears testimony of the obligation I owe you, but I have a presentiment that you will find me of service."

"Mademoiselle," said Agricola, encouraged by the generous conduct of the young lady, "My name is Baudoin; I am a blacksmith at M. Hardy's, at Plessy. Yesterday you offered me your purse, and I refused it; I come to-day to ask ten times, perhaps twenty times, the sum that you so generously offered me yesterday. I have a good mother, who, in her youth, ruined her health in bringing me and a foundling up, whom she adopted. At present it is my turn to support her, and it is what I

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happily do; my labour, however, only accomplishes that, and if I cannot work my mother will be left without resources. If I had only my mother to think of, it would not matter so much, because she is esteemed and loved by all her neighbours, who would assist her; but my father has just arrived from Siberia. We have not seen him for eighteen years. He remained there from devotedness to his old general, now Marshal Simon."

"Marshal Simon!" exclaimed Adrienne, "he married a relation of ours."

"How fortunate!" cried the blacksmith; "then the two daughters, whom my father brought from Russia, are your relatives."

"Has the Marshal two daughters?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; two little angels, about fifteen years of age, twins, who resemble each other so much that the one is often taken for the other. Their mother died in exile, and all that she possessed was confiscated. From the heart of Siberia my father brought the two orphans. You would scarcely believe it, Mademoiselle, but he has the heart of a lion with the tenderness of a mother."

"And where are these poor children?"

"At our house. It is this that renders my position so embarrassing. It is not that my labour would not suffice for all; but if I am arrested."

"Arrested—how arrested!"

Agricola drew the anonymous letter from his pocket, and gave it to Adrienne, who, after reading it, demanded if the song of the "Workman's Rights" was dangerous or hostile.

"O no, Mademoiselle. I am fortunate enough to be employed by M. Hardy, who does everything to render his workmen happy and comfortable. This song extols the happiness of our workmen, and speaks warmly of the mass of poor labourers who suffer in silence; but you know, Mademoiselle, that at this time there are many criminated and imprisoned on very slight suspicions. If such a misfortune should happen to me, what would become of my mother, my father, and the two poor children, who must remain with us till Marshal Simon's return. Thus, Mademoiselle, I come to ask you, in case of my arrest, if you will become my security, so that I may not leave the shop; then my work will do for all."

"Ah!" said Adrienne, cheerfully, "this matter can easily be settled. Henceforth, sir, your poetical inspirations must breathe happiness, not chagrin. Sad muse! In the first place, I will become security for your appearance."

"O, Mademoiselle, you have saved us."

"It happens that our family doctor is very intimate with one of the ministry. It is natural that those who possess too much should aid those who are in want. The daughters of Marshal Simon are our relatives. I shall go for them this evening, as their living with me will put me to no inconvenience."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and Georgette stood before her mistress with a frightened air. "O, Mademoiselle," she said, "as I was entering by the garden door, I saw several men with uncouth countenances, spying over the wall. When they saw me, they asked if a young man in a blouse had entered, that his name was Agricola Baudoin, that they had something of importance to communicate to him."

"That is my name," said the blacksmith; "it is a trick to get me to leave."

"Evidently," said Adrienne; "therefore, we shall play a fair game in tricking them. Unfortunately, I am obliged to go to my aunt's, the Princess de St. Dizier; and what you have told me respecting Marshal Simon's daughters renders my interview with her still more urgent. Georgette will conduct you to a hiding place, which is so admirably constructed, that it sets at defiance the most scrutinising search. Write me your address in this portfolio. Now follow Georgette to your prison, where, to drive away *ennui*, you can invoke the Muses, and present me on my return with a few pretty verses."

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed before Florine entered furtively the chamber of Madame Grivois, the Princess de St. Dizier's waiting-woman.

"Well," said Madame Grivois, on seeing Adrienne's servant.

"Here are the notes," said Florine, "that I have taken this morning."

"When did your mistress enter?"

"She was not out. She went to her bath at nine o'clock."

"How! do you tell me that she was not out all night, and that she did not return at eight this morning."

Florine, looking at Madame Grivois in astonishment, said, "As I was unwell, I did not know what took place after eight in the evening. I accompanied my mistress to her bath at nine o'clock this morning."

"That's different; you must ask Hebe or Georgette. And what has she been doing this morning."

"Mademoiselle dictated a letter to Georgette for M. Norval. As I knew all that it contained, I gave it to Jerome to put in the post, while I hastened to write its contents, which I recollected."

"Stupid girl! Why did you not bring me the letter; perhaps it would have been requisite to retain it."

"I thought I was doing right; pray forgive me. What I do is painful enough."

Madame Grivois looked at the young

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girl, and said, sardonically, "Well, Mademoiselle, you need not continue. If you have scruples of conscience, you are free; you may leave."

"You know very well that I am not free, Madame," said the young girl, a tear starting in her eye. "I am dependent on M. Rodin, who placed me here; and Mademoiselle is so good, so confidential."

"Well, you are not here to extol your mistress. What took place afterwards?"

"The blacksmith who brought back Lutine, came and wished to speak to my mistress, but as I was sent out with the letter, I do not know what she said to him."

"You must find out. Has your mistress been uneasy about the interview she is going to have with her aunt."

"No; on the contrary, she laughs about it."

"They may well laugh who laugh last; she would tremble, and ask pardon, if she knew what was going to take place. But return to the pavilion; get rid of those scruples of yours, or they may lead you into a nice dance. Try to forget them."

"I cannot forget, Madame, that I am no longer mistress of my own actions."

Florine left the house to go to the pavilion, while Madame Grivois hastened to the chamber of the Princess de St. Dizier.

END OF VOL. II.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.—THE PRINCESS DE ST. DIZIER.

Whilst the preceding scene was taking place at the pavilion, other events of a different nature were transpiring at the grand hotel occupied by the Princess de St. Dizier. The elegance of the pavilion contrasted strangely with the sombre interior of the hotel. For some time back, the Princess had given up all worldly splendours, and had surrounded herself with servants up in years, clothed in black, who maintained the strictest silence, and spoke almost in whispers, which gave to this immense habitation the severe aspect of a monastery.

Madame de St. Dizier, in her young days was exceedingly handsome, and had been, during the few last years of the Empire and the first of the Restoration, one of the most fashionable women in Paris, with an active, adventurous, and domineering spirit. Her husband (the Prince de St. Dizier, oldest brother of the Count of Rennepont, Duke of Cardoville, Adrienne's father) never blamed her for her extravagances; as a good, confiding husband, probably he had never perceived them. One circumstance alone may give our readers an idea of this extraordinary woman, was only happy in intrigue, whether a political or of an amorous character.

As the actor, who, before retiring from the stage, on which he has earned his laurels, summons up all his energy so that his last triumph might add lustre to his previous efforts, so did the Princess de St. Dizier desire to terminate her fashionable career by satiating her vanity to the highest degree. In the society in which she moved, there were often opportunities afforded her for selecting her victims. She encountered a young couple who adored each other, and by means of wiles and stratagem, succeeded in alienating the lover's affections from his young mistress, a charming girl of eighteen whom he adored. This accomplished, Madame de St. Dizier retired from the world amidst the *éclat* of her adventure. After several long interviews with the Abbé, Marquis d'Aigrigny, a renowned preacher, she suddenly left Paris, and went to Dunkirk, taking Madame Grivois alone with her—where she remained two years.

When the Princess returned to Paris she had undergone a complete change. The Hotel de St. Dizier, formerly the seat of festivity, joy, and pleasures, was quiet and austere. Instead of receiving the fashionable world as visitors, she only admitted men known by their *outré* religious principles. Amongst the persons who sneered at the sudden conversion of the Princess, was that charming couple into whose bosoms she had sown discord, but who had become more passionately fond of each other than ever. This reached the ears of the Princess. A short time afterwards a terrible catastrophe happened to the two lovers. A contented, loving, and happy husband, was suddenly disturbed by anonymous revelations. A dreadful tumult ensued: the young woman was lost, and the young man, abandoned by his friends, one by one, without thinking that the Princess de St. Dizier was the originator of all his misfortunes, killed himself in despair. It was often remarked that the favourites of the religious coterie of the Princess attained, with singular rapidity, high positions in society.

The Princess, waiting for her niece, was seated at a large desk, sealing several letters which she had just written. She was then about fifty-five years of age, and was still exceedingly handsome. On first beholding her, one would have been struck with her noble air, and would in vain have sought in that calm countenance, the traces of the extravagances of her past life, and on seeing her so naturally grave and reserved, would scarcely have believed that she was the heroine of so many intrigues.

At this moment Madame Grivois entered, holding in her hand the papers that Florine

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ıd written concerning her mistress, Adri-
ıne de Cardoville.
"Here are the notes, Madame, that Flo-
ne gave me this morning."
"I will examine them by and bye. Did
ıe say if my niece was coming? Well,
hen she is here, you will conduct a per-
n, whom I expect momentarily, to the
ıvilion. He will take an inventory of the
oms that Adrienne occupies, and you
ll take care that he omits nothing, for
is is of the greatest importance. This
ıolent and arrogant girl will be humbled,
d be forced to demand pardon, and that
me, too."
An old valet entered, announcing the
bbé d'Aigrigny.
"If Mademoiselle de Cardoville comes,"
id the Princess to Madame Grivois, "tell
r to wait an instant."
"Yes, Madame," said Madame Grivois,
ıo, accompanied by the old servant, went
t, leaving the Princess and the Abbé
ıether.

CHAPTER II.—THE PLOT.

Three months had elapsed since the
bé, Marquis d'Aigrigny, left the Rue
Milieu des Ursins, on an important mis-
n to Rome. The Abbé, having only
ived that morning, had not yet seen the
ncess since his mother's death, which
k place at Dunkirk on her estate.
When Madame Grivois and the valet
l retired, the Abbé approached the
ncess, and, stretching out his hand,
l, with emotion, "Hermione, did you
conceal something from me in your
ers. In my mother's last moments did
not curse me?"
No, no, Frederick. Be not uneasy. She
ed for you, and when her ideas were
fused—when she was delirious, she still
ed you by name."
Yes," said the Marquis, "her maternal
inct, without doubt, prompted her to
laim, 'that my presence would save her
'"
I beseech you, Frederick, to forget
ıe sad recollections. The misfortune
reparable."
Yes; my conscience ought to be at
. I was only doing my duty when I
ificed my mother."
Without doubt, Frederick, the sacrifice
great; but then look at the reward.
at influence! what power!"
It is true," said the Marquis, after a
moments' silence. "What would one
sacrifice to reign in darkness over the
owerful of this earth, who reign in
d daylight. My journey to Rome gave
a new idea of our formidable power."
O yes; our power is great, very great,"
said the Princess; "and that which ren-
ders it more formidable and more sure, is
its mysterious influence upon minds and
upon the conscience."
"Yes, Hermione; I have had a magnifi-
cent regiment under my command, and
have often experienced the inward joy of
a commander whose officers and men fly to
the field, attack the enemy, and die, as it
were, at his order. Well, at the present
time, bad though our days be, I feel that
there are a thousand times more action;
that I have a thousand times more strength,
more authority, and more audacity, at the
head of our dark and silent band, who
think, wish, go, and obey mechanically, my
almost unexpressed desires."
"How much you are in the right," re-
plied the Princess with vivacity. "However
little we reflect we cannot cast a thought
upon the past, but with inward contempt.
Like you I often compare it with the present,
then how satisfied I feel in having followed
your counsels; for, had it not been for you,
I would have been playing the miserable
and ridiculous part that women, once hand-
some and surrounded by courtezans, play
when advancing in years, and when their
beauty is fast fading. What would I have
been doing at this hour? Trying in vain
to keep around me those ungrateful, selfish
men who only esteem women so long as
they serve their purposes, or flatter their
vanity. Yes, I would have been enjoying
the *extreme felicity* of keeping an agreeable
house for others; yes, of giving festivals, of
keeping an open door to those who would
have laughed in their sleeve at my infatuati-
on, and who only would have made my house
their rendezvous. What stupidity! To foster
the blooming of youth, laughing and amo-
rous, which regards the luxury and *eclat*
that surrounds it as the boundary of its joys
and insolent loves."
These words were spoken with bitter
dryness, while the countenance of the Prin-
cess expressed, notwithstanding her invec-
tives on past joys, the most inconceivable
envy.
"No, no," she added, "thanks to you,
Frederick. After a brilliant triumph, I
broke the chain that linked me to a world
which would soon have abandoned me,
though I had been its idol and its queen for
a length of time. Instead of associating
with prodigal men, I am now sur-
rounded by those in power; men even,
who govern the state, and I am as devoted
to them as they are to me. I now only
enjoy that happiness of which I had so
often dreamt. I take an active part, and
have considerable influence in affairs that
affect the world at large. Secrets the most
serious and important have been entrusted
to me. Those who rail against me never
escape my hatred, and those who respect

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and obey me, I have elevated beyond their hopes and wishes."

"And, still," said the Marquis, with disdain, "there are those who think we have fallen, because we have had our bad days, as if we were not organised for a struggle. The 13th of February is at hand; then we shall re-establish our influence, which was for a moment shaken. I would not have returned so soon had it not been for this great event."

"You know the fatality that seems working against us in this respect."

"Yes, Rodin told me. The arrival of General Simon's daughters and of the Indian Prince. But Rodin is active, and your plan is excellent. The soldier will be from home. The confessor of his wife knows how to act, therefore to-morrow will see them safe enough. The Indian is at Cardoville dangerously wounded. On that score we have time to mature our plans."

"But there are more," said the Princess. "Besides my niece, there is M. Hardy."

"Yes," interrupted the Marquis, "and that miserable vagabond, Couche-tout-nu."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Princess, with an expression of offended modesty.

"We need no longer be uneasy on their account. Gabriel, on whom our hope rests, will not be lost sight of till the great day arrives. It is for us a question of life and death. On my way to Paris I stopped at Flori, where I met the Duke of Orbano. His influence upon the mind of the king is very great, therefore if we gain his interest, we shall have the exclusive privilege of educating the young; but, unfortunately, he puts rather a severe condition upon his services."

"What is the condition?"

"Five million francs, and an annuity of 1,000 more."

"It is, certainly, a great deal."

"And still it is little when we think that once he has set his foot here, the affair of the medals which is more than eight times that sum, will happily be terminated."

"Yes, near forty millions," said the Princess, with a pensive air; "and with that sum which the Order will possess, we will be able to do many great things, as in these times everything is bought and sold."

"Yes," said the Marquis, after a moment's silence, "the 13th of February may be for our power an epoch as famous as that of the period when the council gave us, so to speak, new life."

"Therefore," said the Princess, "we must spare nothing, and must succeed at any price. Of six persons whom we have to fear, it is out of the power of five to injure us. My niece alone remains, and I have been only waiting your return to take final steps in regard to her. Everything is ready, and we shall begin to act this morning."

"Have your suspicions increased since your last letter."

"Yes, I am certain that she knows a great deal more than she pretends to do, and in that case we cannot have a more dangerous enemy."

"Such has always been my opinion. My instinct rarely deceives me. I am certain that that young lady will turn out a dangerous enemy."

"There is one thing that has taken place which is greatly in our favour. Madame Grivois, in going this morning to tell my niece that I expected her at noon on an affair of importance, saw, or believed that she saw her, enter by the garden-gate."

"Is it possible," cried the Marquis, "are there proofs of this?"

"At present there is no other; but here are the papers which the servant that Rodin succeeded in placing near my niece, has sent me. Perhaps we shall find something that will confirm what Madame Grivois saw."

Scarcely had the Princess cast her eyes over the papers than she exclaimed—"What do I see. The steward of the château de Cardoville in asking my niece's protection, has informed her of the Indian prince's detention. She knows that he is her relation, and she has written to Mr Norval to go by post, and to bring the young prince immediately to Paris. You know he must be kept away at all hazards."

The Marquis became pale, and said, "If this be not a caprice of your niece, it plainly proves that, sending immediately for her relative, she knows all about the medals. Be assured she knows all, and if care is not taken, everything will be lost."

"Then," said the Princess with firmness, "we must hesitate no longer."

A servant here entered, stating that Dr. Baleinier had arrived; also a gentleman whom the Abbé promised to meet at noon.

"Tell the gentlemen to walk in, and when I ring, conduct the doctor hither. After Baron Tripeaud has arrived, the door then is only to be open to Mdlle. Adrienne."

(To be continued).

RICHARD THE THIRD NOT GUILTY.

Miss Halsted, in her History, strives to rescue the memory of her hero, from the stains which for centuries has rested on it. She contends that those who have accused him were biassed partisans of the house of Lancaster, or misled by popular rumours. She says, "Bernard Andrews, the historiographer and poet laureate of Henry VII, states that 'Richard ordered

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the princes to be put to the sword,' a fact that must have been known to the contemporary annalists had a positive order to that effect been given; and Polydore Virgil, who compiled his work under the immediate patronage and at the express desire of the same monarch, after intimating the uncertainty of the manner of their death, states that it was generally reported and believed *that the sons of Edward IV were still alive, having been conveyed secretly away, and obscurely concealed in some distant region.* Thus it appears, that neither the contemporary writers of the period, nor those who wrote by royal command in the ensuing reign, gave any distinct account of the fate of the young princes: the former all agree that they were imprisoned, and that it 'was commonly reported' that they were dead; but when or how the event occurred, or whether there was foundation for the report, has never been sought to be established, excepting by Sir Thomas More. This historian was not coeval with Richard, he was a mere infant at the time of that monarch's death; but, being educated, as before observed, in Bishop Morton's house, he is supposed to have derived the materials of his history from that personage. But Morton, although coeval with the event related, gloried in avowing himself Richard's bitter enemy. He united with Hastings in conspiring against him as the lord protector, and he goaded Buckingham to open rebellion after Richard was anointed king. He deserted the latter nobleman as soon as he had weaned him from his allegiance; and escaping to the continent, within a few weeks of Richard's coronation, there remained, an exile and anout law during the rest of his reign. It must therefore be apparent that any information derived from him relative to affairs in England during that period could only be by report; and the colouring which his own prejudice and enmity would give to all rumours spread to the disadvantage of King Richard, would render his testimony not only doubtful, but most unsatisfactory, unless confirmed by other writers, or proved by existing documents."

The commonly received story, she maintains, is so improbable that it cannot be true. She particularly dwells on the startling imprudence ascribed to Richard of writing his wishes, and the subject of the removal of his brother's children. "Would any one, indeed," Miss Halsted asks, "endued with common foresight have risked two letters, which innumerable casualties might convert into positive proof of an act that would bring upon him the hatred of his own kindred and the detestation of the kingdom at large,—the one sent by an ordinary attendant, 'one John Green,' to Brackenbury, with 'credence also,' commanding that 'Sir Robert should, in any wise, put the two children to death;' the other, by Sir James Tyrrel to Brackenbury, commanding him to deliver to Sir James the keys of the Tower, that he might accomplish the very crime which that official had previously refused himself to perform? It is scarcely within the bounds of probability, unless the letter, and 'credence' were extant, together with the formal warrant which was sent to Brackenbury, justifying him as Governor of the Tower in delivering up the keys of the fortress committed to his charge. 'And has any trace of such a document been discovered?' asks the historian of the Tower. 'Never,' he adds: 'it has been anxiously sought for, but sought in vain; and we may conclude that Sir Thomas More's is nothing but one of the passing tales of the day.'"

BEAVERS AS RATIONAL AS MEN.

No naturalist has given so full, so curious an account of that remarkable animal, the beaver, as we find in Captain Marryat's recent publication. Its powers, both of thinking and acting, seem, its size considered, fully equal to those of the human race. Man, in his original state, would have been much puzzled to accomplish such wonders as the poor beaver contrives to manage with his teeth and tail. This will be seen from the subjoined extract:—

"One or two evenings after the message from the fort, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi some questions relative to the habits of the beaver, as she had heard much of the sagacity of that animal.

"'Well, ma'am,' said Malachi, 'it's a most reasonable animal certainly, and I will say, I never was tired with watching them; I've even forgot in the summer time what I came out for, from having fallen in with them at work.'

"'And so have I,' said Martin. 'I once was lying down under a bush by the side of a stream, and I saw a whole council of them meet together, and they talked after their own fashion so earnestly, that I really think they have a language as good as our own. It's always the old ones who talk, and the young ones who listen.'

"'That's true,' replied Malachi. 'I once myself saw them hold a council, and then they all separated to go to work, for they were about to dam up a stream, and build their lodges.'

"'And what did they do, Malachi?' said Mrs. Campbell.

"'Why, ma'am, they did all the same as Christians would have done. The Injuns say that the beavers have souls as well as

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themselves, and certainly, if sense gave souls, the Inguns would be in the right. The first thing they did was to appoint their sentinels to give notice of danger; for the moment any one comes near them, these sentinels give the signal, and away they all dive, and disappear till the danger is over.'

"'There are many beasts as well as birds that do the same,' observed Mr. Campbell; 'indeed, most of those are gregarious and live in flocks."

"'That's true, sir,' replied Martin.

"'Well, ma'am, the beavers choose a place fit for their work. What they require is a stream running through a flat or bottom, which stream of water they may dam up so as to form a large pond of a sufficient depth, by the water flowing over and covering the flat or bottom several feet; and when they have found the spot they require, they begin their work.'

"'Perhaps,' observed Mr. Campbell, 'this choice requires more sagacity than the rest of their labour, for the beavers must have some engineering talent to make the selection; they must be able to calculate as exactly, as if they took their levels, to secure the size and depth of water in the pond which is necessary. It is most wonderful, perhaps, of all the instincts, or reasoning powers rather, allotted to them.'

"'It is, sir; and I've often thought so,' replied Malachi; 'and then to see how they carry all tools about them; a carpenter's basket could not be better provided. Their strong teeth serve as axes to cut down the trees; then their tails serve as trowels for mason's work; their fore feet they use just as we do our hands, and their tails are also employed as little carts or wheelbarrows.'

"'Pray go on, Malachi,' said Mary; 'I am quite interested already."

"'Well, miss, I have known these little creatures, as they are, raise banks four or five hundred paces in length, and a matter of twenty feet high in some parts, besides being seven or eight feet thick; and all in one season—perhaps five or six months' work.'

"'But how many of them do you reckon are at the work?" said Henry.

"'Perhaps a hundred; not more I should say.'

"'Well; but how do they raise these banks, Malachi?' said Emma.

"'There, miss, they show what sense they have. I've often watched them when they have been sawing through the large trees with the front teeth; they could not carry the tree, that's sartain, if the whole of them were to set to work, so they always pick out the trees by the banks of the stream, and they examine how the trees incline, to see if they fall into the stream; if not, they will not cut them down; and when they are cutting them down, and they are nearly ready for falling, if the wind should change and be against the fall, they will leave that tree till the wind will assist them. As soon as the trees are down, they saw off the branches and arms, and float the log down to where the dam is to be made; they lay them across, and, as they lay them one upon the other, of course the water rises, and enables them to float down and place the upper ones. But before that, as soon as the lower ones are in their places, the animals go and fetch long grass and clay, which they load upon their flat tails, and drag to the dam, filling up the holes between the timber till it is as strong as a wall, and the water is completely stopped.'

"'Yes;' said Martin, 'I have heard them at night working away so hard, and flapping and spattering with their tails, that I could imagine there were fifty men at work instead of a hundred of those small animals. But they work by day by and night, and never seem tired, till the dam is sound and the work is complete.'

"'But the raising of the dam is only preparatory, is it not, to their building their own houses?' observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Nothing more, ma'am; and I think the rest of the work is quite as wonderful. As soon as they have dammed up the river and made the lake, they then build their houses; and how they manage to work under water, and fix the posts in the ground is a puzzle to me, but they do fix six posts in the ground, and very firmly, and then they build their house, which is very curious; it is in the form of a large oven, and made of clay and fat earth, mixed up with branches and herbs of all sorts; they have three sets of rooms, one above the other, so that, if the water rises from a freshet or sudden thaw, they may be able to move higher, and keep themselves dry. Each beaver has his own little room, and the entrance is made under the water, so that they dive down to go into it, and nothing can harm them.'

"'How very curious; and what do they live upon, Malachi?'

"'The bark of what we call asp-wood, ma'am, which is a kind of sallow; they lay up great quantities of it in the autumn as a provision for winter, when they are frozen up for some months,'

"'Well, but how do you take them, Malachi?'

"'There are many ways, ma'am; sometimes the Indians break down the dam, and let off the water, and then kill them all except a dozen of the females and half a dozen males; after which they stop up the dam again, that the animals may breed and increase; sometimes, when the beaver lake is frozen hard, they break into the beaver-house from the top; when they do that

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the beavers all dive and escape, but, as they must come up to breathe at the holes in the ice, they place nets, and take them in that way, but they always leave a sufficient number to keep up the stock; they also take them in traps baited with aspwood; but that is more difficult.'

"'But there is another sort of beaver, ma'am, called the land-beaver, which is more easily taken,' observed Martin; 'they make holes in the earth like rabbits. The Indians say that these beavers are those who are lazy and idle, and have been driven out by the others for not working.'"

After reading such a history, the old story of the beaver, knowing that he was chased only for his tail, cunningly bit it off for the hunter, that the rest of his person might be safe, seems hardly improbable.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RODNEY.

Arms.—Or., three eagles displayed, purp.
Crest—On a ducal coronet, or., an eagle rising, purp.
Supporters.—Two eagles, wings endorsed, purp., each sustaining with the interior claw a banner of St. George, tasseled, or., the staves enfiled with a naval coronet, of the last.
Motto.—Non generant aquilæ columbas, "Eagles do not generate doves."

To glorious success in modern warfare, not to remote ancestry, the Rodney family owes its present exalted position. Henry Rodney, Esq., of Walton-upon-Thames, captain of marines, married Mary, eldest daughter, and co-heir of Sir Henry Newton; knight, envoy extraordinary to Genoa, Tuscany, &c., L.L.D., judge of the admiralty, by whom he had three sons. Of these, the second George Brydges Rodney, born 13th February, 1718, having adopted the naval profession, became one of the most distinguished commanders known to the annals of Great Britain. In 1762, he was promoted to the rank of vice admiral, and created a baronet, 22nd January, 1764; in 1780 he was nominated a Knight of the Bath; and elevated to the peerage as baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, county of Somerset, June 19th, 1782, for the memorable victory he had achieved over the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In 1783, he was granted, by parliament, a pension of £2000 per annum to himself and his successors, for his gallant conduct during the war. The baron died May 21st, 1782, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

George, second baron, was born Dec. 25, 1753; married April 10th, 1781, Anne, daughter of the right honourable Thomas Harley, alderman of London, and grand-daughter of Edward, third earl of Oxford, by whom, (who died August 25th, 1840) he left issue, George his heir, and eight other sons and one daughter. His lordship died January 2nd, 1802. George, baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, County of Somerset, and a baronet, born June 17th, 1782, succeded as third baron, at the death of his father, January 2nd, 1802; married February 27th, 1819, Charlotte Georgiana, second daughter of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart.. of Tredegar, county of Monmouth, by whom he had no issue. Lord Rodney is lord-lieutenant of the county of Radnor, and colonel of the North Hampshire Militia.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

One of our passengers, a Colonel W——, had served his country in various climes for thirty-nine years, nine of them in India. His eldest son, following in his steps, had embraced that profession also, and was in the service of the East India Company. His other, and younger son, whom he had sent out to Australia to settle there, was located on a creek, a tributary of the Goulbourn. There it was, after two years' residence, that he perceived his constitution beginning to give way, and his thoughts turned anxiously to the home of his youth; when, being encouraged by his physicians who assured him it was possible he might endure the voyage, he determined to revisit Ireland, set his affairs in order, and expire in the arms of his only daughter, left solitary in the paternal mansion. When on board, during a few brilliant days that we were becalmed to the south-west of New Zealand, supported by his faithful servant, Mickey, he left his cabin, and sat in cheery sunshine on the quarterdeck. Thence we sped along, driven on day after day, and week after week, towards the south pole, and in the rougher weather, the veteran was no more seen. Onwards we went, through the Southern Pacific, sometimes surrounded by numerous and immense icebergs, driven amidst them through storm and darkness—a sublime

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but dangerous situation. We were plentifully visited by rain, hail, sleet, and snow, in that wintery region. Again, after rounding Cape Horn, after passing the Falkland Isles, we were approaching the more genial atmosphere of tropical latitudes, and once more the grey-headed warrior, resting his hand on Mickey's shoulder, came forth and basked in the sunshine of the quarter-deck. In that weary, chilly and anxious time, how much he was changed for the worse. Pale, thin and haggard-looking, you felt that he could not survive long. Again he was confined to his cabin, grew gradually worse, and expired on the night of the sixth of June. Intelligence of his death spread swiftly and sadly through the vessel. Early orders were given by the Captain that the whole crew should be neatly dressed and orderly, to attend at noon, the funeral on the quarter-deck. At twelve, the ship's bell was leisurely and solemnly tolled, and four seamen carried the corse from the cuddy, on a portion of the hatchway, sewn up in canvass, and covered with the ship's colours for a pall. On the gangway, on the lee side of the ship, the body was placed: a numerous and reverent assemblage surrounded it, whilst the beautiful and impressive burial service was most appropriately read by a venerable Scotch gentleman, Mr. Erskine, of Alva.

The morning had been bright, the wind gentle, the sea softly glittering in the sun. Now, in the deep silence, and the sound of that one only solemn voice, the sun, as if purposely, retired behind a cloud—the wind sighed amongst the cordage—the very sea birds, petrels, and albatrosses, seemed to move about the ship on noiseless pinions, in the profound hush of the intensely solitary ocean.

How powerfully was impressed upon us, during this scene, the mystery of Life and Death! Always seemed to me most sublime and touching the Church burial service, even where the stir of life is densest in large towns—solemnly beautiful in the homely rural quiet of country churchyards; but at sea, when human life seems a thing of accident, the plaything of wind and wave—how infinitely more impressive!

At the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep," there was a sudden motion of the hatchway, a chilling sensation was felt by all present, and the body was launched into the ocean.

A lady on the poop, saw the body float on the water for a moment, then disappear for ever.

Powerfully impressed by the circumstances of this funeral, I composed almost immediately, the following poem:—

THE SOLDIER FINDS A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

Athirst for fame his native coast
He left for India's burning strand,
To combat with the alien host,
With dauntless heart and desperate hand.
Often he fought, as often he
Returned with joy that victory gave,
Who here this day on the lone sea
Has sunk into a seaman's grave.

When thick the bolts of death were sped,
Where men in festering heaps were strown,
Unscathed midst storms of carnage dread,
He safe returned unto his own.
Returned with fame to love—to be
Of love and fame the blessed slave—
Who here this day, on the lone sea
Has found at length a seaman's grave.

The honours paid to young and old,
To warrior's dead, he must forego;
The drum in mournful measures rolled
The march, with music dirge-like slow.
His comrades armed, his charger led,
Round which war's trappings sadly wave,
With the last tribute to the dead,
How different from the seaman's grave!

Beloved was she who hailed him lord,
And blessed were those who called him sire;
The sharers of his festive board,
The brighteners of his evening fire.
But years glide on, and fast will flee
The things we most would bless and save,
As well he knew, who on the sea,
This day has found a seaman's grave.

And what are love and fame to him
Alone upon the sea who dies,
Where none support the languid limb,
With none to close the dying eyes?
His kindred he no more may see,
Divorced from Love by wind and wave,
Unmourned, unwept of all where he
The Soldier, finds a seaman's grave.

A LESSON FOR MASTERS.

KINDNESS DUE TO SERVANTS,

It is a sad thing for a man to pass the working part of his day with an exacting, unkind, master: but still, if the workman returns at evening to a home that is his own, there is a sense of coming joy and freedom which may support him throughout the weary hours of labour. But think what it must be to share one's home with one's oppressor; to have no recurring time when one is certain to be free from those harsh words, and unjust censures, which are almost more than blows, aye, even to those natures we are apt to fancy so hard to rebuke. Imagine the deadness of heart that must prevail in that poor wretch who never hears the sweet words of praise or encouragement. Many masters of families, men living in the rapid current of the world, who are subject to a variety of impressions which, in their busy minds, are made and effaced even in the course of a single day, can with difficulty estimate the force of unkind words upon those, whose monotonous

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life leaves few opportunities of effacing any unwelcome impression. There is nothing in which the aid of imagination, that handmaid of charity, may be more advantageously employed, than in considering the condition of domestic servants. Let a man endeavour to realise it to himself, let him think of its narrow sphere, of its unvarying nature, and he will be careful not to throw in, unnecessarily, the trouble even of a single harsh word, which may make so large a disturbance in the shallow current of a domestic's hopes and joys. How often, on the contrary, do you find that masters seem to have no apprehension of the feelings of those under them, no idea of any duties on their side beyond "cash payment," whereas the good, old, patriarchal feeling towards your household is one which the mere introduction of money wages has not by any means superseded, and which cannot, in fact, be superseded. You would bear with lenity from a child many things, for which, in a servant, you can find nothing but the harshest names. Yet how often are these poor, uneducated, creatures little better than children! You talk, too, of ingratitude from them, when, if you reflected a little, you would see that they do not understand your benefits. It is hard enough sometimes to make benefits sink into men's hearts, even when your good offices are illustrated by much kindness of words and manner; but to expect that servants should at once appreciate your care for them is most unreasonable, especially if it is not accompanied by a manifest regard and sympathy. You would not expect it, if you saw the child-like relation in which they stand to you.—*Claims of Labour.*

Review.

A Guide to the Ball-room, and Illustrated Polka Lesson Book.—Mitchell, Red-Lion Court.

A neat little work, beautifully illustrated with wood-cuts, showing the different figures of the Polka, and otherwise admirably adapted to the ball-room. This pretty little compendium is written by "a man of fashion," who seems to have spared no labour in rendering his work interesting, as well as useful. It sets out with a concisely written description of the ball-room at the palace, and at Windsor Castle, gives a slight sketch of Almack's, then descants pleasingly, on the importance of learning to dance. In these, our Polka-mania days, this little work must be highly acceptable to all lovers of the light fantastic toe.

Part I introduces an Essay on Dancing, the characteristics of the various countries, learning to dance; Part II, gives the etiquette of the ball-room, general rules, hints to ladies and gentlemen; Part III, describes all the quadrilles; while, Part IV, the last, not least, gives the famous Polka, with all its various figures.

The Gatherer.

Trial by Jury.—At the Kent assizes, John Rough was indicted for stealitg 60lbs. weight of lead, value 5s., fixed to a church at Swanscombe. The prisoner was arrested the lead on his back, and it was found to correspond with the part from whence it was taken. He admitted to the constable that he had stolen it. The Jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," which appeared to surprise the prisoner as well as every body else in the court. The learned judge said—"Not guilty, gentlemen?" One of the jury—"The prisoner was not seen to steal it, it was only found upon him." "Why, gentlemen, he acknowledged it," said his lordship. He added, "Prisoner, the jury must think you a very bad fellow, for they won't believe you."

The Mechanical Arts in China.—The western mountains in the neighbourhood of Pekin are remarkable for the coal which they enclose. So abundant is it, that a league cannot be traversed without meeting with rich strata. Yet, either because of this very abundance, or from the inveterate habit which the Chinese have of leaving all things unperfected, the art of mining is yet in its infancy amongst them. Machinery to lighten the labour is there unknown. They have not even an idea of the pumps indispensable to draw off the water. If local circumstances allow, they cut drainage galleries; if not, they abandon the working when the inundation has gained too far upon them. Their system of ventilation consists in making openings at certain distances, over which they place wheels turned by men; but these wheels, though incessantly in motion, introduce very little air into the mines. The mattock, pickaxe, and hammer, are the mining instruments; a furrow is traced with the pickaxe, the mattock is inserted and driven down with the hammer; and in this manner lumps of coal are detached, weighing from 60lbs. to 80lbs.

An Odd Fish.—As a man of the name of Swales was fishing for shrimps in the river Tees, a little below Stockton, he was astonished in finding what he said he conceived to be the devil. The monster in question on opening his capacious mouth presented to the view of the affrighted fisherman a double row of teeth, sharp as a needle, and strong. On its head a

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couple of horns were placed; on either side a couple of fins, together with a pouch or side pocket. Its length was nearly a yard, and its weight, as he supposed, upwards of 40lb. During his temporary absence from his boat, in which his Satanic majesty was left, some sail-cloth weavers entered, and very unceremoniously deprived his highness of his antlers, ripped open his paunch, and took from its cavity some 8lb. or 10lb of haddocks, dabs, &c. On the "strange fish" being examined by some naturalists, it proved to be the *Platystachus chaca*, not often seen in our rivers, but one of the most voracious of the finny tribe.

Modern Sabine Ladies.—Spanish females, captured by the American Indians, often prefer remaining with their new masters to their former friends. Gregg mentions some cases of this sort. He says, "One woman, I observed, who, from certain peculiarites of features, struck me very forcibly as not being an Indian. In accordance with this impression, I addressed her in Spanish, and was soon confirmed in all my suspicions. She was from the neighbourhood of Matamoras, and had been married to a Comanche since her captivity. She did not entertain the least desire of returning to her own people. Similar instances of voluntary captivity have frequently occurred. Dr. Sibley, in a communication to the War Department, in 1805, relates an affecting case, which shows how a sensitive female will often prefer remaining with her master, rather than encounter the horrible ordeal of ill-natured remarks to which she would inevitably be exposed on being restored to civilized life. The Comanches some twenty years previous, having kidnapped the daughter of the governor-general of Chihuahua, the latter transmitted 1000 dollars to a trader to procure her ransom. This was soon effected, but to the astonishment of all concerned, the unfortunate girl refused to leave the Indians. She sent word to her father, that they had disfigured her by tattooing; that she was married, and perhaps *enceinte*; and that she would be more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances than by remaining where she was."

Smoking Beauties.—Of all the vices practised by the New Mexicans, the *vicio inocente* of smoking among ladies, is the most intolerable; and yet it is a habit of which the loveliest and most refined equally partake. The *puro* or *cigarro* is seen in the mouth of all: it is handed round in the parlour, and introduced at dinner table—even in the ball-room it is presented to ladies as regularly as any other species of "refreshment;" and in the dance the senorita may often be seen whirling round with a lighted *cigarrito* in her mouth.

Anti Scorpion Association.—At Mexico it is difficult to keep the scorpions away from beds at night, and a society has been formed, who offers a reward of three cents for every one of these creatures taken or destroyed. The boys are, consequently on the look out for them, and immense numbers are killed. The body of this insect is of the bulk of a medium spider, with a jointed tail one to two inches long, at the end of which is a sting whose wounds are poisonous as often to prove fatal to children, and are very painful to adults.

Mina's Widow.—Captain Widdrington lately visited the countess of Mina, the governess of the young queen of Spain. He thus describes her:—"Her stature is rather below the middle size, and her person stout, with an abundance of the blackest hair simply dressed; eyes very large, dark and fuller than usual even in this classic land of them, and beaming with intelligence. Her forehead and lower part of the face are remarkable for their development, and an admirable study for the phrenologists, who would pronounce them models as indicating firmness of character. Her constant costume is the deepest black, which completely covers her person, and when she accepted the appointment it was stipulated that she should never be required to lay it aside. [Is it possible that this everlasting mourning should have been worn for that ruthless savage—the murderer of prisoners in cold blood.]

English Law.—There are, at the present moment, no less than 1,540 statutes in force. Of 376 which are repealed, or said to be repealed by implication, or said to be obsolete—that is, never acted upon—there are 142, which it is doubtful, whether they are repealed, or in force! This comprises the statute law only, but the unwritten or common law, regulates three-fourths of our jurisprudence.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say we cannot give "Searcher" the information he wants. The poem cannot be from a very celebrated hand.

"The Mother and Child," "An Apostrophe to the Ocean," "A Thought," and "Lines on the death of a Canary Bird," we are obliged to decline.

"Mr. Jackson's Toe-nail" is amusing, but the sender gives no reason for republishing that which has graced most of the jest books produced within the last half century.

"The Wars of Wamba" are so enormously spun out that our humane readers would be shocked by the apprehension that they would never end.

Our narrow limits compel us to defer many articles intended for insertion. This must be our apology to several correspondents who will not find their contributions in the present number.

"Thoughts in a Cemetery" are rational but not striking. The theme might have furnished illustrations of stirring interest, which the writer has neglected to seize.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 15.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

One of the countless picturesque scenes of Scotland forms the subject of our engraving this week. The varied and beautiful landscapes of "the land o' Cakes," have never ceased to be admired, but the attention of our sovereign being fixed on them, and the numerous additional visitors following in her train, give them, at the present moment, a sort of fashion which they have not always possessed.

The Bridge of Allan, which is three miles from Stirling, and a popular resort of Glasgowegians, is more valued for its romantic vicinity than for its antiquity. A town has, within these few years, grown up in this locality, which is now in a thriving state.

Allan Water is a river that runs into the Links of Forth, near Stirling. Our readers have perhaps heard more of its banks than of the river itself, from the great popularity which a ballad, from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq., called "The Banks of Allan Water," obtained, as sung by Mrs. Wood. The song tells the tale of a fair one, a miller's lovely daughter, who gave her affections to a soldier. The sequel cannot be better told than in the fanciful but touching language of the author of "The Monk."

"On the banks of Allan Water when brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter, but she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her, and the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water none was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, when the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter, chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water there a corse lay she."

That a beautiful girl, and the daughter of a miller should have loved a soldier, and be cruelly forsaken, is not very improbable, but we do not know that it was true.

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The favour, however, which this sweetly plaintive strain obtained, has given the locality additional interest in the eyes of English tourists, and few visit Stirlingshire without desiring to gaze on the "Banks of Allan Water."

MEMOIR OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Though politics are not admitted into the pages of the *Mirror*, historical events are; and the coming of a French king for the first time as a friendly visitor since the time of King John, who was made prisoner by Edward, the Black Prince, at Poictiers, to the monarch of this country, will assuredly live in our annals for centuries to come. A memoir of this prince, though we have not now to mention him for the first time, will nevertheless be acceptable to our readers.

His course has not been one of peace or unbroken triumph. Exposed to more than the ordinary vicissitudes of human life from standing next to the throne, and from boundless wealth, it was his lot to be hurled by one of those moral storms which at times shake a state to its foundation. Louis Philippe was cast on the world almost friendless to pine in poverty and exile. His royal father, known as *Citizen Egalité*, expiated on the scaffold the countenance he had unwisely given to the desperate theorists, who, half a century ago, undertook the regeneration of France. Louis Philippe was born in 1773. He was the eldest of three sons, and the Duke, his father, placed his education under the superintendence of Madame de Genlis. His youth was one of much promise. When fifteen years of age he proposed saving a fund out of his pocket-money for charitable purposes. Of his worth Madame de Genlis has left this fair record:

"The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the last year; he was born with good inclinations; he is now become intelligent and virtuous. He has none of the frivolity of his age; he sincerely disdains the puerilities which occupy the pursuits of so many young men—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, trifles of all kinds, the rage for following novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare, and is, consequently, truly noble; lastly, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

When seventeen years of age he was introduced by his father to the Jacobins. He took the title of citizen, and he preferred it to all that he had previously worn. Several brave and generous actions connect themselves with that portion of his life. In one instance he gallantly risked his own life by leaping into a deep river to save an engineer who was about to sink.

In the early wars between the Republic and Austria he held a command, and was greatly distinguished at Genappes, Tirlemont, and Varroux. He also signalised himself at the battle of Nerwinde, but as the result was unfortunate, he and General Dumourier were summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety. This intimation was understood by the Duke and by General Dumourier to be preparatory to sending them to the guillotine; and instead of obeying the mandate, they withdrew from France.

A sad and interesting, but a glorious, period of his life now opens. He went to Mons, where the Austrian head-quarters were, and was kindly received by the Archduke Charles, who invited him to take a command in the Austrian army, but he declined, as he could not bring himself to draw his sword against France. Then, having obtained passports as an English traveller, he went through Germany and Switzerland. His slender resources were soon exhausted, and he, though born a prince, was glad to accept the situation of professor at the College of Reichenau, to which, after a rigid examination, he was admitted, in October, 1793, under the name of M. Chabaud, being then in his twenty-second year. There he remained, teaching history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for eight months, when, such was the respect inspired by his exemplary conduct, that he was appointed the deputy of the college to the Assembly of Coire.

While still an exile he received the distressing intelligence of his father's death. He afterwards visited Hamburgh, Sweden, and Norway, and occupied his mind in studying their history, and the manners of the people. His mode of travelling was that of a simple pedestrian, with a staff and a knapsack.

Some negociation took place between him and the French Directory in 1796, in consequence of which he withdrew to America. There he became the friend of General Washington. He visited many parts of that continent, and once having bled an Indian chief, with a successful result, he received a reward on which he could hardly have calculated. Mr. Wright, the author of "The Life and Times of Louis Philippe," tells us:—

"It was customary in this tribe, that the whole family, however illustrious, should sleep upon one spacious mat, the relations being all ranged according to proximity,

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rank, age, and other discriminating circumstances. In acknowledgement of the services rendered by the Duke to the grandfather of the chief's family, he was permitted to pass the night upon the family mat between the grandmother and grand aunt, the highest honour ever conferred by that tribe upon an individual of any age or colour."

With his brothers the Duke subsequently went to the Havannah, but there the Spanish government would not allow them to remain. They then proceeded to Halifax, where they were received with much cordiality by the Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty; and shortly after that, they sailed for England, and reached Falmouth in February, 1800.

The royal brothers established themselves at Twickenham, and became reconciled to the other branches of the French royal family. Here Louis-Philippe remained, till he lost his brothers by death. Then seeking change of scene, he proceeded to Sicily, and here he engaged the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the King, and it would appear that the Queen of Naples made her consent to the marriage of her daughter to the Duke, conditional upon the latter taking part in the wild expedition, which was to make her second son, Leopold, Regent of Spain. The Duke of Orleans entered upon this project, and conducted himself in it, with as much prudence and discretion as could be expected. This did no service to the character of the Duke of Orleans in the estimation of the French people; but the presence of the Duke on the coast of Spain seems to have suggested to some of the patriotic party in that country, that it would be beneficial to the cause, if the Prince should place himself at their head, he being the only member of the Bourbon family who enjoyed a military reputation. The Duke of Orleans was appointed by the Central Junta, to the command of a corps in Catalonia; but all the proceedings of the patriot leaders were so wild and extravagant, that the project came to nothing.

The disappointment of the Queen of Naples in her Spanish project provoked her to throw impediments in the way of the marriage between her daughter and the Duke of Orleans, who, however, proceeded to Palermo in order to face his calumniators, and this bold step dissipated the fresh cloud which seemed about to gather over his fortunes. On the 25th of November, 1819, his royal highness was united to the Princess, in presence of his venerated mother, who came to Palermo expressly on the occasion. "If ever a marriage contract was formed, between two individuals of such exalted rank, without the least admixture of ambition or interest," observes Mr. Wright, "it was that of the Princess Amelia with the wandering Duke of Orleans."

He re-visited Spain, and offered his services to the Patriots, as they were called, when the standard of Ferdinand VII was raised; but was ordered by the Cortes to quit the country in twenty-four hours. Upon this ungracious reception, he returned to Palermo, where he remained till the fall of Napoleon, in 1814. The event was known at Palermo on the 23d of April, and on the 18th of May the Duke was in Paris, which he had not seen for more than twenty years.

"On the following day," writes his biographer, "Louis Philippe was presented to the King at the Palace of the Tuileries, in the Sicilian costume, not choosing to wait for a French court suit, lest his Majesty might imagine that he had not been sufficiently diligent in appearing among the Royal family. As the Duke approached Louis XVIII descended, and, advancing towards him, said, 'Your Highness was a lieutenant-general in the service of your country twenty-five years ago, and you are still the same.' The King had actually appointed him to this rank three days before his arrival in Paris. 'Sire,' replied the Duke, 'I shall henceforth present myself before your Majesty in this uniform.'"

After the return of Bonaparte, the Duke, though he adhered to the royal court, shrunk from being engaged in a civil war. He quitted France, and again took up his abode at Twickenham, to bury himself in oblivion. The second fall of Bonaparte enabled him to return to his native country. By Louis XVIII he was received coldly at court, and the King made no secret of his limited confidence in him. The Duke had even been looked upon by some as fitter to fill such a throne as that of France than any individual of the elder branch of his family, and the manner in which he was persecuted by the servile part of the French press increased his popularity. What followed is soon told. A sudden outburst of popular indignation in the metropolis vacated the throne; the Duke of Orleans was placed in the post of "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," and on the 31st of July, 1830, he accompanied the Deputies from the provincial Government *en bourgeois*, with a tricolor cockade. The Chamber of Deputies, headed by Lafayette, soon afterwards proceeded to the Palais Royale, and made a tender of the crown to his Royal Highness, who accepted it, regarding the declaration of the Chamber, "as the expression of the national will."

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NUPTIAL FESTIVITY.

Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn has lately published a series of letters, written while on her travels. One of them offers the following rich picture of an Arab wedding, which she witnessed at Beyrout:—

"A marriage festivity has always something of constraint and unpleasantness about it; the tumult is annoying to the newly-wedded pair, and the guests hardly know why they should make themselves so merry. But our European weddings have nothing to rival the torment of an Arab marriage-feast. The knot was tied about noon, according to the rites of the Greek church. After [this the bride was conducted into one chamber and the bridegroom into another—she surrounded with her female relatives and friends, and he with all the gentlemen to keep him company;—and thus, separately, the young couple were entertained with music, songs, dances, conversations, visits, eating and drinking—only for three days and three nights—no longer! What do you think of such a colossal capacity for amusement? I must confess that I was wearied even with my half-hour's visit. The master of the house, a cousin of the fatherless bride, received me, and led me into the ladies' apartment. As I entered they all arose from the low broad sofa, so as to stand upon the cushion, and at this evolution the bride was supported on each side by her neighbours, as it is a point of etiquette on such an occasion that she should move as little as possible. I was allowed to take a seat beside her, and had a fair opportunity of contemplating her remarkable figure. A figure, indeed, and very much like a doll! She must not speak a syllable, must not look upon a person, nor change a feature, nor open an eye—to make this last point of etiquette sure, the eyelashes are besmeared with some gummy composition. Her eyebrows are painted black, and high-arched; her cheeks are painted red; the hands are tatooed with dark-blue arabesque, and the finger-nails stained yellow. Certainly, if after three days such a bride was introduced to an European, his first exclamation would be, "Wash yourself, my angel!" As there was neither music nor dancing here, I was glad to hasten my visit to the bridegroom, who was confined in another room by Arab marriage-etiquette. But he was allowed to move, talk, and look about him, and, indeed, seemed very cheerful. Here there was music. In a corner of the room the musicians were seated on the floor, one beating upon two kettle-drums, another striking a sort of dulcimer, and the third labouring upon some little stringed instrument—all the three singing too with all their bodily might, in the most discordant tones that can issue from the human throat, mingling together with wild screams, with guttural and nasal sounds—a terrible concert! I stayed a little while, and then made my escape, glad enough that I had not to stay, like the other visitors, until the next morning. I have nerves strong enough to encounter some hardships, but not for such amusements."

THE DEATH OF LORD MACGUIRE.

There are circumstances connected with the execution of Lord Macguire, in 1644, which formeth a striking contrast to the course pursued towards criminals condemned to death in our time. To every humane mind it must appear evident that the change is for the better, though instances have occurred in which it has been charged, that most abominable offenders have been pelted and dealt with as if they had been illustrious victims, who had rendered some great service to their country.

Lord Macguire was accused of being concerned in the Irish massacre which occurred in the year 1641. The murders then committed were certainly marked by every horrible barbarity that could startle and exasperate. Neither age nor sex were spared. Females in that state, which of all others would move compassion in hearts not dead to feeling, were mercilessly murdered, in the most horrible manner. Of being concerned in these dreadful proceedings, Lord Macguire, after a trial, in which the celebrated Prynne appeared against him, was found guilty.

The unhappy peer was immediately sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He requested that he might be sent to Newgate. The counsel opposed to him, sarcastically remarked that he made that application because there were some popish priests in that prison. He then asked that some one of his own religion might attend to confess him, and to converse with him. He was told to name some one. "I desire, then," said he, "to confer with Mr. Walter Montague." "Belike," says the reporter of this scene, "because he knew him to be a popish priest, or a Jesuit." The following conversation then passed:—

Judge: You must prepare yourself to die on Saturday next.

Macguire: I desire a fortnight's time to prepare myself.

Judge: That is too long a space, and I cannot grant it, but you shall have convenient time.

Macguire: I desire that I may have three days' notice, at least, to prepare myself.

Judge: You shall have three days warning, but, however, delay no time to prepare yourself.

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He was advised by Prynne to consult some godly minister, but he declined seeing any one but a priest of his own persuasion. A petition that the manner of his execution might be changed was presented and rejected by the parliament. The reporters of the time give the following picture of the last awful scene:—

On Thursday, February the 20th, he was drawn on a sledge from the Tower through London, and so to Tyburn; when being removed into a cart, he kneeled and prayed awhile. After which Sheriff Gibbs spake to him, representing the heinousness of his crimes, and the vast number that had been murthered by that conspiracy, for which he was to suffer, and therefore exhorted him to express his sorrow for it. In answer to which he said, "I desire Almighty God to forgive me my sins."

Sheriff Gibbs: Do you believe you did well in those wicked actions?

Macguire: I have but a short time, do not trouble me.

Sheriff: It is but just I should trouble you that you may not be troubled for ever.

Macguire: I beseech you, sir, trouble me not, I have but a little time to spend.

Sheriff: Sir, I shall give you as much time afterwards as you shall spend to give satisfaction of the people; I do require you, as an instrument set in God's stead here, to make an acknowledgment to the people, whether you are sorry for what you have done, or no? whether it be good or no?

Macguire: I beseech you do not trouble me; I am not disposed to give you an account. Pray give me leave to pray.

Doctor Silbald: Give glory to God, that your soul may not be presented to God with the blood of so many thousand people.

Sheriff: You are either to go to heaven or hell; if you make not an ingenious confession your case is desperate. Had you any commission or no?

Macguire: I tell you that there was no commission that ever I saw.

Sheriff: Who were actors or plotters with you, or gave you any commission?

Macguire: For God's sake give me leave to depart in peace.

Then they asked him if he had not some pardon or bull from the pope for what he did: to which he only answered, "I am not of the same religion with you." And being further urged about bull or pardon. said, 'I saw none of it; all that I knew I delivered in my examination; all that I said in my examination is true; all that I said is right; I beseech you let me depart in peace;" he continued mumbling over a paper which he had in his hand, as he had done from his first coming. The Sheriff commanded his pockets to be searched, whether he had no bull or pardon about him, but they found in his pockets only some beads and a crucifix, which were taken from him; and then Doctor Silbald said to him, "Come, my lord, leave those and acknowledge your offence to God and the world; one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ is able to purge away the heavy load of blood that is upon you; it is not your *Ave Maria's* nor these things will do you any good; but it is *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata Mundi.*" The Lord Macguire seemed not to regard his discourse, but read out of his paper to the people as followeth:

"Since I am here to die, I desire to depart with a quiet mind, and with the marks of a good christian, that is, asking forgiveness, first of God, and next of the world. And I do forgive, from the bottom of my heart, all my enemies and offenders, even those that have an hand in my death. I die a Roman Catholick, and although I have been a great sinner, yet am I now, by God's graee, heartily sorry for all my sins, and I do most confidently trust to be saved (not by my own works, but only) by the passion, merits, and mercy of my dear Saviour, Jesus Christ, into whose hand I commend my soul."

And then added "I beseech you, gentlemen let me have a little time to say my prayers.'

Sheriff: Sir, if you answer ingenuously to those questions we shall ask you, you shall have time afterwards. Whether do you account the shedding of Protestant blood to be a sin or not? And whether do you desire pardon of God for that sin?

Macguire: I do desire pardon of God for all my sins; I cannot resolve you in anything for my part.

Sheriff: You can tell what your conscience dictates to you; do you think it was a sin or not?

Macguire: For my part I cannot determine it.

Sheriff: Then now it seems nothing to you to kill so many?

Macguire: How do you mean killing of them? To tell you my mind directly, for the killing I do not know that, but the Irish had a just cause for their war.

Sheriff: Was there any assault made upon you? Had you not entered into a covenant? Had you not engaged by oath yourself to the king.

Macguire: For Jesus Christ's sake, I beseech you to give me a little time to prepare myself.

Sheriff: Have pity upon your own soul.

Macguire: For God's sake have pity on me, and let me say my prayers.

Sheriff: I say the like to you, in relation to your own soul; whether you think the massacre of so many thousand Protestants was a good act? For Jesus Christ's sake have pity upon your own soul.

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Macguire: Pray let me have a little time to say my prayers.

All this while his eyes was mostly upon his papers, mumbling over something out of them to himself; whereupon one Sheriff demanding those papers of him, he flung them down; they were taken up and given to the Sheriff. They asked him farther, whether there was not some agreement with the recusants here in England. Whereupon he answered, "I take it upon my death I do not know that any man knew of it;" and with some other such like talk, the Sheriff bidding him prepare for death, he said, "I do beseech all the Catholicks that are here to pray for me. I beseech God to have mercy upon my soul." And so he was executed.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER III.—ADRIENNE'S ENEMIES.

The Princess's valet soon afterwards entered the room, accompanied by a little pale-faced man, clothed in black, wearing spectacles, and carrying under his arm a large portfolio.

"The Abbé," said the Princess, addressing this singular-looking personage, "has told you what you are to do." On receiving an answer in the affirmative, advancing towards a small chamber adjoining the room, and separated only by a thin partition, she told him to enter, and that she would let him know when he was to begin. She then rang the bell, and Doctor Baleinier, an important character in this story, was ushered into the room.

The Doctor was about fifty years of age, of middle height, had long grey hair, separated in front, a pleasing countenance, with a keen grey eye, which indicated penetration and sagacity. He wore, probably on account of his handsome leg, knee-breeches of black silk, and a black coat and waistcoat, which rendered his appearance rather clerical.

The Doctor, a man of the world, gifted with loquacious powers, united to great knowledge and incontestible merit, was, nevertheless, for a long time unknown—a being of obscurity; but no sooner had he gained the patronage of the Princess de St. Dizier, than he was immediately brought into notice, and M. Baleinier soon became the most popular physician in Paris.

When he entered he went up, with perfect gallantry, to the Princess, and kissed her hand.

"Ah! you are always exact, my dear Doctor," said Madame de St. Dizier.

"Always happy—always in haste to obey your orders, Madame." Then turning to the Marquis, he took him cordially by the hand, and shook it, adding, "You have at last arrived. Do you know that you have been three months absent, which is a long time for your friends."

"The time, my dear Doctor, is as long to those who are away, as it is to those who remain at home. Well, the great day has arrived. Mademoiselle de Cardoville will be here shortly."

"I am not without fear," said the Princess. "Perhaps she suspects something."

"Impossible!" said the Doctor. "She and I are the best friends in the world. No farther back than yesterday we were laughing heartily together; and as I made, according to my custom, several observations upon her eccentric ways, she ridiculed what I had said in the most lively and piquant manner. I must admit that she is one of the most original and spirited persons that I know."

"Doctor! doctor!" said Madame de St. Dizier, "let us have, at least, no weak points."

"Weak points, Madame," said the Doctor, taking a pinch of snuff; "have I not had the honour of voluntarily offering my services to free you from your present embarrassing position."

"And you alone," said the Marquis d'Aigrigny, "can render us this important service."

"You will find, Madame, that I am not a man of weak points. I perfectly understand that which I have undertaken to execute; but allow me, as a man of taste and of good society, to render justice and homage to the charming and distinguished intellect of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. When the moment arrives you will find me at work."

"Perhaps that moment is nearer than you imagine," said the Princess, glancing at the Marquis.

"I am and will always be ready," said the Doctor. "I wish I was as easy on every matter as on this. While waiting for Mademoiselle Adrienne I will tell you a few words about the person who has bought the Cardoville estate. Through the medium of Rodin I was appointed physician to Madame de la Sainte Colombe. At first it was considered that it would be easy to deal with her, but latterly she has been refractory; and a certain Jacques Dumoulin, whom you know, my dear Abbé, has by some means or other introduced himself to her."

"Jacques Dumoulin," said the Marquis, contemptuously, "is a writer whom

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one employs, and whom every one
ss; but it must be acknowledged that
n is powerful and venomous, and
renders him useful to us is his won-
theological knowledge."

ell," continued the Doctor, "although
ne de la Sainte Colombe is about
years of age, Dumoulin, in conside-
of her property, has cast a matrimo-
e upon her. You will do well to ac-
Rodin with this, that he may take
steps to thwart the views of this
ır man."

leed!" exclaimed the Marquis, in
e.

is now twelve o'clock," said the
ss, "and the Baron Tripeaud has
arrived."

is the deputy tutor of Mademoiselle de
ille," said the Marquis. "His pre-
s indispensable, and he ought to be
fore her arrival."

is a pity," said the Doctor, with a
us grin, drawing a pamphlet from
ket, "that his portrait cannot do in
ıd."

ıat is that?" demanded the Princess.
e of those anonymous pamphlets
ıre constantly appearing. It is en-
The Scourge,' which gives a faith-
trait of the Baron:—
. le Baron Tripeaud, a man who as
humbles himself before certain so-
eriors, as he is insolent and haughty
who depend upon him—a man who
ng and terrifying incarnate, a cynic
tor, without heart, without faith,
soul; who would barter the body
mother, provided a sufficient sum
iven for it. Let us take a biogra-
ıketch of M. le Baron:—André Tri-
son of an ostler."

ıis moment two knocks were heard,
valet announced M. le Baron Tri-

Doctor put his pamphlet into his
cordially saluted the financier, and
by shaking him heartily by the

the Baron had saluted all par-
asked if the Princess's intentions
ill unchanged regarding Mademoi-
Cardoville.

y are always the same; and it is to
n into execution that we have met

dame, you can depend upon me. I
ıe greatest severity ought to be put
ice, and that even if it was neces-
——"

s also our opinion," interrupted the
s, who pointed to the door of the
where the man with the spectacles
We all agree in this respect: but
ave no doubt in the case; let us look
her interest."

"Mademoiselle has arrived," said the valet. "She wishes to know if she can see you, Madame."

"Tell her that I am waiting for her. Remember I am now at home to no one."

The Princess went to the chamber in which the man was hidden, and made a sign to him.

Strange! for a minute or two the different actors in the scene seemed uneasy and embarrassed. At last Mademoiselle de Cardoville entered.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SKIRMISH.

On entering, Mademoiselle de Cardoville took off her grey beaver hat, which she had put on to cross the garden, thereby exposing her golden tresses, which hung in clusters round her open and joyful countenance, while her large blue eyes seemed more brilliant than ordinarily. When she saw the Marquis d'Aigrigny, she made a sudden movement of surprise, and a smile of derision played upon her vermillion lips. After she had inclined her head graciously to the doctor, and passed before the Baron Tripeaud without noticing him, she saluted the Princess with a half reverential air.

Strange and remarkable! Although the Marquis d'Aigrigny was a man of the world, a man of great mind, one of the most eloquent of the church, and a man of authority, still he felt uneasy and abashed in the presence of this young lady, who was as remarkable for her open disposition, as for her cutting irony.

"You asked me, aunt, to come here to speak to you on matters of importance," said Adrienne, breaking the silence that had reigned since she had entered.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied the Princess, with a cold and severe air; "a grave and important matter."

"I am ready, aunt. Shall we go into your library?"

"No; we can speak here. These gentlemen are old friends of our family. Everything that interests you affects them: and their advice ought to be listened to, and accepted by you with respect."

"I do not *discredit* the friendship that M. d'Aigrigny has for our family; and I *doubt* as little the devoted and disinterested sincerity of M. Tripeaud. M. Baleinier is one of my old friends; but, before accepting these gentlemen for spectators, or, if you prefer the word, listeners, to our conversation, I wish to know what we are going to speak about."

"I thought, Mademoiselle, that amongst your strange pretensions, you included openness and courage."

"As for that, my aunt," replied Adrienne, jeeringly, "I pretend no more to

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openness and courage than you to sincerity and goodness. Let us agree, then, that we are what we are, without pretensions to anything."

"Let it be so. For a long time I have been accustomed to the whims of your independent spirit: I therefore thought that, free and courageous as you say you are, you would not be afraid to answer before these respectable gentlemen what you would say if we were alone."

"It is, then, an examination in form that I am to submit to?"

"It is not an examination. But as you abused the kindness which I had shown in overlooking your caprices, I wish to put a term to them, and to tell the friends of our family my irrevocable resolution as to the future. The idea that you have formed of my power over you is incorrect, Mademoiselle."

"I assure you, my aunt, that I had never an idea on the matter. That never gave me the least concern."

"It is my fault. Instead of humouring your whims and fancies, I ought to have made you feel my authority; but the time has now come to subdue you; your character must be changed, whether by consent or force. You hear what I say?"

"You say, my aunt, that I shall change, which would not astonish me. We have seen conversions *so strange.*"

The Princess bit her lips, while the Marquis d'Aigrigny said, coldly, "A sincere conversion is never strange; but, on the contrary, meritorious."

"Very good," said Adrienne. "To convert one's faults into vices—excellent!"

"What do you say, Mademoiselle?" cried the Princess.

"Only speaking of myself, my aunt. If I was going to become wicked and hypocritical; indeed I would rather cherish my little faults, and look upon them as spoiled children."

"Nevertheless," said the Baron Tripeaud, "you cannot deny that a conversion—"

"I believe M. Tripeaud is *au fait* at the conversion of all kinds of things into all kinds of benefits, by all kinds of means. There is no use in my guessing at enigmas. I desire, aunt, to know the motive and end of this *re-union.*"

"You will be satisfied, Mademoiselle. I will tell you all in an explicit manner; you will know the manner in which you must henceforth conduct yourself; and if you refuse to submit respectfully and obediently to my orders, I shall then know what to do."

These last words were spoken in a haughty and imperious tone. Adrienne, contrary to the expectations of all present, who expected a sharp reply, burst into a fit of laughter, saying—

"This is really a declaration of war."

"It is no declaration of war," said the Marquis, dryly.

"Ah, monsieur," replied Adrienne. "To be an old colonel, you are severe at my comparison—you, who owe so much to war—you, who, thanks to it, commanded a French regiment, after having fought for a long time against France."

At these words, which awakened painful recollections in the mind of the Marquis, his face became red, and he was about to reply, when the Princess said—

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, your conduct is quite intolerable."

"Well, aunt; I acknowledge that I am wrong; I acknowledge that this is anything but amusing; still it is curious. But what is your determination, aunt; what is the line of conduct that I am to adopt, and what is the punishment should I refuse? By-the-bye, let me also inform you and these gentlemen the determination I had taken. I did not intend telling you it till later, but I cannot resist affording you that pleasure, because you seem in such an excellent humour, and are so desirous of listening. I have decided to do that which others from weakness dare not. This is plain, I think."

"Very precise," said the Princess, exchanging a look of satisfaction with the other actors in this scene.

A few minutes' silence ensued. Mademoiselle de Cardoville had penetration enough to remark that the Princess attached great importance to this interview; but the young girl could not understand how her aunt could foster the idea of ever having it in her power to impose upon her an absolute will. Notwithstanding, she knew the vindictive character of her aunt, the tenebrous influence that she possessed, and the dreadful vengeance which she often inflicted. Vaguely searching for danger, far from enfeebling the young girl, it stimulated her to brave it—to maintain her independence—and to carrying out her determination, which she had notified to the Princess.

CHAPTER V.—THE REVOLT.

"I ought, Mademoiselle, in justice to myself," said the Princess, coldly, "*to inform* these gentlemen of several events which took place after the death of your father, which is now nine months ago; *you* were then eighteen, and at that age you desired to live alone, which I unfortunately agreed to. Instead of contenting *yourself* with one or two servants, you chose women, with whom you associated, and whom you dressed in the various costumes of *by-gone* ages. Your follies have been without bounds; not only you have neglected your religious duties, but you had the effrontery

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to profane one chamber, by erecting several pagan altars, and placing near them a marble group, representing various young men and women. Objects of art they may be, but a person of your age could not have chosen anything more reprehensible. You have shut yourself up for days, and would not be seen, and when Dr. Baleinier, the only one of our friends in whom you have confidence, has, by dint of perseverance, penetrated into the heart of your abode, he has found you in so great a state of excitement, that he has been often fearful of your health. You have always gone out alone, and will not render an account to any one; nor will you listen to my authority. Is not this true?"

"This picture of the past is not very flattering," said Adrienne, "but still it is not entirely without resemblance."

"Then, Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "you allow that all the Princess has said, is scrupulously true?"

All eyes were fixed on the young girl, who replied, "Without doubt, sir; my actions have been so open, that they render the question useless."

"They are then acknowledged," said the Abbé.

"But, my aunt, why this preamble?"

"This preamble, Mademoiselle, serves to expose the past, in order to guide the future. From to-day, you will submit blindly to my will; and will do nothing without my permission."

Adrienne looked fixedly at her aunt, then burst into a fit of laughter. The Marquis and the Baron looked indignantly, the Doctor lifted his eyes upwards, and the Princess regarded her niece with an air of rage.

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "such shouts of laughter are not at all called for."

"O sir," interrupted Adrienne, "whose fault is it? How can I remain motionless, when I hear my aunt speak to me about a blind submission to her orders. Is it possible for a swallow, accustomed to fly in the open heavens, and to sport in the rays of the sun, to live in the hole of the mole?"

The Princess looked furious. "What does she mean?" asked the Marquis. "I do not know," replied the Baron.

"Come, come," said the Doctor; "we must be indulgent; Mademoiselle has naturally an original mind; she is certainly the most charming foolish creature I ever knew."

"I know," said the Princess, "that your attachment to Mademoiselle Adrienne renders you indulgent; but to-morrow she quits the pavilion; she shall send away her females; she shall occupy two rooms in my house, where none can reach her without going through my apartment; she shall never go out alone; I will charge myself with all her expenses, as she will not have any money at her command till her majority, which, fortunately, through the intervention of a council of our family, has been indefinitely postponed. Such is my will."

"Your resolution, Madame, is praiseworthy;" said the Baron.

"It is more than time to put an end to such goings on," said the Marquis; while the Doctor, who played his part admirably, ventured to say: "The singular character of Mademoiselle Adrienne, pleads excuses for many things."

Adrienne began to see that something of a grave nature was going on, and her gaiety gave place to the most bitter irony. She rose suddenly, her face became red, her eyes sparkled, she slightly drew back her head by a movement of pride which was natural to her; and said, in a firm voice; "You have spoken, Madame, of the past; I will also say a few words; but remember, you forced me to it. It is true that I left your house; but what was the reason; because I could not live in such an atmosphere of vile hypocrisy and black perfidy."

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "such words are as violent as they are unpardonable."

"Since you interrupt me, sir," said Adrienne, fixing her keen gaze upon the Marquis, "tell me the examples I found at my aunt's?"

"Excellent examples, Mademoiselle."

"Excellent, sir! Is it because I each day saw her conversion in unison with your own—?"

"Mademoiselle, you forget yourself," said the Princess, pale with rage.

"No, Madame, I cannot forget. I had no relation from whom I could ask a home. I therefore wished to live alone, and to enjoy my riches according to my fancy, because I should not like to have seen them wasting away in the hands of M. Tripeaud."

"Mademoiselle," cried the Baron, "I do not understand how you permit yourself to—"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Adrienne, "I speak of you, but I am not speaking to you. I therefore wished to spend my income according to my inclination. I embellished the retreat which I had chosen. For servants, I engaged young girls who were poor, but who had been well brought up. Their education prevented me from treating them as servants, so I rendered their condition as agreable as possible. They did not serve me, they rendered me services; and I paid them, because I was grateful. Instead of seeing them badly clothed, I dressed them in robes which became their charming countenances, because I love what is young and beautiful. I go out alone, for that pleases me. I

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do not go to mass, it is true; but had I a mother, I would tell her what were my devotions, and she would tenderly embrace me. I have erected an altar to youth and beauty, for I adore God in all that is lovely, good, noble, and great. M. Baleinier, you say, has often found me in solitude, a prey to strange exaltations; yes, that is true. It is then, when carried away by my thoughts, from all that renders the present so painful, so odious, that I take refuge in the future; it is then that I discern magical horizons—it is then that splendid visions surround me; and I feel myself enraptured in sublime extacy, and that I no longer belong to this earth. It is then, that I respire a pure and free air—free, free—so salubrious, so grateful to the soul. Yes, instead of seeing my sisterhood so brutally humiliated by those, who, by their seductive wiles, have drawn them into slavery; have, in graciousness, robbed them, in perfidy enchanted them—I see these noble sisters, worthy and sincere, because they are free; faithful and devoted, because they choose for themselves; neither haughty nor humiliating, because they have no masters to flatter. These are not only consoling visions, but sincere and holy hopes."

Adrienne stopped to take breath. She did not perceive that the actors in this scene seemed delighted.

"It is only by exciting her," said the Marquis, whispering, "that we can bring her to the requisite point."

Adrienne looked round, and smiling to the doctor, said, "You must acknowledge that there is nothing more ridiculous than allowing oneself to be carried away by certain thoughts. This affords an excellent opportunity to ridicule my exalted ideas, as they term them; but, at present, I abandon my dreams for realities. You told me your intentions, Madame; then listen to mine. Before eight days expire I shall have left the pavilion for a house which I have fitted up according to my taste, and where I shall live according to my inclinations; for I have neither father nor mother to whom I can render an account of my actions."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle," said the Princess; "you forget that society exacts certain moral duties which we are charged to see performed; and we shall do so, rely upon it."

"Then, Madame, is it you, M. d'Aigrigny, and M. Tripeaud, who will represent the standard of morality. Is it because M. Tripeaud has considered that I ought to deliver up my fortune to him as you did yours? is it because the opportunity presents itself that I shall ask you for the interest of certain monies which I think you have concealed from me."

At these words the Marquis and the Princess trembled, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"This hotel, Madame, belongs to me; and since I leave it, it is indifferent to me, whether you remain in part of it or not; but the ground floor, which is empty, I have disposed of to three of my relations;—a young Indian prince, who is related to me by my mother's side, and two orphans, the daughters of Marshal Simon, who are also my relations."

These words had the effect of a thunderbolt upon the Marquis and the Princess.

"You seem astonished," said Adrienne, looking at her aunt, "but I will astonish you more, by-and-bye. Marshal Simon is expected here daily, and you can easily imagine the pleasure I shall have in introducing him to his daughters."

"Certainly, you are generous, Mademoiselle, and act as if you had a mine in your possession."

"Madame, it is about a mine, that I wish to speak. Considerable as my fortune at present is, when compared to that which will fall to our family in a few days, it is nothing."

M. d'Aigrigny became violently agitated. The affair of the medals was so important, that neither the Doctor nor M. Tripeaud had been entrusted with the secret. The Princess, fearing her niece was going to divulge all, interrupted her by saying—

"There are several family secrets, Mademoiselle, which it is useless to speak of here. I intreat you to drop this subject."

"What have we been speaking about for the last hour, Madame, but matters interesting to those around us, who, you say, are the friends of our family. But you seem confused; so does M. d'Aigrigny. This throws light upon several suspicions which I have not had time to clear up. We shall see."

"Mademoiselle, I order you to be silent," cried the Princess, losing all command of herself.

A lucky event here took place, which relieved the Marquis and the Princess from their embarrassing position. The valet entered with a frightened aspect, saying, that several soldiers were in the court, who wished to see the Princess.

"M. d'Aigrigny," said the Princess, pleased at the interruption, "will you have the kindness to accompany me, to ascertain the cause of the appearance of these men."

The Marquis followed the Princess into the next room.

(To be continued).

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LADY RACHEL.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND RELIGION.

When ardent love bears the impress of holy resignation—when animating reason imparts at once instant utility and commanding dignity to religion—how nobly amiable is the being in which they are combined. Such was Lady Rachel Russell, the consort of the celebrated Lord Russell. Her story is old; but often as the pen of the historian, and the pencil of the artist, have worthily labored to preserve the memory of such virtue, there are still points which deserve to be touched upon, and of which the serious reader will have to be reminded. As a remembrancer, Miss Costello's portrait of Lady Russell is worthy of perusal, though it presents little in the shape of authorship on her part to call for observation.

Attention has naturally been rivetted on this high minded lady's generous devotion and gallant bearing in those dread moments, when the axe of the executioner was about to sever the dearest tie of earth. But they do her injustice who only honour her for the heroic fortitude she could display in the hour of adversity. Let them turn back to contemplate her in those moments in which the sun of prosperity gilded her fortunes, when love and all that constitutes enjoyment were in appearance securely hers, and the full heart had not a wish to breathe. Then see how admirably she could bear the weight of golden gifts, and say who, like her, so sublimely studied the well-known Horatian precept.

She could love with ardour. Witness the following exquisite passages from one of her letters written to Lord Russell on the occasion of a temporary absence:—

"My best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and, this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance, if God see fit, of these present enjoyments? If not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here: what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow, as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon us. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it: it is, from my opinion that, if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long, though, when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with!"

Having this before us, it is truly edifying to compare it with her deportment when the stern march of fate had changed the scene. What a lesson does it teach! While it mournfully reminds us that human felicity is but a rope of sand, how gloriously does it assure the christian that the heart attuned to piety, which can wisely enjoy the rich bounty of God with thankfulness and moderation, is that which will prove most firm when the darkness of life's closing day comes on, which would overwhelm the thoughtless votary of pleasure with wild consternation and unbecoming dismay. On the trial of his lordship:—

"Lady Rachel never allowed the poignancy of her feelings to overcome her presence of mind, or to chill her exertions in his behalf. Rousing all the energies of her nature, she bent their whole force to the accomplishing the only object which was now sacred in her duty; and during the rapid interval of her husband's arrest and imprisonment in the Tower, she never ceased her efforts to provide against the charges which would be brought forward to crush him. The trial came on, and Lord Russell did

> ——not want a faithful friend
> To share his bitter fate's decree.

When the attorney-general's parsimonious indulgence, which grudged the patriot a legal adviser, permitted him to employ a servant to write notes for him, and the chief justice added—'Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please,' the memorable reply of Lord Russell was elicited: 'My wife,' said he, 'is here to do it;' and the daughter of Southampton, whose long services to his country nothing availed, stood forth, in the midst of a full court of her husband's enemies, undaunted in the discharge of her holy office. 'If my lady will give herself that trouble'—was the answer of the chief officer; while every cheek reddened with confusion as the resolute wife took her seat, with the pen in her hand, and her anxious eyes fixed on him for whom she would have willingly laid down her own life."

It was her happiness to have a husband who could appreciate the greatness of her mind. Faithful to duty she made every

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imaginable effort but one, to save a life so dearly loved—that one, which she would not make, was to persuade her lord to abandon his honour. His lordship said:—

"He wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; yet, when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse. At eleven o'clock (on Friday evening) my lady left him; he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him; and said, what a misery it would have been if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. 'Whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed, if she had been still crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard.' He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness for him. But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all. He said he was glad that she and her children were to lose nothing by his death: and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes."

The majestic grief of Lady Russell scorned to waste itself in frantic wailing. She had something better to do than to mourn. It was her business to strengthen, not to subdue, the illustrious victim; and what a magnificent spectacle of courage and tenderness have we in the final scene of his lordship's life:—

"When the last hope of obtaining his pardon was at an end, and even a respite from Saturday to Monday was denied, Lady Russell conducted her children to their father's prison to take a last farewell. He received them with his customary serenity, blessing and embracing them. No recollections of a similar scene, in which his father and family were actors, rose to the mind of Charles Stuart, and filled his eyes with tears and his heart with pity. He was otherwise occupied, and had no time to spare from his *patriotic* pursuits to give a glance into the prison of the man who had endeavoured to save his country from ruin! Again, on that last fatal evening, the wretched wife came to his prison. She shared her husband's last meal, conversed with him calmly, lingered hour after hour, and at length embraced and quitted him without a tear, which should unfit and unman him for his coming struggle."

Not for stage effect did Lady Russell thus deport herself. The touching humility of the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was almost surpassed in the devout outpourings of the bereaved mourner:—

"Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows."

Her life was extended to forty years after Lord Russel's death, but his image was ever present to her mind.

"Where can I dwell," she exclaims, "that his figure is not present to me? nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligations on me."

She never quitted the state of widowhood. Bowing to the mysterious dispensations of Providence, she sought comfort for a wounded mind by teaching others to walk in the path of virtue. Such is woman's love, purified and exalted by religion!

A MISSIONARY AND LIONS.

A singular and appalling incident in a missionary life is described by Mr. Backhouse, in his narrations of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.

"A few months ago, Roger Edwards, a missionary, residing at the Kuruman, had a narrow escape from lions, near this place. He was on his way from the colony; and after resting at Daniels Kuil, he had set out, with the intention of riding to the Kuruman in the night, having a led horse, and being accompanied by a Hottentot, who rode a mare, by the side of which a foal was running. Just as he arrived at some large, scattered bushes, a sudden impression on his mind induced him to alight from his horse, saying to the Hottentot, that they would stop there. The Hottentot accordingly dismounted; they took off their saddles, knee-haltered their horses, turned them loose to feed, and lay down under one of the bushes. They had not been there many minutes, when the mare screamed; they listened, and a lion roared; they raised themselves upon their knees; the horses having got clear of their knee-halters, galloped past them, taking the road towards Kuruman; the mare followed as she could, but her knee-halter had been too

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tight to allow her to release herself from it; they were followed by four lions, at full speed; a fifth stopped short, and gazed for a time at the travellers, as if deliberating whether to spring upon them, or follow the others. The moon was just setting, but it still cast sufficient light to enable them to distinguish the terrific beast. The Hottentot in alarm, began to make a noise, but was immediately hushed by the missionary, whose knees, though not kneeling, smote together, and who said, if ever he prayed in sincerity, it was then, though it was a silent prayer. He thought five minutes might elapse while they were thus situated, but remarked that it might not be so much, as, under such circumstances, minutes necessarily seemed long. The lion at length sprang upon the path, and went after the others. The cries of the mare was heard at a distance, more and more faintly, till they ceased. The missionary and the Hottentot agreed to listen, lest the lions should return; as, in case of such an event, a few low trees near them afforded a forlorn hope of escape; but overpowered by fatigue and fear, they fell fast asleep, and did not awake till dawn of day."

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

"Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."
LUKE, c. ix, v. 52.

Thou whose sweet smile so lately cheered
The circle where its radiance fell;
Thou, in whose gentle soul insphered,
Affections pure were wont to dwell;
Thou, whose young heart was gushing o'er
With kindness, woman's loveliest grace;
Shalt seek thy early home no more,
Nor fill again thy vacant place.

How like a dream—regretted shade!
Appear the last few days of gloom,
How hard to fancy thou art laid
In Sorrow's last abode—the tomb.
I scarce can think that Death has stilled
The music of thy harmless mirth,
I cannot deem that bosom chilled,
Which throbbed with love for all on earth.

My soul is sad, but Faith restrains
The tears which 'twere relief to shed,
For thou, removed from worldly pains,
Art calmly sleeping—art not dead!
And HE, who takes from Death the power
To rear one trophy o'er the just,
Shall, in his own appointed hour,
Re-animate thy slumb'ring dust.

And Hope, divinely sent to bless,
Proclaims, and bids us weep no more,
That if Earth yields one tie the less,
In Heaven we have one treasure more.
Though broken is the friendly chain
Of thought, with thee below began,
Above it will be joined again,
Loved, lost, lamented Mary Ann!

These lines were written on the melancholy death of Miss Mary Ann Henderson, a young lady of great personal merit, who, being on a visit to her friends at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was thrown from a chaise, and lost her life on the seventeenth of last month.

ENSIGN SIMMONDS OF THE TENTH

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has written a lengthy tale, which, we understand, embodies facts which really occurred, growing out of the singular humour of Mr. Samuel Peach, a coachwasher of Sheffield.

It happened that, one Sunday morning, in September, 1815, Sam Peach was sitting in his coach office, "his custom always of an afternoon"—for he used to say that by attending to business, he was pretty sure of business attending to him—and engaged in examining a ledger. A gentleman came in and asked what was the coach fare to London? The clerk, with his pen across his mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear excessively busy, answered, "One pun' fifteen *out*—two pun' ten *in*." The traveller desired to be booked for an outside place, if there were room.—"Not one seat taken," said the book keeper.

"I suppose I had better pay here?" inquired the traveller.

"Just as *you* please," was the reply; "only until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach, nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plethoric purse.

"What name?" asked the booking clerk.

"What name!" echoed the traveller.

"Ay, what name are we to book you by?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller, with a smile, "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last question put to him. Put me down Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the book, and thence in the way bill.

Indeed he was not!

The moment the traveller had described himself as "Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth," Sam Peach closed the big ledger with an emphasis which sounded not unlike a pistol shot—pushed the fat booking clerk aside—took his place, with a countenance quite radient with excitement, and, in his blandest tone, asked what name he should enter in the day book?

"Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth!"

"Well!" said Sam, in the subdued manner of a person holding a confidential conversation with himself—"well, my ears did not deceive me. What a singular thing this is!" Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, "in the army, sir."

"Why, considering that I bear her Majesty's commission, I think I may say that I am."

"Seen any actual service?"

"Yes; two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam Peach. "Got a Waterloo Medal?"

"Ay, and a wound. Indeed I have been at home since my return, getting cured, and

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now that I am on my legs again, I am off to the town to report myself at the Horse Guards as fit for duty. Our second batallion is to be disbanded, and as we are likely to have a long peace, I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment."

"Then," said Sam Peach, rather anxiously, "I suppose you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?"

Mr. Simmonds replied that he was not.

"That being the case, sir," said Sam Peach, "it can't make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon."

"Not go! after paying for my seat!"

"Afraid not; all the seats are engaged."

Here the fat book-keeper chimed in with, "Not one of them. Only look at the way bill."

But Sam Peach pushed the officious clerk away, declaring that he was "a stupid, who did not know what he was saying." Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added. "But, as you have paid your fare, I am bound to make the delay of no loss to you. My residence is within a few miles of the town. I shall feel gratified at your coming out to dine with me to day. In the morning I shall drive you in, if you like, and yon can start for town by any coach you please."

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay—that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality—that he would prefer remaining at the Tontine. —Vainly, too, did he endeavour to ascertain, when it was evident there was no real impediment to his immediate journey to London, why Sam Peach would wish to detain him. But Sam, as if determined to play the host, steadily declined giving any explanation; and the result was, that at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself seated at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had campaigned in the Peninsula, and had hospitable fare at Brussels after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge" (except at the Lombard Arms), was not thought of at that time, and, therefore, a capital glass of wine did them no harm. Much they talked—Ensign Simmonds of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service, and Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the ball, by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last (but this was about the conclusion of the second bottle of that incomparable Port, which tasted like nectar, and smelt like a bouquet) Sam Peach grew communicative about himself; told how he had risen to opulence, by industry, from a small commencement; and boasted how far above his wealth he prized his only daughter. "You shall see her in the morning," said he, "for I did not like to introduce you, until I saw whether my first impression would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary."

A capital breakfast the next morning; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted (as her mother had been dead for many years) in such social duties by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor skrewish.

"Pleasant weather!" observed Sam. "Are you much of the sportsman?"

"Rather," said Mr. Simmonds. "We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges on the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them, when we had nothing else to do."

"Well," answered Sam, "unfortunately I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London, and if you would only make up your mind not to start until to-morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall, and I happen to own the preserves across yonder valley, and tell you that not a gun has been fired there this season."

So Mr. Simmonds remained for that day? To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five and twenty, who had been on foreign service for three years, with a heart beating quick and fast within his bosom, and, at the same time, not engaged in any particular love affair. Fancy him, thrown into the constant society of Mary Peach, really a pretty, if not quite a beautiful girl—pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarters surprisingly comfortable. Fancy all this, and wonder if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he ever had disbursed "one pun' fifteen" for the outside fare to London.

Eventually the narrative proceeds.

It had come to pass that Mr. Simmonds had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him or looked at him.

In love with her, I dare say?

Exactly so.

Oh! I know how it will end—a scene with the lady—a blush or two—half a dozen tears, with a whisper, "Speak to my father."

No; when our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

He was in a precious passion, no doubt.

Wrong again. He told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, for lookers-on see more of the game than the players; that under this

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expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds' family and prospects, was satisfied with the former, and should be glad to improve the latter, and that if he could obtain the lady's consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united, she being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had was never exactly known, but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot and four, which Sam Peach had presented to the "happy couple;" and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride all beauty and blonde, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows:—

"Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when we first met, to bring you home, and take a fancy to you. Know, then, that in the five and thirty years I have been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, booking for places. Generals, colonels, majors, and a crowd of captains, but you were the only ensign that ever came across me. For the singularity of the thing, I thought that phenomenon worthy of a good dinner; and your own good qualities have done the rest. Good bye, now, and let us hear from you and Mary every day."

SERPENTS AND THEIR POWERS.

"How shall we reason but from what we know"—the poet demands. There is some sense in the question; but if we only reason from what we unquestionably know, it may be feared our powers of ratiocination will not be very constantly in great requisition, for what one authority establishes another equally eminent generally appears to overthrow. Hence, we really know little more than we can see, and in comparison with the number and magnitude of the objects which surround us—the powers and even the life of man will permit him to know but little. Schlegel, in writing on the "Physiognomy of Serpents," discredits much that had been stated. Even the size of the boa, of which we thought the best evidence had been obtained, he thus calls in question:—

"One is astonished to hear of sea-snakes of monstrous size; of boas from forty to fifty feet long that attack men, oxen, tigers, and swallow them whole, after having covered them with a frothy saliva: absurdities that bring to recollection those fables of winged monsters or dragons, of which the mythology of the ancient people of Asia has preserved the remembrance, and of which the wayward fancy of the Chinese has multiplied the forms. What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers of talent tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time that they were menaced with danger. Unfortunately, naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptation. Who, for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreille and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the boa, and of the other serpents of great size? How many qualities have not these philosophers attributed to those beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!" The power of fascination which has been so generally ascribed to them, he thus explains away. "Many causes might have given rise to the origin of the pretended *power of fascination* of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary; seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be so seized with fear as, at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not show themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into its mouth, have been already wounded by its poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many treesnakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim. Dampier has several times been a witness to this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was

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locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a dipsas, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, unknown in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents."

The Gatherer.

A Captive Monarch's Occupation.—"Twenty years' ago," says F. Byrriere, "I fancied my fortune made. Such moderate and blameless fortune as a man desires, who is smitten with the love of letters, and longs only for a laborious leisure. I had learnt that the royal archives contained many manuscripts of Louis VI, and I obtained permission to inspect them. They were inclosed in an *iron chest*, itself connected with historic recollections, that encouraged my illusions. In this iron chest had been deposited the first hundred millions of assignats fabricated—what treasures, then, did it not contain? First, they drew out a little coffer of red morocco, covered with *fleur-de-lis*, figured in small silver nails; then, from the coffer, were extracted some twenty paper books, written wholly, and very carefully, with the king's hand. And what did these reciting pages contain?—Day by day, the recital of the hunts which the monarch had attended, particularizing the points of attack, the packs engaged, and the number and quality of the game destroyed. I read them all—ah, fated chest! Behold, my historical treasures down, in a moment, like the assignats, to Zero!"

An Ethiopian washed white.—A coloured man, who had just obtained his freedom, was accosted with familiarity by one of his former comrades, still in bondage. The freed man haughtily signified his disapprobation of such conduct, and inquired in creole French, "Do you not see that I am become a white man?" To this the unsophisticated slave replied, "Look in the fountain, and behold your face;" on which the liberated man rejoined, "Fetch me the shoes upon my feet!" S[illegible] were not allowed to wear shoes in [illegible]tius, as were apprentices!

Writing a Mystery to Uncivilized Men.—William Fynn had lately visited the Fitkani chiefs, N'capai, and Faku, accompanied by one of the Wesleyan Missionaries. Their errand was to obtain a promise of peace for the land; and this object they succeeded, When with N'capai, he told them, that he had heard that the English could convey their ideas by means of writing, and he expressed a wish to see a proof of this marvellous power. One of them was sent out of the way, and, in his absence, something was concealed under the foot of a man, in a particular place, of the chief's own selecting. A note was then written, describing the thing concealed, and the place where it was hid, and sent by a messenger to the opposite party,—who came from his retreat, and following the description in the note, went directly to the man, lifted up the described foot, and produced the concealed article, to the amazement of the Chief,—who romarked, that none of their doctors could do such a thing.

Backbones.—Superstition among the Caffers.—In case of a person being drowned, oxen are sacrificed to the spirit of the waters. A man crossing a river, asks its spirit's leave; in travelling, he casts a stone to a heap on the left hand, and in returning to another on the opposite of the path, considering himself strengthened, he knows not how, by this process.

New Publications.—We find announced as forthcoming, "The Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c., to his Capture and Execution, with copious Biographical Notices," by G. Roberts, in 2 vols.—"Moore's Irish Melodies," in imp. 8vo. with 154 designs, by D. Maclise, Esq., R. A., stated to have been years in preparation.

Heraldic Ink.—Mr. Ede has invented an ink to mark linen, which by means of a peculiar stamp, can be applied with great ease and cleanliness, to mark linen, and once enforced, it can never be obliterated. It does not injure the fabric of the garment, and till that is destroyed it can never be removed. By this means muslins and lace can receive an identifying mark, as well as common shirting or the coarsest towelling.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Phelim," "Scupronius," "An Original Subscriber, and "W. X.," are received.

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HAM HOUSE, PETERSHAM.

HAM HOUSE, SURREY.

"Ham House," the seat of the venerable Countess of Dysart, is situated on low ground, near the banks of the Thames, and opposite the classic shores of Twickenham. The estate is held of the manor of Petersham, by copy of court-roll; but one of its umbrageous avenues extends to Ham Common, in the district of the new Church, at Ham. This mansion, which is a very curious specimen of the domestic architecture of the time of James I, was erected, as appears by the rolls, by Sir Thomas Vavasor, knt., marshal of the household; who, in 1611, was appointed judge of the then newly-constituted marshal's court, conjointly with Sir Francis Bacon, the solicitor-general, and afterwards lord-chancellor. The house would seem to have been finished in 1610, as that date, with the words VIVAT REX, forms a part of the ornamental carvings on the principal entrance door. About that time, also, and during the ensuing two or three years, Sir Thomas enlarged his estate by purchasing several small parcels of adjoining land from different individuals; but in what manner he first became possessed of the property, has not been ascertained. Some years after, the house, and certain customary lands pertaining to it, were surrendered to John Ramsay, Earl of Holdernesse, who died in 1624, or 1625; and by whom, or his heirs, his property was sold to William Murray, who was created Lord Huntingtower, and Earl of Dysart, by Charles I.

The long avenues of majestic elms surrounding Ham House (in some places interweaving their branching arms into the cathedral arch), together with the grove of dark Scotch fir, within the grounds, give this demesne a marked and peculiar character; and the mansion itself, from almost every distant point of view, appears to be enshrouded in foliage. The Petersham avenue is about one-third of a mile in length: the Ham walk, leading from the large folding iron gates, which once formed the main entrance, but are now disused, is almost a mile long, and terminates on Ham Common: the other avenues, which skirt the garden wall on the eastern side, and extend across the meadows near the Thames, are of a more limited range, but include many noble trees. In the forecourt, forming the present entrance (near the stabling and out-buildings), are several time-worn and rugged elms of vast size,

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and apparently of the growth of centuries.

* * * * * *

This mansion is constructed of red brick, and has two points, along each of which a block cornice is continued the entire length, immediately below the parapet. The principal front faces the river; and at each end is a short projecting wing, with semi-hexagonal terminations, extending to the roof; there are, also, arcade gradations between the central door-way and the inner side of the wings. An unique appearance has been conferred on this front, by a range of busts (cast in lead but painted stone-colour), placed within oval niches constructed in the brick-work, between the basement and the first story; and, also in the side walls, which bound the lawn, and extend to a gravelled terrace, with iron gates, and a ha-ha separating the gardens from the adjacent meadows. On the middle of the lawn, raised upon a rocky pedestal (on which is a small shield of the city arms), on steps, is a colossal statue of the Thames, sculptured in stone, and leaning upon a watery urn.

But, however curious its exterior aspect, the chief interest excited by this building is derived from its interior arrangements, antique furniture, fine pictures, select library, and valuable *bijouterie*.

For the above description we are indebted to Brayley's "Topographical History of Surrey," of which a notice more proportionate to its value and importance will be given in a future number.

ANECDOTES OF DESPOTISM.

Men are often discontented and unhappy under every form of government. The evils and mortifications known in a country boasting that it is free, and glorying in self-government through freely chosen representatives, are such that they sometimes feel disposed

> "To fly from petty tyrants to a throne;"

but really the history of "Russia as It Is" does not greatly encourage that idea. Our extracts from "Revelations of Russia," in a late number, startled some friends of "the right divine of kings," and the additions about to be offered will not weaken the impression. We first show how a gentleman and an officer may be dealt with by a Russian prince:—

"The grand duke was one day abusing, with the utmost violence, an officer whom he had sent for to reprimand for some insignificant offence. The delinquent kept retreating, and the grand duke following him step by step, until he drove him against the wall, venting, in the storm of passion into which he had lashed himself, his saliva through his teeth with his expletives, till at last the officer, losing all patience, tore the insignia of his rank from his shoulders, exclaiming, 'Since your imperial highness has spat in my face and on my epaulettes, I will no longer wear them.' "It was afterwards represented" (says a note) "both by this delinquent, and repeated by some of his brother officers of the guard, that he had said, 'Spit on me, but do not spit on the emperor's epaulettes.' 'As for my part,' observed the Englishman to whom they related the circumstance, 'I should have said, "Spit on the epaulettes as much as you like—they are the emperor's—but not on me.'"

A talent for poetry is often found very pleasant, but its professor must be careful how he exercises it in Russia. Our own poet tells us "the muses are with freedom found." Where liberty is unknown they are unwelcome guests. Here is the proof:—

"In the privacy of a very small circle, a young officer repeats some humourous lines he had composed, in which he facetiously calls on the emperor to favour him with an *ukase* for some particular purpose, since *ukases* were promulgated on every subject;—the lines terminating with—

> Tout se fait par ukase ici
> C'est par ukase que l'on voyage,
> C'est par ukase que l'on rit.

The next morning, before he was up, he was sent for to count Benkendorff's office. 'My young friend,' said the count, 'you have got a very pretty talent for writing verses, we hear. We must send you to cultivate the muses in solitude for a few years. You recited some very charming poetry last night, in which you contemplated the possibility of a journey. I announce it to you. (Vous avez prévu un voyage. Eh bien! je vous l'annonce.)' The Feld Jaegar and his post waggon were waiting at the door to convey him into exile."

This, however, it is but fair to remark, could only have chanced in consequence of one member of "the very small circle" being a scoundrel informer.

The following prank of the emperor himself is worthy of the late grand duke Constantine. In Russia those who possess power use it in wantonness. Sometimes the object is to frighten, not to hurt.

Constantine, in a seeming rage, ordered a poor actor to be thrown out of a high window. Instant death was expected, when the sufferer fell on a mountain of feather-beds. In the case of Taraknow, the empress Catherine had a splendid banquet placed before the victim she was about to immure in a dungeon. The rarest fruits and richest viands were pressed upon her, and then by machinery, like that of the theatre, in a moment withdrawn. Her

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imperial grandson, in the case about to be quoted, took the less reprehensible course.

"A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of the most productive iron-works, presuming on his wealth, as people are apt to do, was supposed to have shown a tone too independent to be tolerated, in having evaded such honours and offices as it was supposed his fortune would invest with *éclat*. A man who indulges in any allusions of any sort of independence in Russia is, however, soon made sensible of the chain to his leg. He was refused permission to travel. He had three or four hundred thousand pounds in the national bank; but when he attempted to draw out a large sum at once, it was intimated that he could not be allowed to do so, unless he could show very satisfactorily what he intended to do with it. As a peace-offering, he placed one of his sons in the chevalier guards, where, after some years' service, he was appointed to superintend the purchase of regimental horses. It is customary in all the regiments of the guards to intrust this commission to young men of fortune, as an economical means of getting expensive horses at a cheap rate. They have a year's leave of absence granted them, and, usually, at the expiration of this time are promoted; but they are expected to bring back no animals which are not worth about double the regimental price, so that an undertaking of this nature usually costs them from one to several thousand pounds. Jakovleff acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the colonel; but, nevertheless, he was not promoted. As soon as it was possible to do so, naturally not much enamoured with the service after this, he left it; but he also was, and has been ever since, refused permission to travel. Obliged thus to remain at home, Jakovleff consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and Gallo-mania, and whilst in this state of mind was one day disporting in the Newsky Prospect, in all the glorious foppery of the most *outré* Parisian costumes; on his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief, with a gigantic bow, was tied round his neck; a cloak, so short that it seemed a cape, was thrown over his shoulders; on his chin he wore a beard, 'à la Henri Quatre.' He had an enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels. As he was sauntering complacently along the broad pavement of this St. James's Street of St. Petersburg, the emperor's carriage drove past; and abruptly stopping short, the emperor himself leaned out, and beckoned the beau to approach him. 'Pray,' said Nicholas, eyeing him with humourous curiosity 'who, in God's name, are you, and where do you come from?' 'May it please your majesty, I have the honour to be your majesty's most faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff.' 'Indeed,' replied the emperor, with mock gravity; 'we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up, and taking a seat beside us.' Jakovleff slyly let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat. 'But stop,' said the emperor, who had not noticed this proceeding at first, when they had driven on a little way, 'where is your stick, Save Saveitch?' 'Oh, never mind the stick, your majesty.' 'Oh, we must have your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back,' he said to the coachman. The stick was picked up, and the emperor gave orders to drive on straight to the palace. He alighted, and beckoned to the dandy to follow him. 'Oh, no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, stick, and cloak, and all.' The emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the empress. 'Pray, my dear,' he inquired of her, 'do you know who this is?' 'No,' replied the empress, bursting into a fit of laughter at the sight of the extraordinary figure before her. 'Then allow me to inform you, this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff. What do you think of him? is he not a pretty fellow?' The unfortunate beau, whose feelings may be conceived, after furnishing food for some moments' merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion; but before he departed, he was admonished that the emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. Lenient, however, the punishment inflicted on this harmless ridicule proved not to have been, for the man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill, from the consequence of the fright and mortification he had endured. We will make no comment on this transaction: for after the first smile at reproved foppery, it will furnish the reader with sufficiently grave reflections."

If, however, we may believe "One who Has Seen," it is not merely the despot and his principal satellites that can trifle with the feelings and the lives of men; the evil goes lower down, almost to the lowest functionaries. One story must be transcribed:

"Three Russian merchants, who had been enjoying copious potations, were returning home very much the worse for liquor, and one of them was so far intoxicated, that his companions were obliged to leave him in custody of the boutouchnik, or watchman. In the course of a few hours, when they were a little sobered, regretting what they had done, they went back to fetch him, but the boutouchnik and the two police soldiers

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declared that he had gone away long since. They were about to depart, satisfied of the truth of this statement, when one of them espied the boots and cap of his missing friend, which he immediately recognised. In consequence of the suspicions excited by this circumstance, they repaired to the grand master of police, in whose office they had some friend, through the intercession of whom orders were obtained that an immediate search should be made of the *boudthè*, or watch-house. Although the body of their companion was not at first forthcoming, his clothes, together with those of many other individuals, were discovered in possession of the boutouchnik and his assistants, and a hole was at last perceived, which communicated from the interior of the watch-house with the canal, near which it was situated. Here the remains of the murdered man were discovered; and in the course of the investigation which ensued, it was elicited that a wholesale system of murder had long been carried on in the watch-box, by its guardians, who were in league with the waiters of a neighbouring tavern, who, when any of their guests were sufficiently intoxicated, caused them to be conveyed away by the boutouchnik, who, after murdering them, stripped the bodies, which were cast through this hole below the ice of the canal, where, long before it broke up, they would be carried away by the current. These assassinations were daily perpetrated in a little wooden box, scarce ten feet in diameter, in the Nevsky Prospect, the most populous street in St. Petersburg, and which is generally as much crowded as the upper end of Oxford-street in London."

THE JUMBIE.

Among the negroes regarded as the property of the enlightened republicans of North America, whose declaration of independence opens by proclaiming freedom to be the birth-right of every man, an idea that hangs about the mind, that cannot be dismissed, or, that continually returns, is termed a *Jumbie*. Incessant repetition seems to be identified by the word. In an American annual, it is illustrated by a picture of prairie travelling. The monotony and silence which prevails over these vast expanses, seem equal to those of the dread Sahara. Two travellers with a negro pursue their way, aided by a compass. From some accident, they miss a spring which, they were instructed, lay in their way. This being repeatedly looked for in vain, was supposed by the negro to be the Jumbie, or the effects of the hostility of the Jumbie spirit. In consequence, they breakfasted by a pool of water, formed by the rain in a shallow indentation of the ground. The writer, C. F. Hoffman, then describes the anguish of the superstitious follower, and their onward march.

"The poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously—'Oh massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks—but here we be on de back of great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot for ebber, for ebber. Oh de poor nigger will nebber see de trees, nor de hills nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see anything but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more.' I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with some superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, in such absurd credulity. I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissable where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminable dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre colour. We talked but little during that day. About sunset a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But indeed neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind, which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame. 'What do you sit so

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stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?' said his master. 'No use yet—no use jes now, please massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping.' '*Slipping*!—why what do you mean now, Frank?' 'Gorra, massa, what make dat great wind, but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes where we started in de mornin'—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?' The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist was not a bad preparation for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have laid truly, yet the single fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became coloured by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro. The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm, and about noontide the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate, upon that dreary heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with the blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view; but pain or feebleness of disposition, which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath the glaring noonday sun as immoveably as the gnome upon a dial. I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this abandonment of the poor animal. 'Why Frank be sorry,' said he in reply; 'when the jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den see him ebery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes as now, and always see him de same hour.' We now rode forward rapidly; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and notwithstanding the heat of the 'Indian summer' weather, had accomplished a very long stage, a full day's journey in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend, and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bushranger as perished among the hardy Texans who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont; and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of the imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon we got out of sight of the timber-land; and a solitary raven rose screaming from the body of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible; for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge. 'Upon my soul this is an ugly business,' said my friend, after a few moment's' painful musing. 'Can you see anything—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?' 'From the earth most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie from what he does elsewhere: but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him, makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country.' 'Good God! what will become of us? what shall we do? what can we think of? what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy from looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony—suggesting ever the one idea of poor Frank's jumbie.' We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was no vestige of our having accomplished anything!

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'Still,' I thought; 'while there is nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on — on — and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straightforward direction.' I explained this to my friend in much the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain which soon after set in did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapour became so thick that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp. Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of 'Massa Jumbie,' soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affection of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost startling from their sockets, was gazing before him. 'Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—oh Gorra Mighty hab marcy on us—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss an all—and all got to do the same over again ebery day—ebery day till kingdom come.' I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay more, the lame horse stood there on its verge as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied.

* * The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the farther bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly dispaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and we saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumbie-back*."

THE RUINED COT.

All! all—alas! are gone—
Scattered and parted far and near.
Who in one circle shone.——LOST ONE.

In the shadow of a mountain wood,
In a ruin mossy grey,
On a deserted hearth we stood
To muse on life's decay:
The fox-glove in the lattice grew,
With spiral-tufted bells,
The wild-bee honey treasures drew—
Pure from its purpled cells!
The ivy o'er the threshold crept,
Where gladdening steps had pass'd—
Where radiant eyes, o'er partings wept,
And loved ones look'd their last,—
Where home-sick wand'rers oft returned,
From stranger land or main,—
Where beating hearts with joy once burn'd
To greet their home again,—
Where lost ones sought the loved they left,
When silence echoed—"where?"
And read the tale of hearts bereft,
Writ on "a vacant chair;"
The grasshopper chirp'd on the hearth,
Where household voices sang
The evening psalm—and childhood's mirth
In bird-like carols rang?
The thistle reared its bristly head,
Where cherished household bloom,
Their beauty and deep fragrance spread,
Now faded in the tomb;
The family band in thought I drew,
That nightly gathered there,
When holy words like evening dew,
Bow'd low the head in prayer;
The father, with his hoary head,
Bends o'er the evening meal,
Begs blessings on the children's bread,
And blessings for their weal;
Now, the arm chair they gather near,
With looks and words of fun,
Where tales of old they marv'lling hear,
Days sunny gambol run:
Now who may trace those founts of life,
That Time's all wrecking wave
Has scattered far in ocean strife,
And find each household grave;
Fair faces scattered—closed in night
Bright eyes whose joy and mirth,
Circled with smiles of love and light
The cold and darkened hearth;
Where boyhood in its bounding joy
Dash'd out its crystal wave,
As green earth for the careless boy
Conceal'd no wasting grave.
The streams that from one fountain gush,
Take many a devious way,
Some darkly to the ocean rush—
Some clear in sunshine stray.
Some glide o'er many a flowery land,
In beauty calm and deep—
Some soaring o'er a rocky strand,
Their restless waters sweep;
And who that sees youth's silver stream,
By no dark wand'rings toss'd,
Can tell how far 'twill sigh or sing,
Where sink its waters lost.

M. P. A.

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The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VI.—TREACHERY.

The Princess, accompanied by the Marquis d'Aigrigny, and followed by the valet, entered an adjoining room.

"Where is the commissioner of police?" the Princess demanded.

"In the blue-room, Madame," answered the valet.

"Go to him, then, and tell him to have the kindness to wait for me a few moments."

As soon as the valet had left, the Princess went up to the Marquis, whose face ordinarily ruddy, was pale, and whose countenance, usually bold and haughty, was sad and bewildered.

"You see," cried the Princess, "that Adrienne knows all. What's to be done?"

"I do not know," replied the Marquis. "There is but one sure means, and that is the Doctor. In two hours, it will be too late; that diabolical girl shall have seen the daughters of General Simon. Let me have pen and paper. I will write a few words in haste to Baleinier. One of your servants will take the letter to him, as if it came from one of his patients."

"Excellent idea!" exclaimed the Princess; "there is everything you require upon that table. Do you think the Doctor will succeed?"

"To say the truth, my hopes are but too feeble. The revelations, however, that she made, which were faithfully taken down by the man in the adjoining room, will, at least, cause him to act with more certainty. But to ask him to do it immediately, Hermione, it is almost folly to think of it." The Marquis threw down his pen; then added, with bitterness, "At the moment of success, to see all our hopes crushed. Ah, the consequences of all this will be incalculable. Your niece will do us much injury."

"Frederick," cried the Princess, with anxiety, leaning her hand upon that of the Marquis, "I implore you not to despair. The Doctor is so devoted to us, and is so fruitful in resources. Let us try, however—"

"Well, it is the last resort," said the Marquis, taking up the pen again.

"I will send you Dubois, who will take the letter; but wait for me. I will tell you the meaning of this visit from the commissioner of police." The Princess left the room, and the Marquis wrote several words with a convulsive hand.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SNARE.

Mademoiselle Adrienne, on hearing that the commissioner of police was below, became very uneasy, thinking that he had come to ask authority to search the interior of the pavilion, in order to find the blacksmith whom she thought she had effectively secreted. The young girl approached the Doctor, who was speaking in whispers to the Baron, and said, "M. Baleinier, can I say a few words in private to you?"

"I am at your command, Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, rising, and following Adrienne to the other end of the room.

"My good, good Doctor; you are my friend; you were always the friend of my father. Just now, in spite of your embarrassing position, you courageously took my part."

"Not at all, Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, "go along with you—to thank me for nothing. *Vade retré Satanus*, which signifies, 'Leave me alone, charming little demon that you are.'"

"I do not say too much of you; but allow me to bring to your recollection, the promise you often made me, that you would serve me in anything—that you were my sincere friend."

"Put me to the proof, and you will find that I shall keep my word."

"I shall ask one now—are you still friendly with the minister? Well, I wish you to ask him to do me an important service."

The Princess's valet here entered, and handing the Doctor a letter, said, "A stranger brought this, who stated that it was of great importance."

"Such are the inconveniences of your profession," said Adrienne, smiling, "they never leave you a moment's rest, my poor Doctor."

"Sick people are always impatient; they believe that we have it in our power to restore them at once to health; you will permit me, Mademoiselle."

"Certainly, certainly, Doctor."

The Marquis's letter was not long. The Doctor glanced over it, and, in spite of his usual prudence, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "To-day, impossible! the man is mad!"

"It comes, I suppose, Doctor, from some sick person, who has put his whole hope in you, who waits for you, who calls upon you. Come, my good M. Baleinier, be good; do not turn a deaf ear to his prayer. It is so gratifying to justify that confidence which people place in us."

The Doctor, struck with these words, which were so totally at variance with the contents of the letter, said, "It is from one of my patients, who relies too much upon me—who asks impossibilities. But why interest yourself in a stranger?"

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"If he is wretched, I should like to know him. The person for whom I ask the assistance of the minister is a stranger to me; still I am much interested in him. I must tell you, he is the son of that worthy soldier, who brought Marshal Simon's daughters from the heart of Siberia. He is an honest artizan, the supporter of his family. Here is the way matters stand—"

Adrienne was interrupted by the Princess, who violently opened the door of the room. On her countenance sat a diabolical expression of joy.

"Gentlemen," shouted the Princess, "be so kind as to resume your seats. I have some curious news to inform you, respecting *that* girl."

"Come along, my poor child;" said the Doctor, whisperingly, with a pitiful air, "what's the matter now? Whatever takes place, rely upon me."

At this sudden attack of the Princess, the blood rushed to the face of the young girl; but she checked her anger, and said with emotion, "M. Baleinier, I shall expect you to call upon me as soon as convenient. You know that I have something to say to you." She then took her bonnet, and was putting it on, when the Princess, seeing that her prey was about to escape, rushed up to her, and seized her violently by the arm.

"Madame," said Adrienne, with a look of disdain, "what's the meaning of this?"

"You wish to escape—you are afraid!"

At these words, "You are afraid," Adrienne would have braved a fury. Disengaging her arm, she walked up to the table, and said, in a firm voice, with her eyes keenly fixed upon her aunt, "There is something at the bottom of all this. Speak; I will listen to you, because I am afraid of your accusing me of baseness."

"Gentlemen," said the Princess, "listen. On going down stairs, the commissioner of police informed me that a man, against whom they had a warrant of arrest, had entered the pavilion. I accompanied him. I will leave you to guess the astonishment of the magistrate on seeing that young lady's three creatures, dressed out as if for some theatrical performance. The magistrate asked them if they had seen a strange man enter by the garden, and they replied, with incredible audacity, that they had not. Fortunately, however, one of my female attendants, Madame Grivois, accompanied me, who, after we had searched every part of the pavilion without success, called my attention to a small crevice in the wall. I told the commissioner of it, who immediately pointed it out to his men. They examined it, and discovered that it was a concealed door, which on opening—but it is so odious, so revolting, that I dare not mention it."

"Well, I dare do so," said Adrienne, who regretted much that Agricola had been discovered. "I will spare your *candour*, Madame, in justifying myself."

"It will require both trouble and ingenuity, Mademoiselle," said the Princess, with a contemptuous smile. "To find a man in your bed-chamber."

"A man!" exclaimed the Baron.

"A man!" reiterated the Marquis.

While the Doctor, who perfectly well understood the part he was playing, said, "O, no doubt a thief who intended to rob the place."

"We know what sort of thieves they are," said the Baron, with a sneer. "Fine handsome young fellows, rich and gay."

"You are mistaken," said the Princess; "Mademoiselle does not carry her views so high. He is in a blouse, and acknowledged to me that he was a blacksmith; but, to be just, he is tolerably handsome; and, without doubt, Mademoiselle, whose singular pretensions for the beautiful—"

"Enough, Madame, enough," said Adrienne, who, instead of justifying herself, thought only of the trouble of the family of Agricola. Tell me one thing. I suppose that honest and industrious workman is arrested?"

"Certainly; he has been arrested and conducted to prison; that, without doubt, stings you to the heart. Your tender pity for that interesting blacksmith must be great, for it has entirely silenced your raillery."

"Yes, Madame, I have now something better to do than to rail against objects that are odious and ridiculous." Then, taking her bonnet, she looked at the doctor, and said:—

"I have engaged your influence in regard to one of the ministry. Your coach is below. Would you oblige me by taking me to him at once?"

At these words the countenance of the Marquis brightened; he cast a searching glance at the doctor, who winked his eye as a sign of consent.

The Princess drew herself up erect, and said, in an imperious tone, "Mademoiselle, you shall not leave."

The Marquis replied with a singular expression, "It appears to me, Madame, that we can confide Mademoiselle Adrienne to *the care* of the Doctor."

"Well," replied the Princess, who understood the meaning of the Marquis's words, "perhaps you are right, although it appears to me, that the Doctor is rather indulgent with her."

"Madame, said the Doctor, with an apparent air of chagrin; "I do not think I have been indulgent to Mademoiselle, but just. I am ready to conduct her to the minister's house, if she wishes it. I do not know

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her requests, but I believe her incapable of abusing the confidence that I have in her by making me recommend anything that is unworthy."

Adrienne, affected, stretched out her hand, cordially, to the Doctor, and said, "Do not be uneasy, my worthy friend, you will not be sorry for what you are going to do; for you shall claim share in the performance of a noble action."

"One word more, Mademoiselle, before these gentlemen. In consideration of the heavy charges that are made against you, will you now obey my formal wishes?"

"No, Madame."

"You then refuse to lead a respectable life, which I shall impose upon you."

"I have already told you what I shall do. Quit the pavilion, and live alone, according to my own fancy."

"Reflect well. Take care. This is a grave matter."

"I have already told you; I never say things twice."

"Gentlemen, you hear her. I have done all in my power to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain; she therefore causes me to adopt measures which her audacious revolt alone could have forced me to do."

"Let it be so, Madame," said Adrienne. Then looking at M. Baleinier, she added; "Come, my dear Doctor; I am dying with impatience, for every minute lost, may cause many bitter tears to an honest and industrious family."

Adrienne left, followed by the Doctor, who handed her into his carriage. He, unseen by her, whispered into the coachman's ears, then leapt into the carriage, calling out with a loud voice, "Drive direct to the minister's house."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FALSE FRIEND.

It was a dark and cold night. The heavens were veiled by huge grey clouds, the wind whistled, driving here and there flakes of snow, which had begun to fall. The lanterns cast a dim light into the interior of the carriage of M. Baleinier, in which were seated the Doctor and Adrienne de Cardoville.

The charming countenance of the young girl, encased in her small beaver bonnet, and lightened up by the lamps, was pure and pale, and contrasted strangely with the dark body that surrounded it. The posture of the fair Adrienne was full of grace. Her handsome and slender waist, beautifully designed, in a high-bodied gown of blue silk, developped itself on the soft cushions on which she leant; her little feet, the one crossed over the other, rested on a thick bear-skin, which served as a carpet. In her left hand, of alabastic whiteness, she held a richly-embroidered handkerchief, with which, to the great astonishment of M. Baleinier, she wiped her eyes that were wet with tears. Yes; the young girl was experiencing the reaction of the painful scenes that had taken place at her aunt's. The nervous excitement which up to that time had supported her, succeeded to a painful dejection; for Adrienne, so resolute in her independence, so proud when disdainful, so implacable in her irony, so daring in her revolt against an unjust oppression, was of keen sensibility, which she always concealed from her aunt, and from those who surrounded her. In spite of her assurance, there was nothing that showed the *virago* in Adrienne. She was in every respect a woman; and, as a female, she knew the noble part she had to act, when the least weakness would give advantage or delight to her enemies.

"How, my dear Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, in surprise, "you, who were so courageous a few minutes ago, crying."

"Yes!" replied Adrienne, in a soft voice. "I cry before you—a friend; but before my aunt, never! My dear doctor, you have no idea of the uneasiness that such scenes of bitter irony, in which I am forced to defend myself against that woman and her friends, cause me; for before them I am obliged to conceal all that I suffer, when finding myself so rudely treated by people whom I despise—whom I hate. What can they wish with me? I, who only desire to live tranquilly, and see those around me happy. And my aunt, whose whole life has been one of intrigue and scandal, to accuse me in such a revolting manner, as if she did not know that from my pride and loyalty I would never make a choice that would be dishonourable to us. What is the use of honour and openness of heart if they do not screen us from jealousy as stupid as it is odious."

Adrienne again raised her handkerchief to her eyes, while the Doctor said, in an assuring tone, "Be calm, my dear Mademoiselle. All this is over; you have in me a devoted friend."

"I know that you are my best friend, and I shall never forget how you exposed yourself to the resentment of my aunt by taking my part; for I am not ignorant of her power in doing evil."

"As for that," said the Doctor, with an air of indifference, "we medical men are screened from rancour of that nature."

"Ah, my dear M. Baleinier; Madame de St. Dizier and her friends never forgive." Here the young girl trembled. "It required my abhorrent aversion, my inward horror of all that is base and wicked, to have caused me to quarrel so openly with her. But if death had been the result, I would not have hesitated. Still," she added, with a smile, "I love life; if I can

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reproach myself for anything, it is for loving it in all its brilliancy—in all its harmony."

"Now I am easy," said the Doctor, gaily. "You smile, which is a good sign."

"Perhaps, Doctor, it is the wisest plan; but ought I to do so after the menaces that my aunt has just held out. But what can she do! what is the meaning of that strange family council. Has she seriously imagined that the advice of M. d'Aigrigny, or that of M. Tripeaud, would influence me. And then she spoke of rigorous measures. Do you know what measures she can take?"

"I think, between us, that she only wished to frighten you; that she desires to have an influence over you. She thinks that she is the mother of the church, and she is constantly dreaming about your conversion. Let us speak no more about this, however; your lovely eyes must sparkle to fascinate the minister that we are going to see."

"There is one thing I have not yet told you, the end for which I ask your services." Here Adrienne recited faithfully what had transpired in the morning. She then asked the Doctor if he thought the minister could ensure the liberation of Agricola by her becoming surety for his appearing when called upon.

"Without doubt," said the Doctor; "there will be no difficulty in effecting that."

"Ah, I am so happy. After having accomplished this, I shall go to the daughters of General Simon; and will make Agricola's mother easy, as she may at this moment be suffering much from her son's absence."

"Yes, you will have this pleasure," said the Doctor, smiling.

"How dark and dull the streets are; and how it snows. What part of the town are we in, doctor?"

"How! ungrateful and unnatural inhabitant, do you not know from the scarcity of shops, your dear quarter, the Faubourg de St. Germain."

"Why! I thought we had left it a long time ago."

"And I also," said the Doctor, thrusting his head out of the window; "but we are still there. My unfortunate coachman, who is blinded with the snow, had taken a wrong turning."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, like people who only go out in their carriage, knew so little of the streets of Paris, that she never for one moment doubted what the Doctor had affirmed.

From the time they had left the Princess's, the Doctor had a question to ask, still he hesitated. When Adrienne had spoken of the important interests of her family, which had been hidden from her, he perceived the embarrassment of the Princess and the Marquis d'Aigrigny. As he was ignorant of the matter, and was serving blindly the wishes of the Order to which he belonged, he was excited by curiosity, and after a moment's silence, said; "I am going to ask you a question, Mademoiselle, but you need not answer it, if it be not agreable to your wishes. Before the Princess went to the commissioner of police, you spoke of something that had been hidden from you, which made a lively impression upon the Princess."

"Such an impression," said Adrienne, "that it changed my suspicions into certitude. But I cannot tell you all, Doctor, for in some matters I am totally in ignorance, and there are others which I ought not to divulge."

"As for that, Mademoiselle, it does not matter; I only thought of serving you."

"Listen," said Adrienne, "I have every reason to believe that an immense heritage will, sooner or later, be shared amongst the members of our family. I do not know all the particulars, but after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, those to whom it descended had gone to foreign countries, and had been subject to diverse fortunes."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor, "and where is this heritage?"

"I do not know; but I will know soon."

"Who will tell you?"

"I dare not inform you."

"Who told you that the heritage existed?"

"Neither can I inform you of this," said Adrienne, with a melancholy look; "it is a secret, a strange secret."

Adrienne remained silent, lost in reflection, and the Doctor did not disturb the train of her thoughts.

The Doctor was not sorry at what he had learned; he easily discerned that he was acting for M. d'Aigrigny in an affair of heritage, and he resolved on finding out one thing—whether the Marquis was acting for the Order, or on his own account.

For some time the Doctor and the young girl remained silent, both occupied in the various thoughts that rushed upon their minds. At last the carriage stopped; the doctor alighted first, then stretched forth his hand to Adrienne.

(To be continued).

WALKING ON THE WATER.

Among all the astonishing discoveries connected with the advance of science, we do not find any great improvement made in the apostolic attempt to walk on the water. Twenty years ago it was announced that an individual would cross the Thames, near Waterloo Bridge. In doing so, he proposed to avail himself of the assistance

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of a small air balloon, which was mainly to sustain his weight, leaving him the use of his feet on the surface of the water. But the affair was all talk, like the *flying gridiron* which the *Mirror* exploded last year; it was laughed at: a few simpletons were taken in by the announcement, and then it was heard of no more.

At about this period of the last century it was believed that men could be enabled to traverse the face of the waters by means of a mechanical contrivance. The following description, which gravely announced the successful completion of an apparatus constructed for that purpose, may, at this moment, be worthy of the notice of scientific readers. It is copied from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747.

The inventor of this machine, John Christopher Wagenfeil, a German of considerable rank and erudition, owns himself indebted, for the first hints of his contrivance, to his observations on the swimming of geese and ducks, whence he began to consider it might not be possible for men to imitate them. He soon recollected the artifice mentioned in *Schwenter's Deliciæ physico-mathematiciæ*, part xii., prob. 15, 16, and 17, which teaches how a man, by filling a pair of trowsers, budget, wrapper, or the like, with wind, might be enabled to walk upon the waters without danger of submersion. But, on making the experiment carefully, he found no apparatus so complicated as to render it very cumbersome, and not entirely secure, especially as leaden huskins were to be used, almost as heavy as the wearer, and highly uneasy to him. He therefore conceived that a machine might be contrived of wood fitter for keeping a person above water, and besides furnishing him with the same requisites for swimming as are observed in water-fowl. After several trials, he brought to perfection a machine which he values the more on account of its simplicity, as it is exactly conformable to nature, and comprehended at first sight, so that he wonders how it came to be so long a secret. This machine, which comes about the breast, does the office of the chest in waterfowl, and is of so simple a structure you may employ for it any carpenter or smith. It has the further conveniences of two convenient apertures to receive a quantity of food sufficient for a long time, or to preserve money, writings, or other valuable things in case of an inundation. It signifies nothing, he says, whether this machine be keyed together in the same manner, at both sides, or fastened before with a hook. The handles are added with an intent that it might serve, if need be, instead of a buckle, or other defensive weapon, and that the party, when out of water, might, in some measure, ease himself of its weight (which, while it floats in the water, is insensible), and prevent its pressing too hard upon the loins. Figures 3 and 4 (a pictorial representation accompanied the description) represent the upper and lower surface of the paddles for the feet, which expand or contract on occasion in a manner answerable to the feet of geese. This part of the apparatus is easily prepared by an ordinary shoemaker, and consists of moveable flaps of very thick triple leather, which open and shut, and are fastened to a wooden sole on which the foot rests, by an iron pin, passing through their hinges. Nothing hinders, however, he thinks, but that these flaps or paddles, as well as almost all the rest of the apparatus, may be made of wood. The last thing observable is straps, or thongs, which fasten these water-fandles to the feet. The author, however, seems of opinion that a person may be without these web-feeted conveniences, and yet by the bare help of the *Hydraspis* alone be enabled to save himself amidst a rough sea, or the rage of a torrent that has burst its banks, and overflowed the country about it; since these kinds of shoes are not very necessary, except when one has a mind to pass a calm sea, some large standing water, or outstrip the current of a river; for, as to turning the body to this or that side, or round about, it is easily performed by mere agitation, without any assistance. But that the thing might not rest on bare speculation, the author tells us, that the emperor (to whom he presented a draught of the *Hydraspis*) ordered one of these machines to be prepared, and trial to be made of it on the Danube. The place chosen for that purpose, was where the river, uniting its channels into which it had been separated, forms a whirlpool, and then rolls itself with an extraordinary rapidity, the wind also then happening to be boisterous. There were present three principal officers of the imperial court, besides a vast number of inferior people, drawn thither by curiosity. All were surprised and satisfied at the sight of a man accoutred with his *Hydraspis*, or water-buckler, moving about in the current without danger, even where it was most rapid, and easily making his way with the stream, or in an eddy, though indeed he found it pretty difficult to cross, or go against the river; which is not strange, since to advance against a smaller stream, requires great labour, with the help of oars, poles, towing, and horses.

The uses of this new machine are self-evident; the author, in his dedication, in high Dutch, of his *Hydraspis*, to his imperial majesty, mentions four. First, it may be of signal service in a ship-wreck, putting a person in as much safety, amidst the vast and raging waters, as a goose or duck.

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Besides, he need not strip himself of his clothes, nor suffer hunger, because he can carry food enough with him for fourteen days or more. Second, it may be the means of escaping the danger of an inundation, or torrent from the hills. For if the good man of the house be not provided with this machine in his garret, it will be easy for him to escape, and save besides one or two of his little ones, and carry off some of his richest moveables. Third, it may be of service in war; for instance, when a body of troops is ordered to dislodge the enemy from some posts, or secretly to pass a river for reconnoitring; especially as upon landing, the *Hydraspis* can scarce be so much a burden to the soldier as the ancient shield. Fourth, this invention may be applied to the performance of several recreations and sports to be played in the water where a person may represent a syren, and delight the hearers with several sorts of music, or with hunting of ducks, and other waterfowl. The author ingeniously owns, that his imperial majesty's president of the water-works found some fault with the clumsy round and flat structure of his machine, which might have been made of a convex figure, like a *skate*. He was, however, pleased that so knowing a man as the president testified his approbation of the rest, by his censure of only one particular; but he thinks we ought not to be much solicitous about beauty or elegance, when the case concerns a man's life. But if any one has a mind to arch the bottom of the *Hydraspis*, principally with regard to ornament, he fears that, by an increase of the bulk in so doing, the party will be less able to ply his thighs, or quicken his motion upon the ocean. For this reason he persuades us not to seek after embellishments, unless they conduce at the same time, in a considerable degree, to usefulness. The dexterity of the artist in making it lighter, must doubtless render it less cumbersome; and he assures us that the *Hydraspis* which he kept for his own use, was not above half so heavy as that made at Vienna. Nor is he against making it more soft and easy, by lining the part which comes over the breast with leather, cotton, or deer's-hair.

HOW THE MONARCHS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE USED TO MEET.

The "good old times are gone." Some of the political *Crockerys* of the day, who deem every change for the worst, are shocked beyond measure, to find a king of France and a queen of England can meet, really a good deal like brother and sister; a good deal like gentleman and lady; and even act as if, though they wear crowns, they had the kindly, unsophisticated feelings of mortals.

How different was the case in other days, when Henry VIII visited Francis I; the circumstances of the contemplated meeting were arranged by negociation. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, has left us the following record:—

"That, in regard, his king was to pass the seas, to his danger and cost, and should leave his kingdom only to do Francis honour; therefore that the interview should not be in a neutral place, but that king Henry, his queen, and the queen-dowager of France, should come to Guisnes, and the French king, his queen, and Madame *Loüyse*, his mother, to Ardres, before the end of May next; and then, before the fourth of June following, king Henry should go half a league towards Ardres, without passing the limits of Guisnes or the English pale, and there in some open place near the confines of the French (which should be declared by deputies on either side); the said French king parting from Andres the same day, and hour, and coming to the said place (where no tent was to be pitched), should meet the said king Henry within his own territories, and there should salute one another, and speak together on horseback as long as they pleased. This being done, that the French king should return to Ardres, and king Henry to Guisnes. The next day, that the said kings should meet in some neutral place to be nominated by their deputies; where, after salutations on both sides, king Henry should go to Ardres to see and dine with the queen of France, and his mother, and the French king to Guisnes, to see and dine with the queen of England and the dowager of France. That the said interview should be celebrated with tourneys, and jousts, and exercises of arms, as well as on foot, as on horseback, in some place chosen by the said deputies, betwixt Guisnes and Ardres; which should be ditched, fortified, and guarded by an equal number of persons to be appointed by the said kings. And that during the said exercises of arms, the queens and their train might familiarly converse together, in the evening, still returning to their several lodgings of Ardres and Guisnes. That the honour and precedence should be given to them still, who came to see the other. That the number of the persons and horses permitted to be at this interview, should be signed in certain rolls by the said kings, and should not be increased without mutual consent. That two gentlemen, with an equal number of followers, should watch continually upon the high ways, as well as for surety of the said kings' persons, as for the safer conducting the victuals. And that these, every night, should give ac-

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count to their several kings and councillors of their charge. That the soldiers of the garrisons of Boulogne and Calais should not come near, without express licence of both kings. I find also that it was agreed that the number of counters at tourney, should be determined by the ladies; who, therefore, were required to come thither from all places, that could furnish beauty and worth enough to desire so much honour. This being concluded, the earl of Worcester on our king's part, and Monseur de Chastillon on the part of Francis, layed out the ground for these triumphs, betwixt Guisnes and Ardres; but within the English pale. While these magnificences were preparing, much discourse past betwixt the princes and the ambassadors resident in either court, concerning the ancient forms used at great solemnities. Among which, it appears in a dispatch of Wingfield's, that Francis told him how he had heard that our Edward III was used at such times to have his meat carried up by cavaliers on horseback."

Cold ostentation and vigilant suspicion are sufficiently manifest in these preliminaries; but the meeting itself was still more strikingly marked by strong and incurable apprehensions of treachery. Each monarch gave the other credit for a disposition to take advantage of the slightest excess of confidence; each nation believed the other only waited for opportunity to entrap and carry off its king.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF COWPER.

Arms.—Ar., three martlets, gu. on a chief, engr. of the last, three anulets, or.
Crest—A lion's gamb erect and erased, or, holding a branch, vert, fretted, gu.
Supporters.—On each side a light dun horse with a large blaze down the face, mane close shorn, except a tuft upon the withers, a black list down the back, a bob tail, three white feet, namely, the hind feet and near fore-foot.
Motto.—*Tuum est*, "It is thine own."

John Cowper, esquire, one of the sheriffs of the city of London, in 1551, and alderman of Bridge Ward, left, with other children, at his decease, William Cowper, esquire, of Ratling Court, in the county of Kent, who was created a baronet, 4th March, 1642. Sir William married Martha, daughter of James Masters, esquire, of East Langdon, in the county of Kent, and dying, in 1664, was succeeded by his grandson, Sir William, M.P. for Hertford, who married Sarah, daughter of Sir Samuel Holles, and had two sons, of whom Spencer, the second son, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, married Pennington, daughter of John Goodere, esquire, and had three sons, the second of whom, John, D.D., was rector of Great Berkhampstead, in the county of Hertfordshire, and married Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, esquire, of Ludham Hall, Norfolk. He had issue, William Cowper, the poet, who died unmarried, in 1800, John and Ashley, and three daughters. Sir William was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir William Cowper, a lawyer of eminence, who was made lord keeper of the great seal, 11th October, 1705, and elevated to the peerage, 9th November, 1706, as baron Cowper, of Wingham, in the county of Kent. In the same year we find his lordship one of the commissioners for the treaty of union between England and Scotland, and in the following year (4th May, 1707) he was declared lord high chancellor of Great Britain. On the demise of queen Anne, lord Cowper was constituted one of the lords justices until the arrival of George I from Hanover. In 1716, his lordship was appointed lord high steward of Great Britain for the trial of the rebel lords, and 18th March, 1717-18, he was advanced to the dignities of viscount Fordwick and earl Cowper, but he soon afterwards resigned the seals. His lordship died October, 1723, and was succeeded by his elder son, William, second earl, who assumed the surname of Clavering before that of Cowper in obedience to his maternal uncle. His lordship died in December, 1764, and was succeeded by his only son, George Nassau, third earl, who was created a count of the Holy Roman Empire, 31st January, 1778. He died in 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George Augustus, fourth earl, who died unmarried, 12th February, 1799, when the honours devolved upon his brother, Peter Leopold Louis Francis; he dying in June, 1837, was succeeded by his eldest son George Augustus Frederick, the present peer, the sixth earl. His lordship is a count of the Holy Roman Empire.

GERMAN FICTION.—THE WITCH OF ARNHOR.

In *diablerie*, the Germans have been thought to excel the tale-makers of all

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Europe. Their devils, ghosts, and charnel houses, have been more fruitful of the terrific than those of other nations, with the exception, perhaps, of a few splendid horror-mongers found among our countrymen. The Germans, however, can paint the feelings and embarrassments of simple human beings with perfect fidelity to nature, and yet with almost superhuman power. "The Arnhor Witch," translated from Meinhold, by Lady Duff Gordon, for the *Home and Colonial Library*, furnishes evidence of this. While the absurdities pourtrayed are, apart from the misery they appear to produce, ridiculous enough for a Smollett, there are some touches of nature, so exquisitely thrilling, that they cannot be contemplated without emotion.

Rea, a fair and virtuous maiden, is the child of a respectable minister of religion, who enjoys the love of his flock. Through the chances of war, he and his lovely daughter are driven by the Imperialists from this comfortable residence, with the loss of their property. Still, in the midst of adversity themselves, they, from time to time, find the means of relieving others. The beauty of Rea wins the love of the young lord of Nierkerken, who, however, is restrained by prudential considerations from openly avowing his flame. A hateful old being, called Lizzie Kolken, is jealous of the triumph of Rea, who even obtains the favourable notice of king Gustavus Adolphus, and being moreover rebuked by the minister, she pants to be revenged on both. The sheriff of the district had made improper overtures to the unoffending beauty, and been indignantly repelled. He becomes the ally of Lizzie in her unhallowed attempt to ruin the pastor and his child. The latter, in furtherance of her design, suggests to the parishioners, the possibility of certain accidents which had occurred, partly through her own management, being attributable to witchcraft, and so works upon the suspicions of a simple, credulous people, that they incline at last to admit the suspicion, which presents the opportunity desired by the hag for accusing her to the sheriff.

Previously to this, in their greatest distress, the girl had happened to find among the sand-hills of the Streckelberg, a valuable vein of amber, whence, both she and her father had secretly abstracted enough of the precious deposit to enable them to procure money sufficient for their wants. This was turned to evil. The unaccountable supplies of money were attributed to Satanic agency, and, on the possessors, the *onus* lay of proving how they obtained it. The trial took place at Pudgla, before the *Consul Dirigeus*, the *Camerarius* Gerhard Wingel, and a *Scriba*. The father describes how his child was dragged in backwards, before the judges, by her long hair after the manner of those accused of witchcraft, it being imagined that if she looked towards them, she would bewitch them. The proceedings of the court are admirably reported. Injustice, absurdity, and cruelty characterise them all through. The parson's old servant Ise, was one of the witnesses examined. She declared that she had heard the culprit, or *Rea*, get up in the night, and mention the foul fiend:—

Q. Whether she had ever heard Satan answer her?—R. She never heard him at all.

Q. Whether she had perceived that *Rea* had a familiar spirit, and in what shape? She should think upon her oath, and speak the truth.—R. She had never seen one.

Q. Whether she had ever heard her fly up the chimney?—R. Nay, she had always gone softly out at the door.

Q. Whether she never at mornings had missed her broom or pitchfork?—R. Once the broom was gone, but she had found it again behind the stove, and maybe left it there herself by mistake.

Q. Whether she had never heard *Rea* cast a spell, or wish harm to this or that person?—R. No, never; she had always wished her neighbours nothing but good, and even in the time of bitter famine, had taken the bread out of her own mouth, to give it to others.

Q. Whether she did not know the salve which had been found in *Rea*, her coffer?—R. Oh, yes! her young mistress had brought it back from Wolgast, for her skin, and had once given her some when she had chapped hands, and it had done her a vast deal of good.

Q. Whether she had anything further to say?—R. No, nothing but good.

The malice of the disappointed sheriff, and of old Lizzie Kolken, however, so far prevail, that the accused is ordered to be examined by question, in the torture chamber.

The admirable expedient of making the minister describe what followed, every reader of taste and discernment will appreciate.

The constable laid her on the torture bench.

She shook like an aspen leaf when he bound her hands and feet: and when he was about to bind over her sweet eyes a nasty old filthy clout, wherein my maid had seen him carry fish but the day before, and which was still all over shining scales, I perceived it, and pulled off my silken neckerchief, begging him to use that instead, which he did. Hereupon the thumbscrew was put on her, and she was once more asked whether she would confess freely, but she only shook her poor binded head, and sighed with her dying Saviour

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"Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani," and then in Greek, "Theé mou, theé mou, hina ti me egkatelipes." Whereat *Dom. Consul* started back, and made the sign of the cross (for inasmuch as he knew no Greek, he believed as he afterwards said himself, that she was calling upon the devil to help her), and then called to the constable, with a loud voice, "Screw!"

But when I heard this, I gave such a cry that the whole vault shook; and when my poor child, who was dying of terror and despair, had heard my voice, she first struggled with her bound hands and feet like a lamb that lies dying in the slaughter-house, and then cried out, "Loose me, and I will confess whatsoe'er you will." Hereat *Dom. Consul* so greatly rejoiced, that while the constable unbound her, he fell on his knees, and thanked God for having spared him this anguish. But no sooner was my poor desperate child unbound, and had laid aside her crown of thorns (I mean my silken neckerchief), than she jumped off the ladder, and flung herself upon me, who lay for dead in the corner, in a deep swoon.

This greatly angered the worshipful court; and when the constable had borne me away, *Rea* was admonished to make her confession according to promise. But seeing she was too weak to stand upon her feet, *Dom. Consul* gave her a chair to sit upon, although *Dom. Camerarius* grumbled thereat, and these were the chief questions which were put to her, by order of the most honourable high criminal court, as *Dom Consul* said, and which were registered *ad protocollum*.

Q. Whether she could bewitch?—R. Yes, she could bewitch.

Q. Who taught her to do so?—R. Satan himself.

Q. How many devils had she?—*Illa* (considering). His name was *Disidæmonia*.

Hereat *Dom. Consul* shuddered, and said that must be a very terrible devil indeed, for that he had never heard such a name before, and that she must spell it, so that *Scriba* might make no *error:* which she did, and he then went on as follows:—

Q. In what shape had he appeared to her?—R. In the shape of the sheriff, and sometimes as a goat, with terrible horns.

Q. Whether Satan had re-baptised her, and where?—R. In the sea.

Q. What name had he given her?—R. her as christening money?—R. There were none there, save spirits: wherefore old Lizzie could see no one, when she came and looked on at her re-baptism.

Q. Whether she had ever lived with the devil?—R. She never had lived anywhere, save in her father's house.

She was condemned to be burned, whereat the sheriff's little son came running into the vault with a drum, crying out, "Come to the roast goose! Come to the roast goose!"

She is condemned to the flames. By pious exercises, she prepares for the last terrible visitation, and sets out for the stake.

The procession approaches the fatal pile, when, just as the doomed maiden was approaching the pile, a knight, with a grey feather, on a grey charger, rushes through the crowd, with a gallant train at his heels, overturns or overwhelms the officers of justice, and seizes the maiden in his arms. It is the young lord of Nierkerken, who has not only the power to deliver her, but the proofs of her innocence. All is cleared up, and he avows himself on the spot, as her lover and suitor.

The minister then says:—

"But at these words, my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows were not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me, and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a *Custos*, having finished the *Te Deum* before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, beginning, 'The body let us now inter.' (God be praised that no argument has come of it till *datum*). My beloved gossip rated him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes, which he had promised him out of the church dues. But my child comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral hymn was better for her, than a song of gladness."

The happy result is thus told:

"Soon after, we went to the blessed church to confession, and all the folk stood gaping open-mouthed, because the young lord led my child on his arm. But they wondered far more, when, after the sermon, I first read to them in the vulgar tongue, the *amende honorable* to my child from his princely highness, together with the confirmation of the same by his imperial majesty, and after that, my patent of nobility; and lastly began to publish the banns between my child, and the young lord. Dear reader, there arose a murmur throughout the church, like the buzzing of

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Q. Whether any of the neighbours had been by, when she was re-baptised, and which of them?—Hereupon my matchless child cast up her eyes towards heaven, as though doubting whether she should foyle old Lizzie or not, but at last she said, no!

Q. She must have had sponsors; who were they? and what gift had they given

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a swarm of bees. (N.B. These *scripta* were burnt in the castle a year ago, as I shall hereafter relate, wherefore I cannot insert them here, *in origine*.)

"Hereupon my dear child went, together with much people, to the lord's table, and after church, nearly all the folks crowded round them, and wished them joy."

The Gatherer.

Lord Thurlow and Mr. Horace Twiss.—A Lesson for Attorneys.—Our learned contemporary agrees in one point with the celebrated lawyer whose life he writes. Mr. Twiss says:—"Lord Thurlow had no mercy, and he ought not to have any on a roguish attorney. He had made a certain attorney pay all the costs of an infant's suit, in which he was solicitor, on account of the extremely improper manner in which the case had been carried on. In another suit, upon the death of a tenant for life, who had been entitled to the interest of a sum of money in court, this attorney applied to have the fund out of court on the behalf of an individual become entitled to the principal:—Thurlow said, 'How, sir, do I know that the tenant for life is dead?' The attorney said, 'I can assure your lordship that he is dead.' 'I shall not,' says Thurlow, 'take your assurance as worth anything. Make an affidavit.' The attorney made an affidavit, swearing that the person named in it was dead. 'Well,' says Thurlow, 'and what do you expect from such an affidavit? How do I know that the man named in the affidavit and the man who received the interest was the same person?' The attorney said, 'Then I suppose I must make an affidavit of that also; but surely I am treated with a degree of suspicion and harshness that I do not deserve. I'll make the affidavit, but your lordship will allow me to say that any other judge would not have required it. I know—I must know—the man is dead. I was at his funeral.' 'So you might,' says Thurlow, 'but how does that prove that the man who received the interest and the man whose funeral you attended, was the same person?' 'My lord, hear me—the man who received the interest, and whose funeral I attended, was my client?' 'Why, sir,' said Thurlow, 'did you not mention that at first? A great deal of time and trouble might have been saved. That he was your client is some evidence that he may be dead; nothing so likely to kill him.'"

An Egyptian Imprecation.—An Egyptian, being offended with a stranger, has a very pleasant way of carrying off his anger. Instead of a torrent of abuse, and a string of foolish imprecations, he takes the more sensible course of putting five or six pieces of charcoal at the door leading to the chambers in which the foe may sleep; conveying a wish, or rather an imprecation, "May your faces be blackened."

A Nice Distinction.—Sir Thomas Holt was charged with having cut open the head of his cook with a cleaver, so that one-half of the head fell on one shoulder, and the other half on the other. He brought his action for the defamation, and obtained a verdict; but a motion in arrest of judgment was successful, on the ground that, though it was stated the man's head had been cut open so that the two parts fell asunder on his shoulders, the declaration had not averred that he was dead.—*Lord Lyndhurst's Speech in the House of Lords.*

Honesty is the Best Policy.—A servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he. A short time after, he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir."

On a Clergyman's Horse biting him.

The steed bit his master,
How came it to pass?—
He heard the good pastor
Cry, "All flesh is grass."

Roman Antiquities.—Several medals and Roman coins have lately been discovered at Bavay, in France. There was also a statuette in bronze of Harpocrates, represented as a half-naked child, having a scarf falling from the right shoulder over a part of his body to the left side. On the head is the lotus, on the back a quiver, and on the shoulders wings. On the right arm is a small cruise suspended by the handle, while the forefinger is placed on the lips. With the left hand he leans on a knotted staff, round which a serpent entwines. Near him is a bird resembling a goose, at his feet a hare or rabbit, and on his left a hawk.

What Man Is.—Man has the power of imitating every motion but flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 484 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour—92,100 in a day. There are, also, three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

Definition of a Lawyer.—"A lawyer is a learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."—*Lord Brougham.*

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The Mirror

OF

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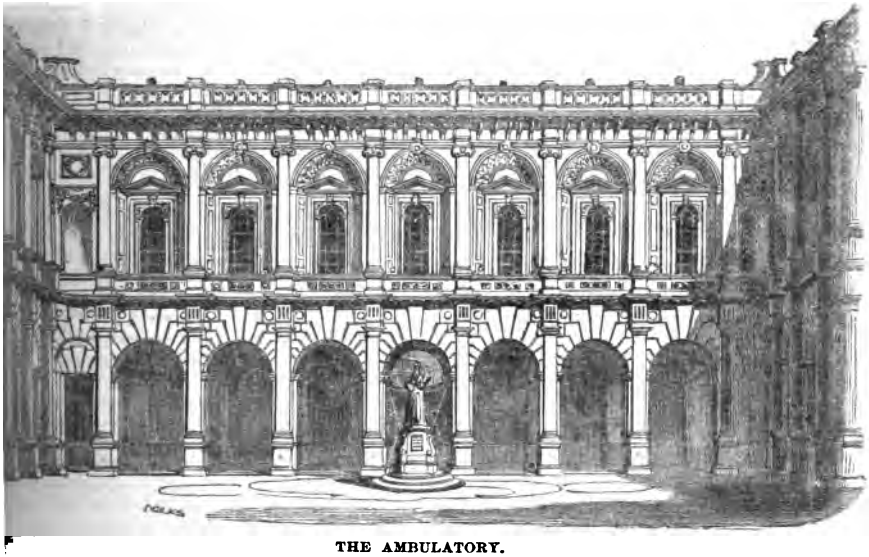
THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.



THE AMBULATORY.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The opening of the new mart of trade is no common-place incident in the history of this great metropolis. Future Staines and Maitlands will delight to recal all the circumstances connected with the completion of a structure so magnificent, as the readers of to-day are pleased to recur to the history of that Burse, which received the name by which it was ever after known, "the Royal Exchange," from queen Elizabeth.

In former numbers of the *Mirror*, the ceremony of laying the first stone, and the west and south fronts of the building, were correctly represented. This week we submit the south-east front, and the ambulatory, or open area, in which the merchants of England are hereafter to meet, as they once did in Lombard Street, and in the walks of Old St. Pauls.

We shall here more particularly apply ourselves to furnish a description which could formerly not be accurately supplied, and in doing this, we shall avail ourselves of the "Historical Description," just published by Mr. Wilson, a work, which for the interesting illustrations so profusely supplied, and the beautiful manner in which it has been got up, at the Maurice Press, will be likely to command extraordinary attention. It will be found to contain a great variety of curious matter from Mr. Burgon's more voluminous history of the "Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham."

Of the building, generally, we read: It stands nearly due east and west; the extreme length, from the portico on the west to the columns on the east, is 308 feet. The plan is much broader at the east end than the west, the width of the portico being 96 feet, the extreme width of the west end 119 feet, and of the east end 175 feet. The dimensions of that part appropriated for the meeting of the merchants, is an area of no less than 170 feet by 112 feet, of which 111 feet by 53 are uncovered and open to the sky.

The diameter of the columns is 4 feet 2 inches; their height, including the base and capital, 41 feet; the extreme height to

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the apex of the pediment at the west end is 74 feet; and the height of the tower at the east, to the top of the vane, 177 feet.

The general disposition of the plan is as follows:—At the west end is a portico of eight Corinthian columns, with two intercolumniations in actual projection, and the centre part deeply recessed in addition. The principal western entrance is under this portico, which is ascended by thirteen granite steps from the level of the street. The whole west end is appropriated to the offices of "The Royal Exchange Assurance for assuring Shipping, Fire, and Lives," the entrance to their offices being on the right and left of the great western entrance.

The great eastern entrance is under the tower. After passing through it, there is a small area for giving light and air to the inner mass of that part of the building, and at the north end of this area is the entrance to the important establishment of Lloyd's. At the centre of the building, on the north and south, there are also entrances to the merchants' area.

The south front is one unbroken line of pilasters, with rusticated arches on the ground-floor for shops and entrances, the three middle-spaces being deeply recessed; over these are richly decorated windows, and above the cornice there are a balustrade and attic. The north side differs considerably from the south; for in this case the centre projects, and the pilasters are omitted at the end spaces. The arches of the ground-floor are rusticated, and the same windows occur as on the south side, but with two exceptions, which are formed into niches. In one of them will be a statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton, by Joseph; and in the other one of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew. The former worthy citizen is celebrated for having brought the New River to London, and the latter, a merchant and a mercer, founded and endowed some of the noblest charities of the city.

The east front is marked in the centre by four Corinthian columns, from which rises the tower. The first story of the tower is square, with ornamental pilasters; at the angles, on the east front, is a niche, in which will be placed a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, by Behnes: above this is an attic for the clock faces. The next story of the tower is circular, decorated with Corinthian columns, and crowned by a dome carved with leaves. The vane is the famous grasshopper that was on the old Exchange; it was not much injured by the fire, and has been restored. It is of copper gilt, and is eleven feet long. In the tower is a peal of fifteen bells for the chimes, cast by Mears; and the clock was constructed by Mr. Dent, the eminent clock-maker of the Strand, under the direction of Professor Airey, the astronomer-royal, and the first stroke of each hour is true to a second of time. The citizens will thus be enabled, by this exertion of mechanical skill, to obtain the exact time in London with as much accuracy as could be obtained by a visit to the Observatory at Greenwich.

The one-pair, or principal floor, is occupied by four suites of apartments; the principal of these, it has been seen, is appropriated to the Underwriters' establishment of Lloyd's. Lloyd's occupies all the east end, and a principal part of the north side. The greater part of the west end is appropriated to the Royal Exchange Assurance offices. The south side is principally occupied by the ancient corporation of the London Assurance, having an entrance and offices on the same side on the ground-floor; and on the remaining part of the south and west are a suite of offices originally intended for the lecture rooms and offices of Gresham College, but at present unappropriated.

The offices of the Royal Exchange and London Assurance consist of board-rooms, secretary's offices, and all the usual arrangements for such establishments on the most liberal and extensive scale; having, in addition, a series of apartments in the mezzanine, or entresol. In

SOUTH-EASTERN VIEW.

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many cases the rooms on the second floor are lighted from the roof; and strong rooms, vaults, and other apartments are provided in the basement story.

Lloyd's contains several magnificent apartments: the staircase is very convenient, and even grand in its arrangements, the steps being fourteen feet wide each, of Craigleith stone, in one length. The subscribers' room for the business of underwriting is 100 feet long by 48 feet wide. This noble apartment runs from north to south on the east side of the quadrangle, or merchants' area; attached to this is a library or reading-room, with a gallery round, furnished with maps and charts. The captains' room, the board-room, and the clerks' offices, occupy the eastern end. Along the north front is another spacious chamber called the commercial room, 80 feet long, which is intended as a sort of commercial club-room for the strangers visiting London for purposes of business. These large apartments are lighted from the ceilings, and also from windows opening into the merchants' area. They are highly decorated, consistently with their purposes, well warmed and ventilated, and are certainly the finest rooms of their kind in the city of London.

The origin and purposes of Lloyd's have been often described, but we cannot help here expressing a hope that so important an establishment may long flourish in this its appropriate home.

The ground-floor of the Exchange, like Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, and the one last destroyed, is appropriated mainly to shops and offices. Each tenement or shop is complete in itself, having, in addition to the ground-floor, a room over, and a basement beneath, separated by party-walls and brick arches of great strength, from their neighbours, and from such apartments as may happen to be over them. The same arrangements for preventing the spread of fire apply to the other divisions of the building, so that it seems impossible that a calamity similar to that which has twice destroyed the Royal Exchange can again occur. A single shop, or even one of the larger divisions of the building, may be burnt, but the fire must be limited and confined to that portion of the structure where it happens; and in this sense the present building is fire-proof.

There is on the frieze of the portico the following inscription, recording the foundation of the original building in the 15th year of queen Elizabeth, and its restoration in the 7th of her present gracious majesty:—

ANNO XIII. ELIZABETHÆ R. CONDITUM. ANNO VIII. VICTORIÆ R. RESTAURATUM.

Occupying the key-stones of the three arches, there are in the centre the merchants' mark of Gresham; and on the key-stones of the side arches the arms of the merchant adventurers of his day, and the staple of Calais. North and south of the portico, and in the attic, are the emblems of the city,—the sword and mace, with the several dates of queen Elizabeth's reign and the present year; and in the lower panels, mantles containing the initials of queen Elizabeth and queen Victoria, respectively. Over the three centre arches, on the south side, are the arms of Gresham, the city, and the Mercers' Company, and the same arms are repeated at the east end on the entablature. Over the centre arches of the north front are the following mottos, viz. in the centre, that of Sir Thomas Gresham, in old French, *Fortun . à . my;* on the dexter side, the city motto, *Domine dirige nos;* and on the sinister, the motto of the Mercers' Company, *Honor Deo.*

At the west end the tympanum of the pediment is adorned with sculpture by Mr. Richard Westmacott, consisting of allegorical representations of Commerce, exhibiting the English merchant in some few of the numerous interesting positions which it is his high destiny to occupy, in transacting, it would scarcely be too much to say, the business of all the earth; for to what strange land, to what remote clime, has not his enterprise extended? Without a figure, he may proudly ask, with Æneas, "*Quæ regio in terris nostri plena laboris?*" and the world, it may be remarked, is now known to be nearly twice as large as it was supposed to be in the days of the old Trojan. The figures are seventeen in number. They fill the tympanum, or highest compartment, of the western front, and are carved in compact limestone, the admirable chiselling of which in a great measure atones for the non-employment of marble. They are not merely in *alto relievo*, as Mr. Westmacott's engagement with the city stipulated; but, with two exceptions, they are modelled as entire and detached figures: that in the centre is 10 feet high, and the standard of the other figures is 7 feet. This is an improvement upon the original compact highly honourable to the genius and liberality of the sculptor. The *tableau* which he has formed, pleases by its masterly grouping and intelligible representation. In the centre, the principal figure, the key-note of the whole, is a colossal impersonation of Commerce, ten feet in height, being, of course, the prominent point of reference for all the others. Commerce, in this classic personification, wears a mural crown, and is accompanied by accessories allusive to wealth and enterprise,—as a cornucopia, beehive, &c.; in her left hand she holds the charter of the

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Exchange, while her right is connected with part of a ship; and the supporting pedestal consists of two dolphins and a shell. On the right hand of the figure of Commerce stands a group of three British merchants, habited in civic robes,—as Lord Mayor, alderman, and common councilman. Next to them are two Asiatics, natives of our Indian possessions, the one a Hindoo, the other a Mahomedan, each readily distinguishable in person as well as costume. Next is a Greek, carrying a jar; he is associated with the others by seeming to move towards them, while he is also in relation with the remaining figures, by his attention being turned towards them. The two remaining impersonations on this side are an Armenian and a Turk; the former, the banker and the scholar of the East, is occupied with a scroll; and the latter, the Osmanli merchant, may be supposed to be busied with his daily accounts; he closes the series of figures on the right, the extreme angle of the tympanum being filled with an anchor and other nautical emblems.

The first group presented on the left of Commerce, shows two British merchants, robed similarly to those on the right; and to whom a Persian is showing some woven fabric. To him immediately succeeds a Chinese, a sailor of the Levant, and a Negro; followed by an unmistakeable British sailor, cording a bale of cotton. The remaining figure is a supercargo or factory agent, or some other commercial functionary; and this angle of the tympanum is filled with jars, packages, &c.

It has been suggested that it would have been in better taste to have placed the figure of Sir Thomas Gresham in the position occupied by Commerce. The fitness of this may be questioned. Though Gresham in his day acted a most important part, it would be going far to exhibit him as in connexion with the traders of all parts of the globe. For the objection that the group bears some resemblance to the decorations of an insurance company, that can have little weight. If the directors of such great establishments choose liberally to patronise the fine arts, by employing the best talent money can command, the most important public buildings, or those by whom they are erected, can do no more. Were a noble gate, with superb Doric columns, to supersede the lumbering timber doors and mean structure at Temple Bar, a gentleman from Euston Square might as well complain that the entrance of a great city resembled the terminus of a railway.

Having described the external appearance of the new Exchange, it only remains to notice the interior. Here we find an open court, something like the cortili of the Italian palaces. The ground-floor consists of Doric columns and rusticated arches; over them is a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows surmounted by a highly ornamented pierced parapet. The effect of this court is very light, magnificent, and ornamental, but still consistent with its uses and purposes. The keystones of the arches of the superior story are decorated with the arms of all the nations of the world, in the order determined at the Congress of Vienna. The arms of England are in the centre of the eastern side. This area is open, which is the result of the determination, not of the architect, nor of the Gresham Committee, but of the merchants of London. In the first instance, and before any steps were taken, the leading members of that body were applied to on this subject, and the decision of a very large majority was in favour of an uncovered area.

The ambulatory, or merchant's walk, is very spacious, and well sheltered. The ceiling is divided by beams and panelling, highly painted and decorated in encaustic. In the centre of each panel, on the four sides, the arms of the nations are repeated, emblazoned in their proper colours; and in the four angles are the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward III, queen Elizabeth, and Charles II. In the south-east angle is a statue of queen Elizabeth, by Watson; and in the south-west a marble statue of Charles II, which formerly stood in the centre of the old Exchange, and which escaped the fire unscathed.

In explanation of the above, it will not be unimportant here to mention, that Edward the Confessor granted the first and most important charters to the city, and in Edward III's time the city of London began to assume its commercial importance. The arms of both these kings occur constantly in the ancient decorations of Guildhall. Those of Elizabeth and Charles II are introduced with their statues, for reasons too obvious to need explanation.

In eight small circular panels in the ambulatory are introduced the arms of the three mayors, viz., Pirie, Humphrey, and Magnay; and also the three masters of the Mercer's Company, Pooley, Sutton, and Watney, who have respectively held office during the erection of the building. The arms of the chairman of the Gresham Committee, Mr. R. L. Jones, and of the architect, Mr. Tite, complete the heraldic embellishments. The ambulatory is paved with Yorkshire stone, marked out into panels by margins and lines of black stone, called Castle Hill, with squares of red Aberdeen granite at the intersections.

The open area is paved with a tessellated pavement of the most elegant and varied

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patterns, after the best Roman examples. The tesseræ, of which this pavement is composed, are burnt to a great hardness, and having cast iron channels to carry off the water, will always yield a dry and clean surface.

Such is the edifice now raised on the ruins of the late Royal Exchange. A building of such magnitude was never carried up in stone within a period so limited, as it has been begun and completed, by Mr. Tite, in less than three years.

THE GARMENT OF THE SAVIOUR.

There, perhaps, exists no relic in the treasury of Rome, more reverenced, or at least, more celebrated than the "coat without seam," said to have been worn by Jesus Christ, when he was about to suffer by the hands of the Jews. The empress Helena, who cleverly found the cross on which the Redeemer died, and distinguished it from the crosses of the two thieves, has the credit for having also brought the seamless tunic to light, which she placed in safety at Treves, a city in which she had long resided, and where, according to some writers, she was born. After her time, through the long period of eight hundred years, we find no mention is made of the Holy Tunic. Towards the close of the ninth century, Treves was sacked and burned by the Normans, and nothing is said to have been saved from their ravages but the holy relics, which a constant sense of danger had caused the clergy to preserve in crypts constructed expressly for their security. The traditional existence of the relic only remained, for that which fear originated, custom retained, and even in times of safety the altar in or beneath which the relic was presumed to lie was alone indicated; the relic itself was never shown. In the quarrel between Adrian and the emperor in 1157, Frederick, when he assembled a synod at Treves, alluded to the existence of the Tunic there, for in his letter to archbishop Hillinus, he says:—"Igitur quia vos primas estis cis Alpes, et cor regni, et metropolis illa vestra, Treviris inquam indyta, *quæ inconsutili præpollet tunica Domini*," &c., &c. ("Since then you are the primate beyond the Alps and the centre of the whole empire, and that your cathedral, that of Treves, is renowned above all others for the possession of the coat without seams &c.") Other proofs are also given in regard to its alleged locality, which was at length put beyond doubt in 1196, by the discovery of the relic in the *adytum* of the cathedral, when archbishop John the First embellished and restored the building. It was shown publicly on the 1st of May, 1196, amidst the acclamations of the whole people, after which it was shut up again in the high altar. Another interval of 316 years occurred before the relic was again seen, when it was brought forward, at the instance of the emperor Maximilian, who had assembled a diet in Treves. The opening of the altar took place on the 14th of April, 1512, before all the dignitaries of Treves, and a wooden box, inlaid with ivory, of very beautiful workmanship was found. It was sealed, and when opened the robe was discovered with a written inscription. "This is the coat without seam of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." On the 12th of May following, the relic was once more displayed to an immense concourse of people, with no less effect than on the first occasion; an effect which suggested to Leo X the idea of turning it prominently to account, in the sale of indulgences. His bull, dated 15th of January, 1514, granted a plenary indulgence to all who came to Treves to confess their sins before the sacred Tunic,—and, that opportunity might not be wanting, he ordered that it should be publicly exhibited every seven years. The Reformation, however, intervened before the first term prescribed by the Pope, and it was not till 1531, that the exhibition again took place. During the remainder of the sixteenth century, the relic was exposed at four different periods, in 1545, 1553, 1585, and 1594,—but the thirty years' war occupied the attention of Germany too closely to admit of much religious ceremonial, especially when the opposing armies were under such strong religious influence: it was, therefore, not until after the peace of Westphalia, 20th of February, 1655, that it was again shown. The dread of the arms of Louis XIV induced the electors of Treves to transport the relic to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; nor was it again made visible till 1725, when it was shown to the archbishop of Cologne. Other public exhibitions subsequently took place at Ehrenbreitstein in the eighteenth century; but when the French armies approached the Rhine in 1794, it was no time for trusting to the security of the Holy Tunic even to a fortress. It was then conveyed away and deposited in a place, the secret of which was known only to a very few persons, whose interest it was not to divulge it. It became afterwards known that that place was Bamberg, where it remained till 1803, and was then removed by the electors of Augsburg. A dispute afterwards arose for its possession between the duke of Nassau and the church of Treves; and the king of Bavaria also put in his claim for it—but it was finally decided by Napoleon, the arbiter at that time of all

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things spiritual as well as mundane, that restitution should be made to Treves, and in 1810, it was once more brought to its accustomed resting-place. The exhibition in that year was one remarkable for its display, and for the number of pious who flocked to the electoral city to behold the relic,—no less than 227,000 people!

Our readers will learn, with some surprise, that this ancient relic has again been brought to light, and has recently been followed with more eager curiosity, if not with more reverence than ever. It was publicly exhibited at Treves, in the months of August and September, in the present year; and the numbers who have visited the shrine, which has the glory of bearing the Seamless Garment, since the 18th of August, exceeded 1,000,000! It was to be exposed to the public gaze for six weeks only; but a seventh week was added, and it was seen for the last time, on Sunday, the 6th instant.

Some who have been to gaze on this treasured object, have made rich offerings. If the church or the fraternity entrusted with it, only realise sixpence clear profit, from each visitor, something like £250,000 must have been gained by the display!

But piety, and even worldy interest would prompt many to be liberal. Not only was the robe ancient, curious, and venerated, but, so ran the rumour, "All who touched it were cured!" It is positively stated, the young countess Jeanne de Droste-Vistheering, of Munster, niece of the present archbishop of Cologne, was the first whose malady was submitted for cure by touching the holy robe. The success was triumphant! the young lady who had tried all the baths in Germany for the last three years to remove her lameness, no sooner bent before the relic, and touched the sacred cloth than her limbs were straightened, her figure became once more erect,—and she quitted the cathedral, leaving her crutches behind her in memory of her miraculous cure. There the crutches remain, beside the high altar. But the countess is not the only instance of the efficacy of the Holy Tunic in similar cases. It is positively affirmed that no fewer than thirteen cures have been performed by the same means;—a boy who had been blind from childhood; a girl who was deaf and dumb; and several others affected with *permanent* maladies, subjected to the test, have all been sent away restored! My *valet de place* (writes a correspondent of the *Athenæum*) told me he had himself known one subject a complete cripple, who was now as straight as an arrow.

The Tunic, which has thus successfully been exhibited in the year of grace, 1844, is a robe of a reddish-brown colour, stretched out flat upon a piece of white silk, in a glass case placed upright upon the high altar. The sleeves are displayed; and it measures five feet each way from one extremity to the other. In its texture it is difficult to say how it has been wrought, so that Bower's description holds perfectly good. He says, in his "Annals of Treves" (tom. ii. p. 91), "The threads are so fine and so closely united, that the eye cannot discover whether the vestment is woven or wrought with a needle . . . . . The colour is reddish, and in the light of the sun resembles unprepared cinnabar." At a short distance it resembles the stamped leather now manufactured to imitate oak wainscoting, but on a closer examination one sees that the material is evidently of flax. The folds are apparent, and the surface of the cloth appears to shale, or rather crack—the result of age. It has no collar—merely a hole for the head to pass through, and must have reached to the ancles. The case in which it is contained, is of the same form as the tunic—like the letter T—and at the base on either side is an aperture through which the officiating priests introduce the medals, pictures, books, and other objects of the blessed by contact with the sacred vestment. The manner in which it is inspected is in procession formed in a double line, marshalled by the Prussian gendarmerie outside the doors of the cathedral. The procession advances slowly until the steps of the high altar are passed, and a momentary pause is made before the relic, to gaze upon it, and deposit an offering. The amount collected in this manner must have been very great, for each day produces an enormous heap, in which, though copper predominates, a great deal of silver appears, and now and then gold pieces, and *scheine* or paper money. To facilitate the approach to strangers and foreigners, certain hours are set apart, when, by applying at a different door, admission to the cathedral is given, and the line of the procession intercepted, thus obviating the necessity of waiting for some hours bareheaded in the streets. The mass of people endured the delay without an impatient look; they kept close file, but were chiefly engaged in chanting the Ave Maria,—the women first, and then the men, in a clear ringing tone. The finest effect of the procession was witnessed at night, when the cathedral was lit up, and the deep tones of the vesper bell pealed through the aisles like diapason notes.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The Gresham family was of considerable importance in Norfolk during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary. They are supposed to have gained their

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appellation from the village of Gresham, in Norfolk. One John Gresham had four sons, whose names were William, Thomas, Richard, and John. Richard and John were knighted by Henry VIII. Richard was the father of the subject of this notice, the founder of the Exchange, who appears to have been apprenticed to his uncle, Sir John, an eminent merchant.

It appears Sir Thomas, in his youth, was sent to Cambridge University, for which he retained a kindly feeling to the end of his life. His father, Sir Richard, became Lord Mayor of London, and died at Bethnal Green, February 21, 1548-9.

In transacting his uncle's business, Sir Thomas became intimately acquainted with the money markets of Flanders; and he was appointed "king's factor," or "king's merchant," by king Edward VI, and was employed in raising loans for the service of that prince, which caused him to remove with his wife to Antwerp. Wilson's "Historical Account," founded on Burgon's elaborate and valuable work, then gives the following particulars of his progress:—

During the two first years of his being engaged in the public service, he posted from Antwerp no fewer than forty times. Between the 1st of March, 1552, and the 27th of July, his payments amounted to £106,301 4s. 4d.; his travelling expenses for riding in and out eight times £102 10s., including a supper and a banquet to the Schetz and the Fudgers, with whom he had to transact business—£26, being equal, Mr. Burgon calculates, to £250, at the present day. The feast must have been one of great magnificence, as the guests appear to have been not more than twenty. On such occasions, Gresham deemed it policy to "make as good chere as he could."

Intwood Hall, near Norwich, built by Sir Richard Gresham, was his country seat in England, which was often the scene of elegant hospitality. His London establishment was in Lombard-street, then the handsomest street in London, where he had a shop, over the door of which, his crest, a grasshopper, appeared by the way of sign, the common usage of the merchants and bankers of that time. The site of Sir Thomas Gresham's place of business is now occupied by the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martins, and Stone. From the nature of his engagements he was compelled, for the greater part of his time, to reside with his family at Antwerp. His exertions met with the distinct approbation of his royal master. He bestowed on Gresham a gift of lands of the value of one hundred pounds per annum, accompanying it with the remark, "you shall know that you have served a king."

When queen Mary succeeded her brother, Gresham found himself superseded. This he thought he owed to the hospitality of the bishop of Winchester. He memorialized Mary, and set forth the valuable services he had rendered to her brother, which had been requited in the manner already described. His representations, or the inefficiency of his successor, led to his being speedily reinstated. From the correspondence preserved in the State-paper Office, it is clear that he used great activity as well as much skill and prudence, in raising money for the queen. It was customary to pay a rate of interest that would now be considered enormous on a loan. Great dificulty was found in obtaining money; and when parties were willing to lend, to claim ten, twelve, or fourteen per cent. per annum, was not thought at all out of the way. After negociating several loans, Gresham felt, that, instead of sending such large sums abroad, it would be a desirable thing to secure them for the capitalist at home. With the eye of a statesman, he saw that it would be more convenient for the borrower. The still more profitable system of "repudiation," which borrows and refuses all payment, never occurred to him.

It is not unworthy of remark, that in all monetary transactions Sir Thomas seems to have been in advance of the age in which he lived. To serve king Edward while at Antwerp, he devised a scheme for operating on the currency, so as to render the exchange favourable to the English purposes. If allowed to take his own course, he promised in two years to relieve his sovereign from all difficulties. His plan for effecting this was thus laid down:—

"My reqest shall be that his majesty and you, to apoynte me out weekly, xii or xiii c [1,300*l.*] poundes, to be secretly resevyd at one man's handes; so that yt maye be kept secret, and I maye thereunto trust, and that I maye make my reconning thereof assewredly. I shall so use this matter here in this towne of Andwerpe that every day I will be sure to take up ii or iii c *li.* [2 or 300*l.*] sterlinge by exchange. And thus doing, yt shall not be persevyd, nor yt shall not be no occasyone to make the exchange fall. For that it shall be takynne up in my name. And so by these means, in working by delyberacoine and tyme, the merchaunts turn also shall be servyd. As allso this shuld bring all merchants owght of suspicione, who do nothing to [wards] payments of the king's detts; and will not stycke to saye that ere the payment of the king's dett be made, yt will bringe down the exchange to xiiis. iiiid.. whyche I trust never to see that daye. So that by this you maye perseve, yf that I doo take up every daye but ii c *li.*[200*l.*] sterling, it will amownt in one yere to lxxii M *li.* [72,000*l.*]: and the king's majesty

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oweth here at this present i c viii M li. [108,000l.], with the interest monny that was prolongyd afore this tyme. So that by these means, in two yeres, thinges will be compassed, accordingly to my purpose set forth."

"How correct Gresham was in the result he anticipated from these and similar measures, appeared in the sequel, by the success which attended them. He found means in a short space to raise the exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish, for the pound sterling, to twenty-two shillings, at which rate he discharged all the king's debts; and by this means, money was rendered plentiful, and trade prosperous: while the credit of the crown became established on a firmer basis abroad than it had ever been before.* "

Living generally at Antwerp, he was in that city when the rejoicings took place for the birth of a son to queen Mary, which birth never took place. That a false report of such a character obtained credence abroad should hardly surprise, when even so near the court as Aldersgate, not only the accouchement of the queen but the admirable proportions of the prince were announced to his congregation by the minister of St. Ann's church. Gresham was present at the abdication of the emperor Charles V. The christmas of 1555 he passed in England, and in the following month the priory of St. Austin Canons, at Massingham Magna, in Norfolk, and several benefices, were conferred upon him as a mark of the queen's favour. What he received from her majesty altogether, he states to have been of the annual value of £200.

Queen Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558. Gresham is believed to have been out of England when that event took place: but if so, he deemed it prudent to lose no time in paying his duty to the new sovereign. On the 25th, we find him at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, where queen Elizabeth was then staying, and there he met with a singularly gracious reception. Her majesty promised that if he only served her as he had served her brother and sister, she would grant him as much land as he had received from both of them. She then gave him her hand to kiss, and promised if anything unfavourable should be reported to his prejudice during his absence, she would always reserve one ear to listen to his vindication on his return. Of this gracious assurance he had occasion to remind the ministers of queen Elizabeth, when the marquis of Winchester attempted to injure him with his royal mistress. He, however, triumphed over all the malice of his enemies, and his powerful assistance and advice continued to be in much request, not only when a loan was to be raised, but in reference to matters of commerce generally, as well as in various questions of great political importance.

After he had received the honour of knighthood, Lombard-street was not considered to be sufficiently dignified for his residence, and he purchased or built a mansion in Bishopsgate-street, which received the name of Gresham House. He enjoyed great familiarity with many of the most distinguised persons of his time: both officially and personally, he was very intimate with Sir William Cecil, afterwards lord Burleigh. On one occasion, we learn from a passage in his correspondence, he sent a present of silk stockings to the secretary for himself, and, as he expressed it, for "my lady your wife."

Mr. Burgon has laboriously followed him through all the negotiations with which he was concerned, both at home and abroad.

Through many years he continued in the habit of frequently passing from England to Antwerp, the lords of which, in 1553-4, sent him a present of wine, of the value of ten pounds, to dispose him to give them the benefit of his good offices with the queen of England.

His dignity as a British merchant was offended at seeing a noble Burse in Antwerp, while London could boast no such accommodation for those whose lives were devoted to commerce. About the year 1565, he applied himself in earnest to correct this evil, which he accomplished by the erection of the Burse, afterwards called the Royal Exchange, in 1569.

Among the guests at Gresham House, we find, self-invited, the duke of Norfolk, who lost his life on the scaffold some years afterwards, for connecting himself with the affairs of Mary, queen of Scots. In the eyes of foreigners, Gresham was a person of so much importance, that when, in 1567, the heads of the reformed church in Antwerp thought it expedient to send an address to the secretary of state, Cecil, praying his influence with the queen on their behalf, a similar address was, by the same body, voted to him. In the following month he again proceeded to Antwerp, where he interested himself for the Protestants of that city. Shortly afterwards he returned to England. In the following year he was a suitor to the queen for the purchase of certain lands. He indeed seems constantly to have had an eye to the accumulation of wealth, though not with a sordid view, as was proved in the sequel. His company was courted by persons of the greatest consideration; and when foreigners of high rank came to England,

* Burgon's "Life and Timesof Sir Thomas Gresham." v. 1. p. 92

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Sir Thomas was frequently appointed to receive them, and to attend them in their visits to the principal objects of interest in London, while, on any extraordinary emergency, Sir William Cecil did not disdain to seek advice from the merchant.

The Lady Mary Grey, sister to the unfortunate Lady Jane, who had offended the queen by her marriage, was, in 1569, committed to the custody, or at all events to the care, of Sir Thomas Gresham. Of this honour he soon became weary, and made pressing representations to obtain her removal. He did not succeed till after the noble or royal guest had been under his roof more than three years. Ultimately she gained some degree of favour at court.

He had purchased, at an early period of his life, a seat at Mayfield, in Sussex. Thither, with his wife and household, he retreated in 1570, when the plague broke out in London; and there, in 1573, he received a visit from the queen. In the year preceding, on her setting out on a summer progress, he had been named with the archbishop of Canterbury and others, as one of the persons of "great trust, wisdom, and experience," from whom the Lord Mayor of London might seek advice for the better government of the metropolis during her absence; and he continued a member of that commission till within a year of his death.

In 1570 he purchased the manor of Heston, and shortly afterwards took up his residence in Osterly Park (which was part of that manor), where, in 1576, he received a visit from queen Elizabeth, on which occasion she was entertained with extraordinary festivity. It is related that she objected the court-yard was too large, and would have been more handsome if divided in the middle. Upon this Sir Thomas forthwith sent for workmen from London, who laboured in the night silently, but with such diligence, that when the queen rose in the morning a wall had been raised, and the fault which she had noticed corrected.

Gresham did not long survive this honour. He was now sixty years of age, when on Saturday, the 21st of November, 1579, between six and seven in the evening, having just come from the Royal Exchange to his house in Bishopsgate-street, he was suddenly attacked, it is supposed, by apoplexy. He was found speechless on the floor of his kitchen, and in a short time breathed his last. His remains were committed to the earth on the 15th of the following month, in St. Helen's church, Bishopsgate-street, where they still repose. The funeral was one of extraordinary splendour, as it cost no less than £800.

His only son, Richard, had died in 1564. Sir Thomas had a natural daughter named Anne, whom he carefully educated and provided with an ample dower, and who eventually became the sister-in-law of Lord Bacon. Lady Gresham survived her husband seventeen years, and died at Osterly House, November 23, 1596. She was buried at St. Helen's, with pomp, on the 15th of December, in the same grave with her husband, and, by a curious coincidence, on the anniversary of his funeral.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MINISTER'S CABINET.

"How you tremble, Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, with a bland smile, as he handed the young girl out of the carriage.

"Yes," said Adrienne, "in my hurry, I came out without my shawl;—but what a sombre looking dwelling!"

"That is the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the worthy minister secludes himself, to be out of the hearing of the noise of the profane. Please to enter," and, pushing open the large door of the vestibule, he said, hiding his emotion under the guise of gaiety, "he is right, in calling this his secluded abode—not a single valet is to be seen." Then opening another door, he added:—

"Nourished in the *sanctum*, to me the intricacies familiar are."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was introduced into a large room, meanly furnished, with a lamp suspended from the ceiling, but placed much higher than ordinarily. As Adrienne looked in surprise at the Doctor, he said,

"You think this abode is badly furnished for an excellency, but you do not know the economy of these people. Besides, you will see that the appearance of the minister, is in accordance with his dwelling. Have the kindness to wait a second, I will inform him of your arrival, and will speak to him in your behalf."

Experiencing a feeling of uneasiness, a sort of undefined terror, the young girl looked round the room, approached the cold fire-place, and noticed with surprise a grating before it. She also remarked that the poker and tongs were fastened by an iron chain. Confounded and bewildered, she mechanically stretched out her arm to draw a chair to her, to sit upon, but to her increased astonishment, she found it was immoveable. Like the other

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chairs in the room, it was fixed by iron bars to the floor.

Adrienne tried to smile, saying, "This statesman seems to have little confidence in the honesty of his visitors, by thus securing every thing."

The most profound silence reigned; which, at intervals, was broken by the moaning of the wind.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and still no M. Baleinier. In her impatience, Adrienne rose to call some one. She approached the mantle-piece, over which was a large glass, but could find no bell-rope. On examining more closely, she perceived that that which, from the indistinct light of the lamp, appeared to be a mirror, was nothing more than a large sheet of polished iron.

In certain dispositions, the most trivial suspicious circumstance produces incalculable terror. But such was the confidence that Adrienne placed in the Doctor, that she reproached herself for giving way to fear, admitting, that after all, what had caused her so much uneasiness was nothing very alarming, and that it was needless for her to trouble her mind about the prolonged absence of M. Baleinier, which, no doubt, was in consequence of the minister's occupations.

Although the young girl tried to assure herself of this, she approached the door at which the doctor had gone out, put her ear to the key-hole, and listened attentively, but all was still.

Suddenly she heard a noise overhead, like the falling of some heavy body, accompanied, as she thought, by a groan.

In her terror, she ran to the door to call some one, but found, to her astonishment, that it was locked on the outside; she hurried to the small door, but that was locked also.

Wishing to overcome the fears which then beset her, she summoned to her aid all the firmness of her character.

"I must have been deceived," she said, "I only heard a fall; the groan existed only in my imagination. But these locked doors! Perhaps the people are ignorant that I am here; they thought that no one was in the room. Come, I must not show my weakness—I must meet danger in the face. It is plain that I am not in a minister's house; a thousand reasons prove it to me. M. Baleinier has deceived me; what end could he have in view; for what object could he bring me here?"

These questions were to her insoluble. All that she knew was, that, apparently, she was the victim of the perfidy of M. Baleinier.

To that noble and generous soul, this certitude was so horrible, that she tried, by thinking of the friendship she had always testified to that man, to repulse the cruel thought.

"Such," she said, "is the effect of darkness, and shows how fear often leads us to entertain unjust and odious suspicions, for I cannot give credence to such deceit. I will call some one; that is the only way to clear up the matter."

Then remembering there was no bell, she went to the other door, and knocked several times with her delicate hand, but no one came.

"I am," said the poor girl, trembling, "as courageous as any one; I do not know whether it is the coldness of the room, but I tremble in spite of myself; still I think that any person similarly situated, would be frightened."

All at once, cries, or rather savage, frightful yells, burst forth with fury, from the room above, followed by a scuffling noise which shook the whole building, like several people engaged in a desperate struggle.

Adrienne screamed aloud, with terror, turned pale as a corpse, and after remaining a moment motionless, ran to the window, and opened it. A gust of wind and snow swept into the apartment, caused the light to flicker for a few moments, and then extinguished it.

Grasping the iron bars with which the window was grated, Adrienne was about to cry for help, when a strange spectacle struck her, for several minutes, dumb with horror. At a short distance, was a wing of the same building, from one of the windows of which, a light shed its rays on the dark space that divided the two compartments. At this curtainless window, Adrienne perceived a being, pale and haggard, trailing behind her a sort of white sheet.

Recovering partly from her terror, Adrienne called out for help. At the expiration of a few minutes, two tall, robust women entered the room in silence. The one held a lamp in her hand, while the other carried a strange sort of garment of coarse grey serge.

Both had silently entered by the little door, when Adrienne in her fright had run to the window to call for help. One of the women approaching the window, placed her hand upon the shoulder of the young girl, who turned round, and screamed with fright at the repulsive appearance of these women. When the stupor had passed away, Adrienne asked where M. Baleinier was, but the two women, instead of answering, looked at each other in a significant manner.

"I ask you, Madame," said Adrienne, "where M. Baleinier is? I wish to see him immediately."

"He has left."

"Left! left without me! What can be the meaning of this? Go, and fetch me a carriage."

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The two women looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders.

"I beseech you, Madame, to get me a carriage, since M. Baleinier has left without me. I wish to leave this place."

"Come, come, Mademoiselle," said the tallest, who was called Thomase, without appearing to understand what Adrienne said, "it is time to go to bed."

"To go to bed!" cried Adrienne, in amazement, "It is enough to make one mad." Then looking fixedly at the women, she said, "What house is this? Where am I? Answer me."

"You are in a house," said Thomase, "where we do not allow people to cry out of the window as you were doing just now, and where, if you put out the lamp, you will make us angry with you."

Adrienne, trembling, looked first at one woman, then at the other, trying to fathom the meaning of all this; then believing that she had found it out, said: "I see there is a mistake—you take me for some one else. Do you know who I am? My name is Adrienne de Cardoville. I am free to leave this place, for no one has a right to keep me here by force. Therefore, go, and fetch me a coach; if there be none at hand, allow a person to accompany me to the Rue de Babylone; I will recompense her well, and you also."

"What's the use of all this," said Thomase, "will you come to bed? yes, or no."

"Listen, Madame," said Adrienne, hurriedly; "allow me to leave this place, and I will give each of you two thousand francs. Is it not enough? Well, I will give you ten, or even twenty thousand. I am rich —I must leave this place."

"Twenty thousand francs! Do you hear that, Thomase?"

"Ah, yes; always the same song."

"Well," said Adrienne, summoning up her energy, "since prayers and entreaties are in vain, I declare that I will stay no longer here, and we shall see who will dare force me to remain."

Adrienne advanced towards the door; at that instant, the strange and savage noise that had so much frightened her, was again renewed.

"What screams!" cried Adrienne, in fright; "Do you hear them? Tell me what kind of house this is?" Then she added, pointing to the window of the other building, "And what is that?"

"Persons," said Thomase, "who, like you, are not in their proper senses; they are putting this upon them," she added, showing the strait-waistcoat.

Adrienne hid her face in her hands. A terrible revelation dawned upon her; she knew all. After the trials she had experienced in the course of the day, this last blow was terrible for the young girl. Her hands fell by her side, her face became deadly pale, her whole frame trembled; and with her eye fixed upon the waistcoat, she half-articulated, "Oh, for pity's sake—" then fainted in the arms of the women.

"A fainting fit is not dangerous," said Thomase. "Let us carry her up-stairs; then we will undress her, and put her to bed."

It is impossible to describe the horror of the poor girl, when, recovering, she found herself half naked in the rude hands of those frightful women. She screamed from fear, and to escape their regards, upset the lamp; then covering herself with the sheets, she burst into a flood of tears.

The nurses attributed these acts and the scream which preceded them, to an access of madness.

"Ah, you begin by extinguishing and breaking the lamps. Hold her tight, Thomase; I will go, and fetch a light. She shall have the waistcoat on to-night, like the woman up-stairs."

"Make haste, for I think she is furious, we shall require to sit up with her all night."

Sad and mournful contrast! In the morning, Adrienne rose, free, smiling, and happy, surrounded by luxuries, in the midst of all that was wondrous in art, and waited upon by three sylph-like females. In her generosity, she had rendered every assistance to a young Indian Prince; had taken a noble resolution relative to the two orphans; in her conversation with Madame de St. Dizier she had shown herself proud and sensible, melancholy and gay, ironical and grave; and in coming to that cursed house, it was for the purpose of rendering a service to an honest, laborious artizan.

In the evening, Adrienne, the victim of cruel treachery, was delivered into the charge of two keepers of insane people, and had her delicate limbs thrust into that abominable garment called a strait-waistcoat.

Adrienne passed a miserable night, in company with the two keepers. Next morning at nine o'clock, guess the surprise of the young girl, when Dr Baleinier entered, smiling, and saying, with paternal solicitude, "Well, my child, how have you passed the night?"

CHAPTER X.—THE VISIT.

At the sight of Dr. Baleinier, who, by a sign, caused Gervaise and Thomase to leave the room, Adrienne remained bewildered; but when the Doctor repeated the words, with affecting sincerity, "Well, my poor child, how have you passed the night?" she raised her hand to her burning forehead, as if to ask herself whether she was

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under the influence of sleep or not; then she fixed her eyes upon the Doctor, her lips opened, but, instead of articulating words, they quivered convulsively.

"Come, I see what it is," said the Doctor, shaking his head, "you wish a great deal from me. I expected as much, my dear child."

These words, which were pronounced with hypocritical effrontery, startled Adrienne. She rose, passed before M. Baleinier, and, pointing to the door, said, "Open that door, sir."

"Come, my dear Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, "calm yourself. Let us speak in friendship, for you know that I am your friend."

"Then, sir," said Adrienne, her voice trembling from anger, "shall I not leave this place to-day?"

"Alas! under such excitement, it is impossible. If you knew how your face is inflamed, how red your eyes are, and how quick your pulse is beating."

Adrienne looked at the doctor, walked with a slow and firm step to her bed, and sat down upon it.

"Ah! that's the way, my dear. Be reasonable, and let us talk together in friendship."

"You are right, sir," said Adrienne, with a disdainful smile; "speak in friendship; you wish to make me pass for a mad person."

"I wish, my dear child, that you may, one day, feel as much gratitude towards me, as you now have aversion. That aversion I anticipated; but painful though certain duties may be, still we must resign ourselves, and endeavour to accomplish them."

Adrienne looked at the Doctor with surprise; then a bitter smile played upon her lips, and she said, "Ah, decidedly; all this is for my good."

"Assuredly, my dear girl. Could I have any other motive?"

"I do not know, sir, but your impudence is as odious as your vile treachery."

"Treachery!" said the Doctor, with an air of displeasure, "reflect well, my poor child. Do you think if I had not acted loyally and conscientiously towards you that I would have come this morning to brave your indignation, which I must have expected. This house belongs to me, and I am the principal doctor, but I have three assistants, to whose charge I might have confided you. But, notwithstanding the friendship which I bear you, I know better than any other how to treat you."

Adrienne listened to the Doctor, without interrupting him, then fixing her eyes upon him, said, "Sir, how much are you paid for making me pass for mad?"

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed the Doctor, wounded to the heart, in spite of himself

"I am rich: you know it," said Adrienne, with disdain, "I will double the sum that you are to receive. Come, sir, in the name of the friendship which you speak of, grant me the felicity of enriching you."

"Your keepers," replied the Doctor, with inconceivable *sang froid*, "in their report, informed me that you had made the same proposition to them."

"Pardon, sir; I offered them that which might satisfy poor ignorant women, whom misfortune has obliged to accept the painful employment in which they are engaged. But to you, sir, a man of the world, a man of knowledge, a man of mind, the payment is altogether different; therefore, ground not your refusal upon the smallness of my offers to these unfortunate women. Come, how much will you take?"

"Your keepers," said the Doctor, with the same *sang froid*, "told me also of threats that you held out. Have you none for me? Come, my poor child, after we have exhausted every means of temptation, and showed the fruitlessness of threats of vengeance, we will then view the matter in its proper light."

"Ah, my threats will be useless," cried Adrienne, giving way to her rage, which till then, she had so successfully mastered, "you believe, sir, that when I leave this place—for a term will be put to this outrage—that I will not expose your infamous conduct; that I will not call out with a loud voice against your unworthy accomplice, Madame de Saint Dizier! Ah, you think I will be silent about the frightful treatment to which you have subjected me. But mad, though I be, I know that there are laws, sir; and from them, I shall demand reparation, and cause punishment to be awarded to you, and all concerned in this disgraceful plot. From this time, sir, hatred alone exists between us; strife even to death; and I shall call to its support, all my strength, all my intellect, all—"

"Permit me to interrupt you, my dear Adrienne," said the Doctor, with apparent affection, and with perfect calmness; "there is nothing more opposing to a cure than foolish hopes, for they will keep you in a state of deplorable excitement. Let me then put the matter in a proper point of view, in order that you may see clearly your position. 1. It is impossible for you to leave this place. 2. You can have no communication with those out of doors. 3. No one enters this place, except those in whom I can put the utmost confidence. 4. I am completely out of the reach of your threats of vengeance, because circumstances and duty are in my favour."

"Duty! to shut me up here."

"A thousand motives, one more grave than another, induced that determination."

"Motives! perhaps you will tell me them."

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"Alas, they are too real;—and one day if you should, as you now threaten, apply for justice, we shall be obliged to mention your strange manner of living; your mania for dressing your servants; your enormous expenses; the history of the Indian prince to whom you offered a princely hospitality —your unheard-of resolution to live alone like a male; the adventure of the man found in your bed-chamber; and finally, your conversation of yesterday, which was faithfully taken down by a man engaged for that purpose, will be made use of; and one day, when you read in calmness that conversation, you will not be astonished at what we have done—you will then understand, my dear Mademoiselle, that those facts, being well known, it was the duty of those who loved you, to try every endeavour to cure that derangement of mind, which, as yet, has only manifested itself in foolish desires, but which, ultimately, might materially affect your after days. But, thanks to a treatment at once physical and moral, a radical cure may be anticipated. To take you away from those strange objects with which you were surrounded, and which so dangerously excited your imagination, was the first thing; then, by living in this retreat, leading a simple and solitary life, with my solicitude—I may say, paternal care—an ultimate cure may almost be relied upon."

"Thus, sir," said Adrienne, with a disdainful smile, "love for a noble independence, generosity, the worship of all that is lovely and good, an aversion to all that is odious and deceitful, are my maladies. Indeed! sir, my aunt for a long time tried to cure me, but to no end."

"Well; though we succeed not, we shall try, for there were good grounds for a council of your family, determining as they have done, and which determination sets all your threats with regard to me, at defiance. A man of my age, of my consideration, never acts lightly in such matters. You understand, then, what I have been saying to you. Hope not to leave this place, unless a perfect cure be effected, and remember that your threats can have no influence upon me. Now, let me speak to you with all that interest, which you inspire in me."

"I find, sir, that if I am insane, you speak to me in a most reasonable manner."

"You insane, my poor child! No, no; not yet, and, under my charge, I trust you will never be so. To accomplish this, however, we must attack the disease in time; and believe me it is more than time. You look at me with an air of surprise. Let us consider. What interest can I have in speaking to you thus? Do you think that I share in the hatred of your aunt? What can she do either for or against me. Is my language new to you? Have I not always spoken of the dangerous exaltation of your mind, and of your singular fancies? A pretext was requisite to bring you here, and I avow that I said to myself—'her interest before everything. I shall do my duty whatever be the consequences.'"

Whilst the doctor was speaking, the countenance of Adrienne assumed a singular expression of anguish and horror. Treachery clothed in such a garb frightened her a hundred times more than the avowed hatred of Madame de St. Dizier. The Doctor, who was a skilful physiognomist, guessing what was working in the mind of Adrienne, said,

"Come; disdain to rage; fright will succeed, then doubt will not be far off. I will not leave here till you have said affectionately, 'Return soon, my good M. Baleinier.' I see you still mistrust me. What I have told you is false, base, treacherous. Is it not so? I hate you? I—and for what reason? or rather, what interest could I have in hating you, whom I have always esteemed for your good qualities? Still you accuse an honest, innocent man, who has shown you a thousand proofs of his affection, of a crime as dark and as direful as any with which man could sully himself. Yes, my dear child, it is wrong, very wrong of you; but it shows that a noble, independant mind can at times be as unjust and intolerant as the most sordid. This vexes me; yes, I assure you it grieves me much." The Doctor here drew his hand athwart his eyes, which were actually wet.

The most talented, the most intriguing advocate, or the finest comedian in the world could not have played his part better than the Doctor: for, carried away by circumstances, he was half convinced of what he said. In a word, he felt all the horror of his perfidy, but knew that a pure and exalted mind could look upon evil to a certain extent, but when carried beyond that, delirium would ensue, and reason become lost in bewilderment.

Adrienne was too interesting, and her situation was too cruel, for the Doctor not to pity the poor girl from the bottom of his heart; he liked her for the confidence which she had placed in him; but sympathy—all gave way to implacable necessity, for the members of the Order, of which he formed a part, were under the influence of him, but then he was as much under them, for long culpability creates the most indissoluble and terrific links.

As the Doctor was speaking in this warm manner to Adrienne, the door opened softly, and two eyes peered into the room. This was not perceived by the Doctor.

(To be continued).

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THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GRAFTON.

Arms.—Quarterly first and fourth, France and England, second, Scotland, third, Ireland, over all a sinister baton, compony ar. and az.

Crest.—On a chapeau gu., turned up, erm., a lion statant, guardant, or crowned with a ducal coronet, az. and gorged with a collar, counter-compony, ar. and of the fourth.

Supporters.—Dexter, a lion guardant ar. crowned with a ducal coronet az, and gorged with a collar, counter-compony of the first and second sinister a greyhound, ar gorged as the dexter.

Motto.—Et decus et pretium recti. "Both the ornament and reward of integrity."

Henry Fitzroy, second illegitimate son of his majesty Charles II, by Barbara Villiers, duchess of Cleveland, born 20th September, 1663, was created, 16th August, 1672, baron of Sudbury, viscount Ipswich, and earl of Euston, and, 11th September, 1675, duke of Grafton. In 1680, his grace was installed a knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. The duke married lady Isabella Bennet, only daughter and sole heiress of Henry, earl of Arlington, by whom he had an only son, Charles. His grace performed, at the coronation of James II, the office of lord high constable of England; and on the landing of the duke of Monmouth, in 1685, he commanded a part of king James' forces, and behaved with great gallantry in the action of Phillips Norton Lane, in the county of Somerset, narrowly escaping with his life. He was, however, one of the first who deserted his royal master for the prince of Orange, in whose cause he was wounded, in storming the city of Cork, and died within a fortnight, 9th October, 1690. His grace was succeeded by his son, Charles, second duke, who inherited in right of his mother on her decease, the earldom of Arlington and viscounty of Thetford, creations of the 22nd April, 1672, and barony of Arlington, of Arlington, creation of the 14th March, 1663. His grace died 6th May, 1737, and was succeeded by his grandson, Augustus Henry, third duke, who was installed a knight of the Garter, and filled the offices of secretary of state, and first lord of the treasury, in 1765 and 1766, and that of lord privy seal, in 1771. His grace married, first, in 1756, the Hon. Anne Siddeth, daughter and sole heiress of Henry, lord Ravensworth, by whom he had two sons and a daughter; he was divorced from her in 1769. He married, secondly, 24th June, 1766, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesly, bart., by whom he had four sons and five daughters. The duke died 14th March, 1811. It was on his devoted head that Junius poured the vials of his wrath. The tremendous invectives of that powerful writer were directed against the duke of Grafton, of that day, with a virulence scarcely equalled, certainly not surpassed, even by the rancour which he manifested towards every other object of his hostility. The admirers of Junius have frequently referred to his attacks on the duke of Grafton as amongst the most powerful efforts of his libellous pen. If these "onslaughts" had the effect of injuring, perhaps of destroying, the political character of the third duke, they could have had no effect in shortening his life, for he survived them not less than thirty years. He died, as already stated, in 1811, and was succeeded by George Henry, his eldest son. This nobleman was born January 14th, 1760. He was the friend of the celebrated William Pitt, at college; for a long time his warm partisan in the House of Commons; and, for many years, his colleague as the representative in Parliament of their common *alma mater*. On the 16th of November, 1784, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he married the lady Maria Charlotte Waldegrave. Her ladyship was the second daughter of James, second earl of Waldegrave, whose widow (mother of the countess of Euston) married the duke of Gloucester, an event which is considered to have much influence in producing the Royal Marriage Act. By the union of her mother with the duke of Gloucester, lady Euston acquired a royal stepfather; but her husband, the subject of this notice, could boast of a royal lineage, at least an illegitimate descent, not only from a royal, but from a kingly ancestor. He remained member of the university till 1811. On the 1st of February, 1808, he became a widower, and so continued to the end of his days. Lady Euston, therefore, never lived to be duchess of Grafton, but her ladyship lived long enough to be the mother of eleven children, of whom six survive. His grace died September 28th, 1844. The dignities of the house of Grafton have devolved upon the duke's eldest son, Henry, who has been, up to this time, styled by courtesy, earl of Euston, and is now in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was for eleven years a member of the House of Commons, having represented Bury St. Edmund's from 1826 to 1830, and Thetford from August, 1834, till the dissolution in

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1841. At the general election in the month of September of the latter year, the earl of Euston was a candidate for Thetford, and on that occasion polled the same number of votes as Sir James Flower. On petition, however, the latter obtained the seat, and for the last three years the earl has been out of Parliament. He is colonel of the West County Militia, and a deputy-lieutenant of that county. His lady, now duchess of Grafton, is daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, and was married to his lordship thirty-two years ago. The present duke and duchess of Grafton have several children.

Dr. WOLFF AND HIS LETTERS.

Much apprehension is at present felt, on account of Dr. Wolff. It is known to our readers, that he left England, to hear, if possible, the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. In this he has succeeded; and it is unhappily too well ascertained that they were put to death by the barbarian who held them in captivity. The doctor, it is also known, on reaching Bokhara, became himself a prisoner. It was, however, lately reported that the Ameer, or Umeer, had presented him with a horse and some money, and given him permission to depart. A letter recently published in the *Morning Herald*, seemed to make this certain; and told, that on the 25th July, he was perfectly free to return. Since that announcement the following letter from Dr Wolff has been published. It is said to have been dated June 27th,

"I have been already two months in this place, and though five or six times the king has promised to send me instantly to England with one of his ambassadors, I am in the greatest danger. I cannot stir out of the house without a guard of three men. Dil Hassa Khan, the fellow sent with me by the Assaff Addoola, has shamefully robbed, deceived, and outraged me. The Persian ambassador, Abbas Kooli Khan, is kind to me, but I think he will not have it in his power to rescue me. Nayeb Abdool Samet Khan has extorted from me a writing to pay him 5,000 tomans to effect my liberation. I suspect him that he was the cause of Stoddart's and Connoly's death, in spite of his continual protestation of friendship. The Ameer is now at Samarcand, and I am here awaiting the most fatal orders from the king daily to reach me. It is true that poor Stoddart professed openly Christianity after he had made a forced profession of Mahomedanism. Do for me what you can, as far as the honour of England is not compromised. All the inhabitants wish that either Russia or England should take the country. Do not believe any former reports of my speedy departure, for I am in great danger.

"Joseph Wolff."

With the foregoing the following still more startling communication appeared:—

"Bokhara, Aug. 1, 1844.

"To all the monarchs of europe.

"Sires,—I set out for Bokhara to ransom the lives of two officers, Stoddart and Conolly; but both of them were murdered many months previous to my departure, and I do not know whether or not this blood of mine shall be spilt. I do not supplicate for my own safety,—but, monarchs, 200,000 Persian slaves, many of them people of high talent, sigh in the kingdom of Bokhara. Endeavour to effect their liberation, and I shall rejoice in the grave that my blood has been the cause of the ransom of so many human beings. I am too much agitated, and watched besides, to be able to write more.

"Joseph Wolff."

These accounts were sufficiently perplexing, If Dr. Wolff were treated in the manner he describes, at the latter end of June, what could have gained him the favour he enjoyed, according to the *Herald* correspondent, in the following month? If on the 25th of July he was the object of favour, and reward, what could have caused him to expect the spilling of his blood on the 7th of August. What he says of his confinement, if such it may called, is different from anything that could have been imagined. He is not secured in a dungeon or fortress, but cannot leave his house "without a guard of three men." We confess we do not very well understand this.

But since the letters given above were sent to the papers, the following apparently authentic statement has been put forth:—

"Lady Georgiana Wolff has acquainted the president of the committee of the Stoddart and Conolly fund that she has received letters from Dr. Wolff, and also from the Persian ambassador at the court of Bokhara, translated into the English, by the favour of Colonel Sheil. Dr. Wolff, in letters dated July 29th, and August (no day being mentioned), states that he expected to leave Bokhara in a few days, and had received a present from the Ameer, of a horse, a silver bridle, a robe of honour, and 90 ducats, but had not yet had his audience of leave. The Persian ambassador, in a letter dated July 23, stated that he expected to bring away Dr. Wolff in about eight days."

On this it has been remarked—"As the second of Dr. Wolff's letters, published a few days ago, and dated August 1st, or some days *after* the date specified above, contained no mention of these encouraging

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circumstances, but, on the contrary, was indicative of considerable anxiety, there seems no way of accounting for the inconsistency but by supposing that there is some mistake in the date of the letters of the 1st of August, and which, as no reports whatever could claim any credence in opposition to the statement in Dr. Wolff's own letters, led to a misconception of his real position at that time."

There is one other supposition. Many years ago, Dr. Wolff was by many deemed rather flighty. Possibly from the influence of the climate,

"Danger, long travels, want or woe,"

he may have become insane. His letters are couched in terms, which, to say the least, are at variance with prudence in his circumstances. We will not for a moment suspect any trickery is used to create sympathy; but we are not without hope that his extreme danger will prove imaginary. A temporary indisposition may have rendered it necessary to watch him. Had murder been intended, in his case he would hardly have been allowed to walk abroad at all, or to write to his friends in Europe.

Fine Arts.

PORTRAIT OF DR. F. WINSLOW.

Mr. C. Mitchell, of Red Lion Court, Fleet street, has just published, lithographed from life upon stone, a portrait of Dr. Forbes Winslow, a gentleman who has devoted his talents for many years so successfully to the cure of alienation of mind, and whose name is so well known to the public and the profession, by his numerous able, practical, and philosophical writings on the subject of insanity. Dr. Winslow's dissertation on 'Suicide' (the first attempt made in this country by a medical man to consider this form of mania physiologically and practically), his treatise on the 'Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases,' and his more recent essays on the 'Preservation of the Health of Body and Mind,' deservedly place him in a high position among the contributors to the medical literature of his country. A correct portrait of such a man must be invaluable to his friends and admirers. The portrait is executed with great skill, is beautifully finished, and looks like an engraving upon steel. It is an admirable likeness. The artist, Mr. Maguire, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn, is a gentleman of considerable talent.

The Gatherer.

Ten Rules of Life.—The following rules of practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson:—1. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. 2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. 5. Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of eating too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happen! 9. Take things always by their smooth handle. 10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.

Piety of Wreckers in the Seventeenth Century.—"We went walking on the island, and did go to the governor, called Kobin Rugg, a notable good fellow, as his great read nose ful of pimples did give testimony. He made us brackfast with him, and gave us very seck, and did show us the toure in which he lived, which is no strenth at al, bot lyk the watch toures upon the coastes of Italie. We did tack him with us to oure inne, and made him the best chere that we could. He was a very civil and jovial gentleman, and good company; and, among the rest of merry discourses, he tould us how the common people ther do pray for shippes which they sie in danger. They al sit downe upon their knees, and hold up their handes, and say very devotely, Lord send her to us. God send her to us. You, said he, seing them upon their knees, and their hands joined, do think that they are praying for your suavetie; but their myndes are far from that. They pray, not God to sauve you, or send you to the port, but to send you to them by shipwrack, that they may gette the spoile of her. And to show that this is their meaning, said he, if the shippe come wel to the porte, or eschew naufrage, they gette up in anger, crying, the Devil stick her, she is away from us. He stayed with us, telling us such merry tales, until we did tak hors for to ryd to Berwick, but the mater of six miles from the yland."—*A Brieffe Narration, by William Blackhal.*

A block of porphyry, weighing upwards 50,000lb., has been taken from the quarries at Morlaix, to be used for the sarcophagus of the emperor Napoleon.

CORRESPONDENTS.

The elegiac lines on an American Lady, though some of them are pretty, have not sufficient poetical merit, unaccompanied by the circumstances to which they refer, for publication.

"J. R. B." has sent a curious and interesting statement. Its value, however, he must see, depends upon its truth, and he offers us no means for testing that.

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The Mirror

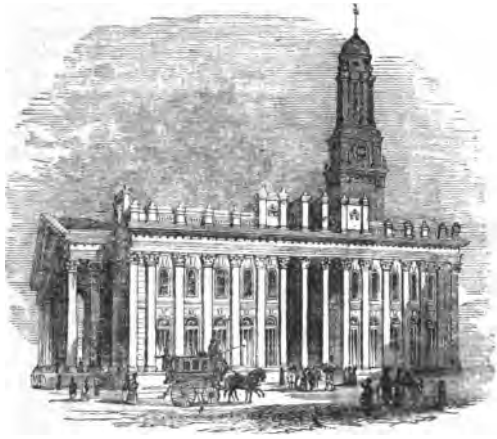
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 18.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

SOUTH FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



OPENING CEREMONIALS OF THE THREE ROYAL EXCHANGES OF LONDON.

We have now an opportunity of contemplating, and placing in juxta-position, the forms used on founding, and on opening for business, the three great marts of commerce created in London during the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles II, and her present majesty. The comparison cannot be other than gratifying to the merchants of our time. It will be seen that the splendour of their place of meeting has been largely increased, and that they were never held in such high estimation by royalty and the nobles of the land, as at the present moment.

Though Sir Thomas Gresham received much praise for his noble offer to erect a Burse at his own expense, if a suitable site were provided, it does not appear that either when his great work was commenced or completed, it created any extraordinary sensation. Mr. Wilson's "Digest of Burgon's History," shows that with all the care used by that indefatigable antiquarian to investigate everything connected with the life of Gresham, he could not add to the meagre notice furnished by Stowe, from which it would seem to have been hardly more honoured in the first instance, than if it had been but an ordinary residence. All we know is, that, "on the 7th of June, in the year 1565, the first stone of the projected Burse was laid by its projector, Sir Thomas Gresham. He was accompanied by some aldermen," and, says Stowe, "every one of them laid a piece of gold which the workmen took up."

Little is recorded of its beginning, still less is said of it when finished. We indeed collect that an inscription was put up to this effect—

"Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, at his own costs and charges, to the ornament and public use of this royal city of London, caused this place from the foundation to be erected the 7th of June, anno 1566; and is full ended anno 1569."

But no other notice was taken of the Burse.

It was not till the whole establishment had begun to be regarded as a failure, that Queen Elizabeth honoured it with her presence: we read—

"The Burse, like the New River, though of vast importance to a most opulent and important body, did not at first answer to the sanguine expectations of its projector. From the lettings he had expected to derive a considerable income; but he was severely disappointed, as for several years

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the shops remained comparatively empty. Gresham had triumphed over too many difficulties to give himself up to dismay at this mortifying failure, and the skill of the tactician was admirably displayed on an intimation being given, some two years after the completion of the structure, that the queen intended to honour it with a visit and 'give it a name.' Aware of the importance of the incident, we read in Stowe that on this occasion 'Sir Thomas, in his own person, went twice in one day round about the Upper Pawne, and besought those few shopkeepers then present, that they would furnish and adorne with wares and wax-lights as many shoppes as they either could or woulde; and they should have all those shoppes so furnished rent free that yeare.'

"It was a great day for the city and for him, when the royal Elizabeth fulfilled her promise. That due importance and *éclat* might be given to her progress even from its commencement, we learn from the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Margaret, Westminster, that 4d. was paid to the bell-ringers, 'for ringing when the queen's majesty went to the Burse and back again.' Other parishes, this being regarded as no every day occurrence, were no doubt equally regardless of expense, and the whole of her progress was, in all probability, rendered as triumphant as its commencement. The trusty historian just named thus describes it—'The queen's majesty, attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet-street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Burse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street, where she dined. After dinner her majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Burse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the Pawn, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the Burse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*, and so to be called from henceforth, and not otherwise.'

"'There is a liberality which enriches.' Sir Thomas Gresham proved it. It has been seen that he remitted a year's rent to his tenants in the new Burse to induce them to make a respectable and flourishing appearance on the occasion of the queen's visit. The effect of this was so beneficial, that from 'forty shillings a shoppe by the yeere, hee within two yeres after raysed that rent unto foure marks a yeere.' An advance of above thirty per cent. within so short a period as two years was pretty well, but that was only a beginning. 'Within a while after that,' we are informed, he raised each shop to 'four pounds ten shillings per annum,' being an advance of a hundred and twenty-five per cent. on the first-named rent. The shops, it is added, were well provided for the time. Rather an odd idea of what was required by a well-provided shop at that time is supplied by the information, that then the milliners and haberdashers sold 'mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing horns, lanterns, and Jews' trumpets.'"

A century had nearly passed away, and the second Charles was on the throne, when the Royal Exchange was destroyed with a large portion of the city, by the fire of London, in 1666. The importance of such an establishment was by this time understood. It was felt to be essential to the dignity of the city that a new Exchange should be raised, and in 1667 a design being completed on the 21st September, it was submitted by the Lord Mayor and a deputation to Charles II for his approbation, which being obtained, no time was lost in preparing to commence the important work. The first stone, however, was laid before the approval of royalty had been secured, on the 6th of May. After the sanction of the king had been given, the work was pushed forward, and on the 22d of October his majesty laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance. On this occasion, we learn, the royal visitor was plentifully regaled 'with a chine of beef, grand dish of fowle, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and plenty of several sorts of wines. He gave £20 in gold to the workmen. The entertainment was in a shed built and adorned on purpose upon the Scotch walk.

The shed above named was hung with tapistry and a canopy of state. On the 31st of October, the Duke of York laid the first stone of the eastern column, as did Prince Rupert that of the pillar on the east side of the south entrance. The city and the Mercers' Company on both occasions feasted their illustrious visitors as they had previously done the king.

Here certainly we find the great personages who attended on the several occasions were feasted, but the proceedings are not spoken of, as being of sufficient moment in the estimation of our ancestors to be made the subject of a general holiday, and when completed on the 28th September, 1669, nothing was done to atone for any former omission. The dissolute Charles was probably too much engrossed with other *beauties* to give much of his attention to those of the new structure. At all events we know he was away. "It was confidently expected that on this interesting occasion the King would be present; but he was prevented from attending, and

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in his absence, the Lord Mayor, Sir William Turner, went through a planned ceremonial, walking twice round the building, and congratulating the merchants and his fellow-citizens on seeing them again in an Exchange of their own."

And this was all the ceremonial of opening the second Exchange. That building was reduced to ashes January 10, 1838.

The pages of the *Mirror* have recorded the grand doings which marked the laying of the first stone of the present splendid edifice, on Monday, January 17, 1842. We have now only to record that its completion was honoured with a visit from Queen Victoria, on Monday, October 28, 1844, attended by her royal consort, the principal ministers of state, the duke of Wellington, and many of the nobility. To repeat here the details, with which every newspaper reader is familiar, would be impertinent. Suffice it to say, that a splendid festival, at which not fewer than 2,500 persons were entertained, was given on the occasion, and that countless thousands witnessed the magnificent pageant of the day.

The whole of the proceedings were of the most gratifying character, and the numerous visitors who attended were lavish of their encomiums on the architect, Mr. William Tite, who has raised a structure so appropriately elegant, within a period so limited. The whole of the exterior was greatly admired, and especially the south front in Cornhill, of which a correct representation, taken from Mr. Wilson's publication, already so repeatedly quoted, accompanies this article.

MEETING OF HENRY VIII AND FRANCIS I.

Lord Herbert's account of the meeting of the kings of England and France, after the preparation described in a previous number, will be read with interest at this moment, when the very different circumstances under which Louis Phillippe and Queen Victoria have been seen together, are in every one's recollection.

On the fourth of June, the king, two queens, and all the rest who were assigned in his roll or list, removed to his princely lodgings near Guisnes; being a square of timber, whereof every side contained three hundred and twenty eight foot, with a savage before it, carrying bow and arrows, and the words *Cui adhæreo præ est.* The parts of which great building, having been artificially framed in England, were now put together, and afterwards taken asunder, and brought home. This, again, was most sumptuously furnished; especially the chapel; from which a private gallery reached to the strong castle of Guisnes. The house for Francis (near Ardres), was a building rather great than costly, as being erected with such materials as could be got in haste; his first intention being to lodge in a rich pavilion of cloth of gold;—until the wind threw it down. Before yet, these kings met together, the cardinal went to see Francis, and treat with him concerning some particulars about the marriage betwixt the Dolphin and Princess Mary. The substance thereof was (as I find by the French records), that after the million of crowns (agreed on in May, 1515) were satisfied, Francis should pay at Calais, one hundred thousand livres Tournois yearly to our king, until the marriage were solemnized in the face of the church; and so, during the life of the said Henry; after which, if the Dolphin should, in right of his wife, be king of England, to her and her heirs. But if the marriage were not accomplished, then the said payment should cease. As for the differences betwixt England and Scotland, that Madame, the king's mother, and the cardinal of York, should determine them. All which were concluded the sixth of June, 1520. The day following, the interview began. The signal of departing was a warning piece to be shot, when either of the kings was ready. This being given, they both issued forth, royally attended. There was some stay, yet, upon a report that the numbers exceeded the lists agreed on. Francis stopt first, and our king afterwards; it being told him by Lord Abergaveny, that the French were twice as many. But the Earl of Shrewsbury affirming the French were more afraid of the English, than the English of them; they went on, our king (being thought the goodliest prince of his time), appearing somewhat before the rest. The French king beholding the demeanour of the English, awhile rode himself also before his train, the duke of Bourbon bearing a naked sword before him, and his admiral and master of the horse following him. Our king observing this, caused the marquis of Dorset, who bare the sword of estate, to draw it, and go on likewise. At last, coming near, and the trumpets sounding on both sides, they both alighted in the valley of Andren, and saluted each other, passing from thence, arm-in-arm, to a seat of cloth of gold, erected there, (the first agreement concerning these points, being, it seems, so much altered), where, compliments being passed on both sides, they took leave, and returned to their several lodgings upon the ninth.

A New Society.—An Anti-taking-Babies-into-Public-Assemblies-Society has been established at Philadelphia. [An Anti-taking-Gabies-into-Public-Assemblies-Society would not be a bad thing in England when Parliament meets].

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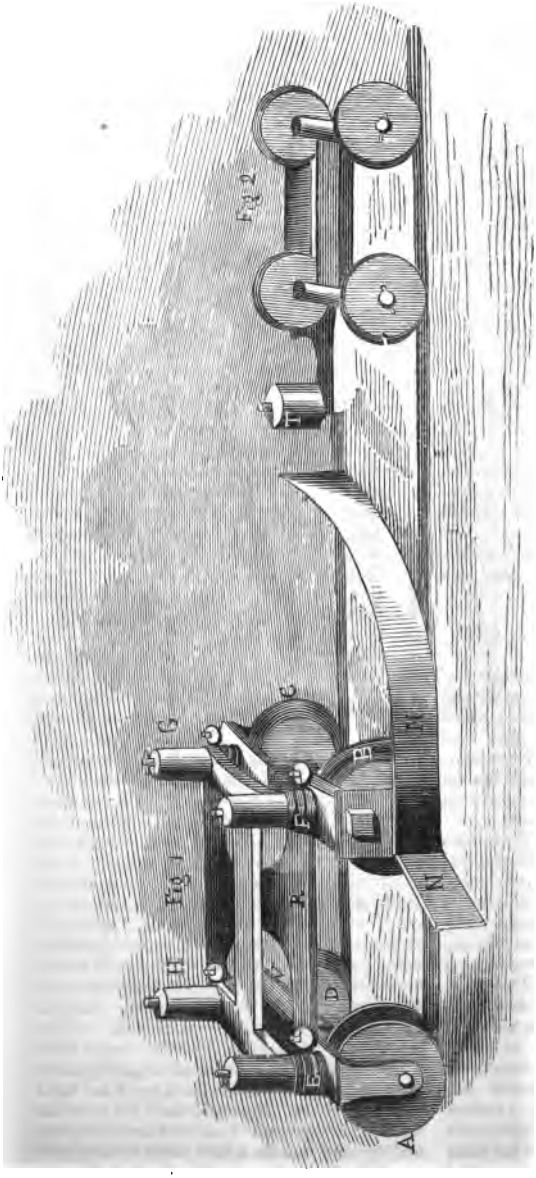
COLLISIONS ON RAILROADS.

The collisions on rail-roads, have been so frequent, and in some instances, their consequences have been so fatal, that any attempt to prevent the recurrence of such tragedies as we have witnessed, deserves to meet with respectful attention and encouragement. Since nothing as yet discovered, can compete with railway travelling in speed, that mode of transit must necessarily be preferred by the great majority of those who have occasion to go any considerable journey. Let us hope, therefore, that even the existing monopolies will not disdain to avail themselves of expedients, which promise a great saving of human life, and that at all events, the projectors of competing railway lines, while they promise to convey the traveller sooner to his destination, will strain every nerve to surpass the old lines, if possible, in the precautions taken to ensure his safety.



It is with this feeling, that we direct the attention of our readers, to the praiseworthy efforts made by Mr. Lewis Gompertz, to prevent the most serious objection to railroad travelling — namely, that of being crushed to atoms. Mr. G. has also constructed models of his invention; in which the carriages are so contrived, that when two meet, instead of striking together by a dead and violent blow, the one accommodates itself to the other, turns out of its course, and quietly passes by its side, on the common part of the road, though without getting on the rail again, which operation must be left to the engineer, to accomplish as well as he can, after the danger is averted. The annexed plate exhibits the plan. Fig. 1, is the first carriage of one train, and on which carriage the body for the passengers, &c., is to be supported, each of whose wheels, A B C D, figs. 1 and 4, is in a separate frame shown at fig. 3, each of which frames has a long axle above the top of the wheel, perpendicular to the ground; which axles work in sockets, E F G and H, figs. 1 and 4. K, fig. 3, in the bed of the carriage, so that the wheels can turn horizontally, as shown in the bird's eye view, fig. 4, each socket being also provided with a small pin, L, fig. 3, parallel to the large one, I, at a small distance from the latter, and the small pins being also so placed that those of the wheels, C and D, stand outside of the carriage, while those of the wheels A and B

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stand on the inside; so that all the frames may be turned at once in the same direction; and in order for them so to do, there is a plate, R, with four holes in it, which goes on all the small axles and attaches them all together, so that one frame cannot move, without moving the other three in the same direction. M N, figs. 1 and 4, is a curved lever or guide, affixed to one of the frames of the wheels, so that any pressure against it, will cause this frame to turn all the others.

Two of the wheels on one side, are grooved so as to work on the rail, but the other two wheels are *not* grooved, and the rail on which the latter two run, is not meant to be raised above the ground; or where the rail is already made, the earth must be raised up to the top, so that this rail does not project. The grooves are a little smaller at the bottom than at the top; by which means, when the wheels are horizontally turned, they rise off the rail.

Figs. 2, 6, is the carriage of the opposite train, and on the side, a horizontal wheel, F, projects, which strikes against the guide of the other carriage, thus turning the guide with the four frames and wheels, and causing it to go off the rail, but remaining upon it itself, having no horizontal action. The hind part, N, of the guide, is bent the contrary way, so that, after the carriage has been conducted off the rail, the wheel presses against the guide, and turns the wheels back again, causing the two carriages to pass side by side; and in order to keep the wheels steady after they have passed, there is a slight spring, O, figs. 1 and 4, on the carriage, which presses against one side of the frame of any one wheel, and this of itself tends to turn and keep the wheels in their right course.

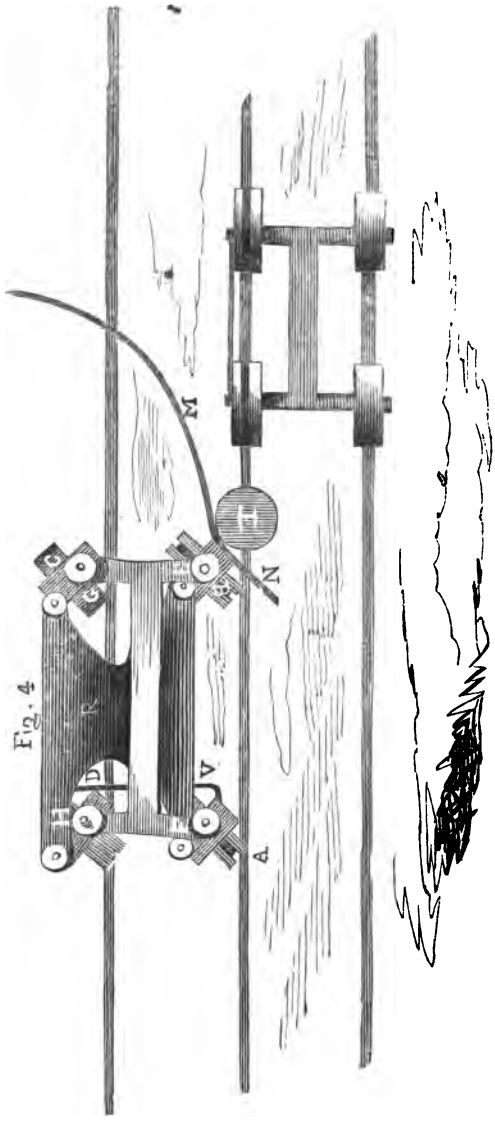

Fig. 4.

This is an exact description of the models which have been exhibited, to which Mr. Gompertz gave motion by pulling a string, and when pulled straight, the experiment succeeded, the two carriages passing each other, as he had intended. Mr. G. also suggests (but has not tried this plan), that it might be preferable for the four wheels to be made all alike with one flanch, as in fig. 7, in which case the rails must be filled up with earth between them; as in the latter plan, as well as the former, it would not, by any means, do for the wheels which

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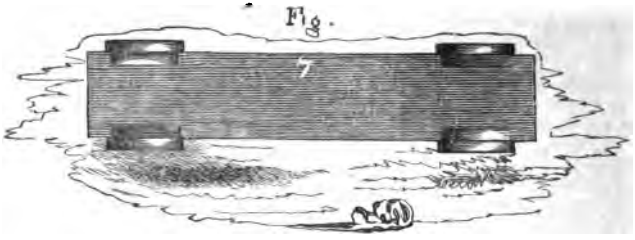

have been raised off one rail to come against the other, as this might upset the carriage.

It appears, that not only a single carriage can be thus acted on, but a whole train; the foremost carriage, as it is presumed that all the carriages could be so attached by means of their levers, &c., to each other, as to turn them off the rail, when they are themselves off the usual right line; the detail of which plan, however, our limits do not permit us to explain; and it remains to observe, that the hind carriages, as well as the fore ones of the trains, ought to be furnished with the apparatus described, and then the invention would prevent collisions, not only in the meeting of two vehicles, but also in the overtaking of each other. The plan, also, of turning all the wheels at once, is preferred by the inventor, but he thinks it might possibly be done by having only the front ones to turn. He also considers that some trouble might be caused in communicating the motion of the steam-engine on the wheels, which have a horizontal motion when turned by the guide, but hopes this difficulty will not be found great. It remains likewise to observe, that though two sets of railroads, would, in this case, as well as with the common plan, be best, it seems possible to dispense with one line of them, as the trains turn off the rail when necessary to pass each other.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER X. (*Continued*).

Adrienne, with her eyes fixed on M. Baleinier, as if in fascination, remained silent and overcome, feeling a vague terror coming over her. Incapable of penetrating the dark recesses of the soul of that man, whose language seemed so truthful, so touching and sorrowful, the young girl began to doubt; she thought M. Baleinier had committed a grievous error, but that he did so unknowingly. The sufferings that she had undergone during the night, the danger of her situation, her agitation—all combined to cast a feeling of indecision into the mind of the poor girl.

"No, no," she at length said, "I cannot believe you; you have had too much experience to commit such an error."

"An error," said the Doctor, with an air of gravity. "Listen, my dear child, to that experience, and I will ask you to judge for yourself. First, then, take an impartial glance at your past life. Call to your recollection those moments of strange exaltation when you said that you felt yourself a being of another world. Can you find a young girl, who lives as you do, who thinks that she is superior to other women, and on account of that superiority, chalks out a new mode of life and habits for herself."

"I never had that stupid pride—and you know it," said Adrienne.

"Then, my dear child, how can we account for your strange and inexplicable manner of living? Can you persuade even yourself that it is reasonable? Ah, Adrienne, you are at present full of original charms, of poetical eccentricities, of sweet and vague dreams, but the inclination is irresistibly fatal. Take care; take care. The sane portion at present of your intellectuality shows itself only in whims and amusing fancies, but with what frightful rapidity does insanity develope itself, and choke the other—"

"Ah, you make me afraid," said the unfortunate girl.

"Then," continued the Doctor, "the last spark of intellect becomes extinguished; insanity takes the sway, and shows itself in savage transports."

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"Like the woman up stairs," murmured Adrienne.

"Even so. Like you that woman was young, lovely, and intellectual; but also, like you, she possessed the fatal germ of insanity, which, not being destroyed in time, increased and increased, till it entirely destroyed her reason."

"Oh, mercy, mercy," cried the poor girl, in terror; "take me hence, or I shall become even as you say." After a moment's silence, she added—"No, no; I will not become insane. I possess all my reason. Have I been so foolish as to believe you? It is true I am different from many people—that I do many things which appear strange to others; but is that a reason? Have I a bad heart? am I envious? am I selfish or egotistical? My notions are singular, I grant; but you know, M. Baleinier, that they are praiseworthy—ennobling. You weep! Oh, have pity on me if I am wrong. Prevent me from becoming like these women. Those tears convince me that you still respect me. My good M. Baleinier, it is not too late. I will do whatever you ask me."

Adrienne remained a moment silent; then taking away her hands from her face, she said, with touching dignity—"I do not know what I have been saying just now; fear makes me delirious. Listen, I know that I am in your power. Nothing can snatch me from you. Are you then my implacable enemy, or are you my friend? I know not which. In spite of my courage I declare myself vanquished. If you are my enemy, whatever is required of me let me know it, and it will be accomplished. I give you my word of honour, which you know is loyal; you will then have no further interest in keeping me here. If, on the contrary, you think that my reason is in danger, tell me so, and I will believe you. Am I beseeching my benefactor or my tormentor? I know not which. I have no longer strength to discuss the matter."

At these touching words a look of repentance beamed on the countenance of M. Baleinier. He approached, and was taking her hand, when a thin, shrill voice shouted, "M. Baleinier."

"Rodin," muttered the Doctor, in fright; "he is watching me."

"Who calls you?" demanded Adrienne.

"Some one who is waiting for me to go to the convent of St. Marie."

"Before going, answer my question."

"I am, and have always been, a friend, incapable of deceiving you."

Adrienne became deathly pale, and holding out her hand, said, "I will have courage. Will it be long before you return?"

"Perhaps a month. Solitude, reflection, and proper regimen will be all that you will at present require. Every attention will be paid to you. If you are not pleased with this room you can have another. Come, courage; do not be disheartened."

"My only hope is in you, my dear M. Baleinier. Pray return soon," said Adrienne: then leaning her hand upon her bosom, she articulated the word, as the Doctor left the place—"Insane!"

* * * * * *

How often have interest, vengeance, and perfidious machinations been practised by families or friends who, with facility, get patients admitted into certain houses destined for the insane. By-and-bye it is our intention to urge the importance of the authorities visiting periodically those institutions, and many others of not less importance, to which we shall hereafter call the attention of the public.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PRESENTIMENT.

Whilst the foregoing scenes were transpiring at Dr. Baleinier's asylum, other events, not less important to this history, took place at the Rue Brise-Miche, in the abode of Madame Baudoin. Seven o'clock had struck by St. Mary's Church, the day was dismal, and the sleet and rain battered incessantly against the room window of the soldier's wife, who ignorant of the arrest of her son, had waited his arrival all the evening, and part of the night, with heart-rending inquietude. Sleep at last overcame her, and she threw herself upon the mattrass, placed beside the bed of Rose and Blanche; but no sooner had day dawned, than she rose, and stole to Agricola's room, with the faint hope that her son had entered unperceived by her. At this moment the orphans awoke, and casting their eyes round the room, found themselves, save their old and faithful friend Rabat-joie, whose eyes were fixed upon them, alone. The orphans had slept little, they had watched the anxiety of their good hostess, who, from time to time, was seen listening attentively, then kneeling before her crucifix, which was placed in a corner of the room. The orphans knew that she prayed for her son; but the good woman did more. After the sudden departure of Dagobert for Chartres, she had asked the young girls to join her in prayer, and was shocked with them, for they only prayed to their mother who was in heaven. The good woman, on ascertaining that they were not baptised, for there were no churches in the wilds of Siberia, could not conceal her tears, nor her inquietude for their spiritual welfare.

Madame Baudoin, who loved the orphans tenderly, and who blamed her husband for

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not having them baptised on his way home—a ceremony which had never once entered the mind of the ex-horse grenadier—dared not take the girls to church until she had consulted her confessor.

Rose and Blanche were alone, and their thoughts turned upon Paris—the Paris, that their youthful imaginations had depicted—the city of gold, that they had seen in their dreams; and they contrasted those dreams with the reality of their present situation.

These thoughts, however, soon gave way to others of an ennobling character. During the last twenty-four hours they had observed much, and now began to reason upon these observations.

"My dear sister," said Rose, "you have witnessed the uneasiness of Dagobert's wife. She wept and prayed nearly all the night. You saw how the tears ran down her cheeks when we told her that we were not baptised."

"I am afraid that we are partly the cause of her inquietude. You noticed the look full of pity and grief that she gave us when she put down her work, saying, that her eyes were failing, that she could not work more than one hour at a time."

"O yes; she was sorry that she could no longer gain her livelihood."

"It is Monsieur Agricola alone, then, who supports his mother, and who will require to work harder on account of Dagobert and us. On our arrival here, Dagobert told us that he had very little money left."

"Yes, sister. Our father may be a duke and a marshal of France; nevertheless, while our father is absent, or until our hopes be realised, we shall be a burden to this poor family, to whom we owe so much."

"I understand you, my dear sister. No, we must not be a burden to any one. We are young, and of good courage. Our grandfather was a workman. The Mesdemoiselles Simon are neither awkward nor unwilling to work, and could easily sow the sacks that Dagobert's wife can no longer do."

"Yes; we shall do so. The good woman that they call the Mayeux, who contemplates us in silence with such an air of kindness, will procure us work, for she lives, depend upon it, by hard labour."

"Well; let it be so. The first time that we have an opportunity, we will ask the Mayeux. When our father returns, he will be pleased with us for having provided for ourselves as if we were alone in the world."

"Alone in the world," said Rose, trembling. "Those frightful words make my heart beat, as if some misfortune were going to happen to us."

"What is the matter, sister? you frighten me."

"When we were put in prison we were not separated, and the prison was then a home; but if Dagobert should not return, what would become of us, left without resources, in this large town."

"Ah, my sister, do not speak in that way; you make me feel as if something will take place. But how can it? Are we not in Dagobert's house, surrounded by his good family, who love us, and whom we as tenderly love. It is impossible that such can take place."

"Impossible! Do you remember the day that poor Jovial was killed. If on that morning any one had told us that we would be imprisoned, we would have said, even as now, impossible! notwithstanding, two days afterwards we were all put into prison at Leipsic."

"O sister, do not speak in that manner; you make me afraid;" and the two orphans, in sympathy, clasped each other's hands, and looked round the room in fright.

The emotion that they felt was strange, inexplicable—like the dark presentiments that often awe and terrify us, casting, as it were, a ray of light into the deep recesses of futurity.

The daughters of General Simon were plunged into an agony of grief when Dagobert's wife reappeared, with her countenance evincing the greatest sorrow and distress.

CHAPTER XII.—THE LETTER.

No sooner had Madame Baudoin entered, than Rose, perceiving the altered countenance of the good woman, cried, "Oh, Madame, what is the matter?"

"Alas! my dear children," said the poor woman, bursting into tears, "I can hide it no longer from you. My son, whom I expected home last evening, has not yet come. I am certain something has happened to him; perhaps, he has been wounded at his forge, for he is so laborious."

A gentle knock was heard at the door, and the Mayeux entered wet to the skin.

"Where have you been, my child?" said Madame Baudoin.

"I bring you news respecting Agricola. Now, do not be uneasy, for he is well."

"Bless you, bless you, for bringing such news of my son. But why does Agricola not come home?"

"Madame Baudoin, I assure you that Agricola is in perfect health, but it will be a day or two be—"

"What has happened? why can I not see him?"

"Alas, Madame, he is arrested on account of a song that he wrote. I have

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been to the lady he spoke of yesterday, Adrienne de Cardoville, to whom he went this morning to ask her to become security for him; but that lady, unfortunately, is insane, and is now in a madhouse."

Madame Baudoin pressed her forehead with her hands, the orphans looked at each other, and the poor Mayeux—a prey to so many sad emotions—sat down upon a chair, reflecting on the desperate position of that family.

A propos of arrests, which have such malevolent sway over honest, industrious workmen, from the bad organization of labour, and from the insufficiency of salary. It is painful to see the law, which ought to be alike to all, refuse those worthy artizans that which it accords to the rich—for the former have not the means of securing their liberation, while the latter can do so at all times, and at all seasons. But even if the law were just, what is confinement to the rich man? For a time he is deprived of many enjoyments. But to the poor man how different! He not alone suffers. Where is his family? Is there any one appointed, during his imprisonment, to look after his starving children, to comfort his afflicted wife. No; they are left to suffer and to starve. If, then, in certain circumstances, those who are rich can get security by means of money, and thereby liberated, why, then, should not some means be given to the poor man, whose liberty is the very existence of his family.

Is there a remedy for this deplorable state of things? We presume there might be one.

The smallest sum taken by the law for security is 500 francs, about £10—a sum which the half of our industrious mechanics do not earn in six months. Then how is it possible for the mechanic, who, perhaps, has a wife and children, to pay such a sum. This exorbitant and unjust demand, does nothing more nor less than deprive the poor of the benefit of the law. Would it not be equitable, humane, and salutary, to accept, in all cases, where security is allowed, the *moral* guarantee of all those whose poverty does not enable them to give a *material* one; men, whose whole wealth consists of their labour and their probity? Would it not be great and moral to give validity to oaths taken by labouring men; and nothing could accomplish this better than by raising them in their own estimation. Do not let us rail against the dignity of man, by setting up Utopian schemes—by speaking of impossibilities. We will ask if prisoners of war* have been often found to perjure themselves; and private soldiers, as well as the officers, are the children of the people.

If those, then, who make our laws, and who govern us, have formed such an idea of the people as to repulse, with a sneer, the opinion which we have given, could they not, at least, lower the sum of security to those who ought, in this respect, to escape the rigours of the law—say to twenty-five francs—for, even this change would prevent many a family from being thrust into the frightful jaws of misery.

Having said so much, let us now return to Dagobert's family, the position of which has been rendered desperate by the arrest of Agricola. The anguish of Madame Baudoin became more and more poignant. She now saw four individuals left entirely without resources; this affected her more, because her good son would suffer much on thinking of their deplorable condition.

A knock was heard at the door. "Come in," cried Madame Baudoin, and the dyer entered; but instead of having his arms of a lively green, they had the hue of the violet.

"Madame Baudoin," said Father Lorrain, "here is a letter from the Abbé Dubois; the person who brought it, said it was very pressing."

"A letter from my confessor!"

"You do not require anything, Madame Baudoin?"

"No, Father Lorrain."

"Good morning. Believe me the humble servant of this respected abode," said the honest dyer, smiling; he then left the room.

"My good Mayeux," said Madame Baudoin, "pray read this letter."

"My dear Madame Baudoin,—I have been in the habit of confessing you, every Wednesday and Saturday; but, this week, I shall be engaged on those days. If you do not wish to remain a week, without approaching the tribune of penitence, come this morning."

"A week!" exclaimed Madame Baudoin, "Heaven forbid! Alas, I feel, from the trouble and grief into which I am plunged, that there is much cause for going to-day." Then addressing the orphans, she said, "The Lord, in his mercy, has listened to the prayers which I offered up for you, my dear children; for to-day I shall be able to consult a good and holy man, respecting the dangers, that you, in ignorance, are running. Poor dear children, so innocent, yet so culpable, although it is not your faults. Ah, the Lord knoweth that my heart bleeds for you, as much as it does for my own son."

Rose and Blanche looked at each other in surprise, for they did not understand the fears of the good woman.

* In France, different from the system carried on in England, officers are men taken from the ranks from having distinguished themselves for their courage and intrepidity.

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"My good Mayeux," she added, "you must render me a service. My husband took Agricola's last week's pay with him to Chartres, which was all the money that was in the house. I am sure that my good son has not a penny upon him, and perhaps he may require something while in prison. You will take the silk shawl that Agricola gave me, my silver spoons, and two pair of sheets, to the pawnbroker's. I will try to find out the prison where my son is; I will send him the half of what you get upon these things, and the other half will keep us till my husband returns. But when he does return, what shall we do? what a terrible blow it will be to him. What will become of us; my son in prison, and I no longer can see to work."

"Take courage, my dear Madame Baudoin, Agricola is innocent; they cannot keep him long in prison."

"Well, it is wrong of me to complain. But, my poor Mayeux, I forget that I am causing you to lose a great deal of time."

"Do not think of that, I will make up for it during the night, for you know I could not sleep when you are distressed. It will make the time pass away."

"But your light."

"Be not uneasy about that; I am pretty well off just now." This, however, was not the case.

"Kiss me, then," said the good old woman, with tears in her eyes, "for you are the best creature in the world."

Madame Baudoin went out, leaving Rose and Blanche with the Mayeux. The moment had now arrived, that the orphans looked forward to with so much impatience.

(To be continued).

THE ALMOND FLOWER.

How death doth lurk 'neath beauty, every hour,
The careless as the thinking mind may see,
For such it is, thou lovely almond flower,
So bright in beauty—such it is with thee.
Ah, when in early spring thou dost return,
Thy birth my mind with pleasure, aye, doth fill,
Although I know thy blossoms but inurn
A poison, mighty in its power to kill.
And though I know that hundreds in their time,
Have been swept off by thy pernicious aid,
That youth and age—the ripening and the prime
Of life—by thee have in the dust been laid.
And, oh! how many human gift like thine,
In spirit dreadful are in look divine!

E. F. VANE.

MRS. FREEMAN, ALIAS SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

One of the most striking pictures presented to us in Miss Costello's recent publication, is that of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Some of the traits which she brings before us are exceedingly amusing. That Miss Costello overrates the importance of this lady, we cannot deny, but as there was enough about her to charm her contemporaries, so sufficient is remembered of her to render her biography interesting to her posterity.

That there must have been something exquisitely fascinating in her manners will easily be conceived, since they so won upon queen Anne that she was glad in a manner to throw her crown aside, to enjoy the free society of the duchess. The title of majesty was gladly exchanged for that of Mrs. Morley; and a lover could hardly more eagerly covet the presence of his mistress, than did the queen that of the wife of Marlborough, under the assumed name of Mrs. Freeman.

Her beauty is reported to have been matchless. Colley Cibber has left us a graphic picture of its effects upon him in the days of his youth, and he was no mean judge of female charms. By him we are told that at a feast, given in honour of the Revolution, which placed king William on the throne, he officiated as a waiter, having assumed that character to witness the grand doings of the day. The fair Sarah, then in the bloom of youth, was one of the guests, and Colley was so dazzled by the brightness of her eyes, that looking at her he could attend to nothing else. He was anxious to offer her, in his low vocation, any service she might require; and when she requested to have some "wine and water," the sound of her voice was so thrilling, that he ceased not to dwell on it, and to celebrate it, through the next following half century. It would seem, too, that her beauty was as lasting as it was superb, for on the same authority we have it, that when her daughters had reached maturity, and were celebrated for their personal attractions, their lovely mother was still a reigning toast.

Her fortune was as singular—as happy, shall we say—as her person. What a felicity was it for one so beloved by the queen, to have a husband, the Wellington of his day. The victory of Blenheim was the Waterloo of that reign. Of the almost passionate fondness of the queen, the subjoined letter will give evidence:—

"St. James's, 22nd October.

"I have had this evening the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's of yesterday; for which I give you many thanks; and, though I think it a long time since I saw you, I do not desire you to come one minute sooner to town than it is easy for you, but will wait with patience for the happy hour; and only beg, when you do come, you would send for a coach, and not make use of a chaise. Lord Treasurer intends to send you a copy of the address of the House of Lords, which is to be given me to-morrow; and that gives me an oppor-

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tunity of mentioning a thing which I did not intend to do yet. It is very uneasy to your poor unfortunate faithful Morley to think that she has so very little in her power to show you how sensible I am of all lord Marlborough's kindness, especially when he deserved all that a rich crown could give; but, since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes, to make him a duke. I know my dear Mrs. Freeman does not care for anything of that kind; nor am I satisfied with it, because it does not enough express the value I have for Mr. Freeman, nor ever can how passionately I am your's, my dear Mrs. Freeman."

We are not writing her life, but merely noting a few passages. Alas! for the frail character of human friendship! The time came when the queen and the duchess could no longer meet with pleasure, or speak of each other with kindness. Few descriptions can be less like than the two characters drawn by the duchess of her royal mistress at different periods. While basking in the sunshine of her favour, she is thus pictured:—

"Queen Anne had a person very graceful and majestic; she was religious without affectation, and always meant well. Though she believed that king James had followed such counsel as endangered the religion and laws of her country, it was a great affliction to her to be forced to act against him even for security. Her journey to Nottingham was never concerted, but occasioned by the sudden great apprehensions she was under when the king returned from Salisbury. That she was free from ambition appeared from her easiness in letting king William be placed before her in the succession; which she thought more for her honour than to dispute who should wear first that crown that was taken from her father. That she was free from pride appeared from her never insisting upon any one circumstance of grandeur, more than when her family was established by king Charles II: though after the Revolution, she was presumptive heir to the crown, and after the death of her sister was in the place of a Prince of Wales. Upon her accession to the throne the Civil List was not increased, although that revenue, from accidents, and from avoiding too rigourous exactions (as the lord-treasurer Godolphin often said) did not, one year with another, produce more than one hundred thousand pounds. Yet she paid many pensions granted in former reigns, which have since been thrown upon the public. When a war was found necessary to secure Europe from the power of France, she contributed, for the ease of the people, in one year, out of her own revenue, a hundred thousand pounds. She gave likewise the first fruits to augment the provisions of the poorest clergy. For her own privy purse she allowed but twenty thousand pounds a year (till a very few years before she died, when it was increased to six-and-twenty thousand pounds), which is much to her honour, because that is subject to no account. She was as frugal in another office (which was likewise her private concern), that of the robes, for in nine years she spent only thirty-two thousand and fifty pounds, including the coronation expense, as appears by the records in the Exchequer, where the accounts were passed. She had never any expence of ostentation or vanity; but never refused charity when there was any reason for it. She always paid the greatest respect imaginable to king William and queen Mary. She was extremely well bred; treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals. To all who approached her, her behaviour, decent and dignified, showed condescension without art or manners, and maintained subordination without servility."

Now for another view of her majesty:—

"Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful till she grew exceedingly gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul, and a cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness, which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, as well as the same sort of bigotry in religion. Her memory was extremely great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable in it—that she could, whenever she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves obliged by truth and honour to remember, and remember all such things as others would think it a happiness. * * She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment, her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; and, in weightier matters, she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her, to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment. Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the prince seemed, to the eye of the world, prodigiously great; and great as was the passion of her grief, her stomach was greater! for, that very day he died, she eat three very large and hearty meals; so that one would think that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetites, her appetite took away her

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grief. * * Her religion was chiefly implicit faith and subjection, accompanied with the form and course of a sort of piety. * * But if religion be justice, truth, sincerity, honour, and gratitude, and the like, then one cannot tell what to say; but let her practice speak for herself, her broken vows, her violated alliances, her behaviour whether to her old friends at home, her conduct to her good allies abroad, or the returns she made to her native country for an immense treasure of money and blood spent for the vindication of her title and the security of her life. * * She loved fawning and adoration, and hated plain-dealing, even in the most important cases. She had a soul that nothing could so effectually move as flattery or fears. * * She had no native generosity of temper, nor was often known of herself to do a handsome action, either as a reward or as a piece of friendship. The diligence and faithfulness of a servant signified but little with her, where she had no passion for the person. Nor did she hardly ever think, either of rewarding any because they were deserving, or of raising any because they were miserable, till such things were urged upon her by those whom she loved. And even to those whom she professed to love, her presents were very few, and generally very insignificant, as fruit, venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in the former reigns. In a word, she had little zeal for the happiness of others, but a selfishness that was great enough to make every other consideration yield to it. She was headstong and positive in matters of the utmost importance, and at last preferred her own humour and passion before the safety and happiness of her own people and of all Europe, which she had either not sense enough to see or not goodness enough to regard."

Such portraits by the same hand, time and accident can hardly reconcile.

Her violence probably led to an abatement of that friendship which the queen had once felt for her. Of her intolerable petulance we have some rich and conclusive proofs remaining. On one occasion:—

"Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician, had given some advice which she did not approve; upon which she attacked him furiously, swore at him with a bitterness quite indescribable, and followed him, as he retreated from her room, with the intention of pulling off his periwig! Dr. Hoadley, bishop of Winchester, is said to have been a witness of this indecorous scene."

When the patient, a lady, too, d——ns her physician, and attempts to offer him personal outrage, it is easy to see that she could be restrained by no ordinary feelings.

Yet, such as she was, she was loved, most ardently loved, by the hero of Blenheim. This is proved, not only by his correspondence, with which most readers of history are well acquainted, but by a variety of incidents in his active life. To annoy him, on one occasion, the duchess adopted the extraordinary expedient of making herself less beautiful. Her luxuriant hair, which he had always greatly admired, she actually cut off. This must have distressed the duke, though he did not resent it, another proof of his unfailing love. We are told:—

"Shortly afterwards, meeting him, and observing in his manner no appearance of vexation or perturbation, she imagined that her scheme had failed, and seeking for the ringlets without effect, she was ashamed to say anything on the subject, surprised though she was to find they had disappeared. With tears of grateful tenderness she concluded her story by recounting that, after Marlborough's death, the missing treasure was found by her in a secret cabinet belonging to him, where all that he most prized was secured."

This would show that he was as faithful to love as to glory. But here we must pause.

ASTRONOMY NEGLECTED IN THE UNITED STATES.

That a science so truly noble and sublime, which rewards inquiry with such magnificent discoveries, should have been for a moment neglected in a young and aspiring republic, like that of the United States, in North America, must really excite surprise wherever it is stated. It is, however, not more strange than true. Mr. John Quincey Adams, one of those genuine patriots who aim at serving their country, by pointing out faults which she may amend, instead of flattering her vanity; who bitterly reprove her depravity, or that of her nefarious leaders, but rejoice to see her endeavouring to advance in the paths of virtue, has proclaimed the fact. His remarks on the subject are so pertinent, so full of just reflection, that we cannot refrain from copying them. He says:—

"While our fathers were colonists of England, we had no distinctive, political, or literary character. The white cliffs of Albion covered the soil of our nativity, though another hemisphere first opened our eyes to the light of day, and oceans rolled between us and them. We were Britons born, and we claimed to be the countrymen of Chaucer and Shakspeare, Milton and Newton, Sidney and Locke, Arthur and Alfred, as well as of Edward the Black Prince, Harry of Monmouth, and Elizabeth. But when our fathers abjured the name of Britons, and 'assumed

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among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitles them,' they tacitly contracted the engagement for themselves, and above all, for their posterity, to contribute, in their corporate and national capacity, their full share; aye, and more than their full share, of the virtues that elevate, and of the graces that adorn the character of civilized man. They announced themselves as *reformers* of the institutions of civil society. They spoke of the laws of Nature, and in the name of Nature's *God;* and by that sacred adjuration they pledged us, their children, to labour with united and concerted energy, from the cradle to the grave, to purge the earth of all slavery, to restore the race of man to the full enjoyment of those rights which the God of Nature had bestowed upon him at his birth,—to disenthral his body from chains,—to break the fetters from his feet, and the manacles from his hands, and to set him free for the use of his physical powers, for the improvement of his own condition. The God, in whose name they spoke, had taught them in the revelation of his gospel that the only way in which man can discharge his duty to God is by loving his neighbour as himself, and doing with him as he would be done by respecting his rights, while enjoying his own, and applying all his emancipated powers of body and of mind, to self-improvement and improvement of his race. Among the modes of self-improvement and of happiness, there is none so well suited to the nature of man as the assiduous cultivation of the arts and sciences. The varieties and dispositions of individuals for the cultivation of any one liberal art or science are infinitely diversified. One general impulse nerves the arm and animates the soul; but, in giving way to that impulse, every one may follow the bent of his own inclination. We have been sensible of our obligation to maintain the character of a civilized, intelligent and spirited nation. We have been, perhaps, over boastful of our freedom and too sensitive to the censure of our neighbours. The arts and sciences which we have pursued with most intense interest and severing energy have been those adapted to our own condition. We have explored the seas, and fathomed the depths of the ocean, and we have fertilized the face of the land. *We*—you—*you*, have changed the wilderness into a garden, and created a paradise upon the wild. But alas! the labours of our hands, and the affections of our hearts, been so absorbed by things on this terraqueous globe, as to forget its indissoluble connexion, even if not identity with the firmament above? Had the philosophy of that family of the wise man, who, when asked where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens? Suffer me to leave these questions unanswered."

The occasion, however, which called forth these strictures, is one which promises that such a reproach will not long rest on the character of the speaker's country, as we find them in an oration delivered before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of an Astronomical Observatory.

FIRST HAPPY MOMENTS.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! the hours of our childhood, those bright happy hours,
When we dreamt that life's path was a garden of flowers!
When a cloud never darkened the sunshine of youth,
And fancy wore ever the semblance of truth.
Tho' those visions are gone, and their brightness now shaded,
The flowers, once so lovely, now drooping or faded,
The mind till life's close ever loves to recal,
Those first happy moments, the dearest of all.

Our slumber is over, and in riper years,
We find this bright garden a valley of tears;
The fancy that brightened each scene of the past,
Our early companion has left us the last.
And truth, the stern truth, is exposed to our eyes,
No longer bedecked in her fanciful guise;
Still the mind till life's close ever loves to recal
Those first happy moments, the dearest of all.

When the friendship youth fancied that nothing could sever.
In this rude sordid earth is oft parted for ever,
When the love we once prized is grown selfish and cold,
And lost that true smile we so treasured of old;
Tho' the hopes we had once are since faded away,
And morn's sunshine is lost in the darkness of day,
Still the mind till life's close ever loves to recal
Those first happy moments, the dearest of all.

J. S. BENIFOLD, Pemb. Coll. Camb.

THE BLIND POETESS.

The poems of Miss Frances Brown, which have recently appeared with her biography, have opened to our view a new and interesting chapter in the history of human intellect. Her story, as told by her editor, is not a little affecting. Surprise has been moved by the noble strife maintained, in many cases, by mind and industry, against ignorance and poverty; but when to these fearful obstacles, blindness may be added, a triumph over such fearful odds is wonderful indeed. Born at Stranorlar, a village in the county of Donegal, when but a year and a half old, poor Miss Brown lost her sight by the small pox. Of that even she has no recollection, and consequently is spared those painful regrets and

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comparisons which must have been experienced, had the deprivation been inflicted in mature life; but she was precluded from the comparatively easy access to knowledge, which would have been open to her in the latter case.

Her father was post-master of the village, and his circumstances, of course, were anything but affluent. He could not, therefore, in an obscure retreat, command those aids for the education of the sightless Frances, which under other circumstances might have been obtained. How she, by her own natural power, rendered herself the accomplished being she is found; we let her tell for herself:—

"I never received any regular education,—but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard my pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on the subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was, probably, troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood: but, by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the dictionary and English grammar each day; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity), I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it.

"My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. *Susan Gray—The Negro Servant—The Gentle Shepherd—Mungo Park's Travels*—and, of course *Robinson Crusoe*—were among the first of my literary friends;—for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighbourhood, and were much more so in my childhood: but the craving for knowledge which then commenced grew with my growth; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had—to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way, I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones;—but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Watler Scott's works fell into my hands. It was *The Heart of Mid Lothian*; and was lent me by a friend, whose family was rather better provided with books than most in our neighbourhood. My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author,—for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read—namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory which I now possess; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil,—for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forgot any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order."

The editor pithily remarks that *Robinson Crusoe*, in his desolate island, was not in a situation more forlorn and helpless than was that of Miss Brown, so far as mental cultivation is concerned. Yet, in the manner she has described, the ever active mind found out a way of its own to knowledge and refinement.

"About the beginning of my thirteenth year (continues Miss Brown), I happened to hear a friend read a part of Baines's *History of the French War*. It made a singular impression on my mind; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful romance of history. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighbourhood, that *Hume's History of England*, and two or three other works on the same subject, were all I could reach, till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village-school, obliged me with that voluminous work, *The Universal History*. There I heard, for the first time, the Histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work; but it gave me a fund of information, which has been subsequently increased from many sources; and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of history. My historical studies made a knowledge of geography requisite; but my first efforts to acquire it had been made even in childhood, by inquiring from every person the situation and

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locality of distant places which they chanced to mention. As I grew older, and could understand the language of books, the small abridgments of geography, which were used by my brothers and sisters at the village school, were committed to memory, by a similar process to that by which I had learnt the dictionary and grammar. In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the relative situations of distant places, I sometimes requested a friend, who could trace maps, to place my finger upon some well-known spot, the situation of which I had exactly ascertained, and then conduct the fingers of the other hand, from the points thus marked, to any place on the map whose position I wished to know, at the same time mentioning the places through which my fingers passed. By this plan, having previously known how the cardinal points were placed, I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea, not only of the boundaries and magnitude of the various countries, but also of the courses of rivers and mountain-chains. The first geographical problem that I remember, occurred to me on hearing, in an account of the discovery of America, that Columbus at first intended to reach the coasts of Asia by sailing to the west; and, as I knew that Asia was in the eastern portion of the world, as laid down in our maps, the statement puzzled me much. At length, however, hearing our village teacher explain to my elder brothers and sisters the globular figure of the earth, that problem was solved; but to comprehend it cost me the study of a sleepless night! As I increased in years and knowledge, the small school-books already mentioned were found insufficient; and I had recourse to my old method of borrowing. By this, I obtained some useful information; and increased it by conversation with the few well-informed persons who came within the limited sphere of my acquaintance. In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded with difficulties too minute and numerous to mention; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one, which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend on the services of others; and as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work assigned to them, or rendered them some other little services: for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit have made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily managed; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive works which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used, by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which, perhaps, they had formerly read but forgotten: and thus the memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the Iliad, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me; but the effect it produced requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great and strange love of poetry; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few Psalms of the Scotch version, Watt's *Divine Songs*, and some old country songs (which certainly were not divine), formed the whole of my poetical knowledge; I made my earliest attempt at versification—upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, *The Lord's Prayer*. As years increased, my love of poetry, and taste for it increased, also, with increasing knowledge. The provincial newspapers, at times, supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me, and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory; and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been, all my life, subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found in attempts at original composition; which, for the first few years, were but feeble imitations of everything I knew—from the Psalms to Gray's *Elegy*. When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy: and this brings me up to the time when I made my first acquaintanee with the *Iliad*. It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at the time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me, and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the Iliad, I borrowed a prose translation of Virgil, there being no poetical one, to be found in our neighbourhood; and in a similar manner made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's *Childe Harold*. The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse-making in future; for I was,

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then, far enough advanced, to know my own deficiency — but without apparent means for the requisite improvement. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but, owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of 1840, heard a friend read the story of La Pérouse, it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and one related in an old country song called the *Lost Ship*, which I heard in my childhood, The song in question, was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse, which haunted my imagination and, I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line, and the story of La Pérouse, together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept, and the result was, the little poem called *La Pérouse*."

Miss Brown, after this, sent some of her productions to the *Irish Penny Magazine*, where they were kindly treated. She then heard of the *Athenæum*, and, she says, "longed to *see* it." Unable, however, to get a *sight* or rather a *hearing* of it in her village, she says, "I resolved to make a bold effort to obtain it; and, in the spring of the year 1841, having a number of small poems on hand, I addressed them to the editor, promised future contributions, and solicited that a copy of the journal might be sent to me as the return. My application was long unanswered; and I had given up all for lost, when the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, astonished me, and gratified a wish which had haunted my very dreams. From that period, my name and pretensions have been more before the public— many poems of mine having appeared in the pages of that publication, in Mr. Hood's *Magazine*, and in the *Keepsake*, edited by the Countess of Blessington."

This, we think, is as singular and almost as touching a narrative as is known to English literature. Of the merits of her powers, we shall probably speak hereafter.

The Gatherer.

Comparative Speed of Animals.—The sloth is not a very small creature, but it can travel only fifty paces a day. A worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds: but a lady-bird can fly twenty millions times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

Shakspearean Graves.—The thanks of the Shakespeare Society have been voted to the Rev. William Harness, for the pains he has taken and the good taste he has exhibited, in the restoration of the inscriptions upon the gravestones of John and Susannah Hall and Thomas Nash, in the chancel of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon. Mr. Harness has had the obliterated letters replaced, and the other letters picked out in the spirit of a true restorer. A new regulation is strictly enforced by the parish authorities, prohibiting people from trading or standing, on any pretence whatever, on the graves of Shakspeare and his descendants.

English Performance in Paris.—It is positively arranged that an English company shall immediately give dramatic representations in the French capital. They are to divide the nights of the coming [illegible] at the Theatre Ventadour, with the [illegible]s Macready and Miss Helen [illegible] are announced to appear on the [illegible] of November, in Othello.

Longevity of Horses.—A [illegible]made small horse pony, one of the old [illegible]y breed, the property of Mr. James [illegible], Maghereagh, near Stranbane, died [illegible] at the advanced age of fifty-four years.

An Annual Clock.—A clock, which goes for a whole year without being wound up, has been invented by a Mr. Crane, of Newark, United States, and is much spoken of by the New York papers.

Lucifer Matches.—It is said that one firm in London, that of Blackwell and Williams, manufactures weekly 10,800,000 congreve matches, weighing two and a half tons, being at the rate of 130 tons per annum!

Wood and Water.—The *Presse* states, that for more than ten years past there has been remarked a successive diminution of the waters in the north of Russia. The investigations made on this subject by scientific men having demonstrated that this phenomenon has no other cause than the devastations made in the forests, the Minister of the Imperial domains is at this moment occupied in regulating the annual consumption of the woods. [No bad comparison this for the old story of the Goodwin sands and Tenderden Church steeple].

Failure of French Sugar Manufactories.—There were at work in France, on the first of September last, 325 manufactories of sugar, being fifty fewer than on September 1, 1843.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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MORDON CHURCH.

MORDON CHURCH.

Mordon Church, of which we here present a view, from Brayley and Britton's new "History of Surrey," is within an easy distance from town, and well deserving of inspection. It is a long and narrow fabric dedicated to St. Laurance, and was rebuilt with brick about the year 1636, probably at the expense of Richard Garth, Esq., the lord of the manor, who restored the great tithes to the living, and was buried here in 1639. "The ancient windows, however," observe our authors, "which are of stone, and in the painted style, appear to have been preserved and replaced;" that at the east end, shown in the view, is designed with much elegance, It is splendidly decorated with stained and painted glass; of which the principal subject, viz., Moses and Aaron supporting the Decalogue, with smaller figures of Zacharias coming to the high priest, and Jonah escaping from the whale's belly, is from the design of a former age, being mentioned by Aubrey. The dove and the cherubims in the upper compartments, which were executed after the designs of Mrs. Lancelot Chambers, an accomplished lady, long resident in this parish, are much and deservedly admired. Altogether the building consists of a nave and chancel (separated only by a raised step in the floor); with the low embattled tower of the west end, containing three bells, and a small south porch, forming the chief entrance. The pulpit, octagonal in form, with a handsome sounding-board, is of ash, and in a gallery at the west end, erected in 1791, is a small but neat organ. Here also, is a new and elegant stone font, of an octagonal form, with quatre ornaments, sunk in the panel, supported by a pedestal. The font was executed by Mr. Legran, a pupil of Chantrey's. Within this church are numerous monuments, grave-stones, and inscriptions on brass, to the memory of the Garth, Gardiner, Leheap, Carlton, Meyrick, Lowndes, Batts, and other families. Those of a mural character are most handsome, and in excellent preservation.

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THE SCRIBBLER'S CAPTIVE.

I was one morning about to write a letter, when I observed a very small insect (hardly visible to the naked eye), such as is frequently found about paper, moving on the sheet I had prepared to use. A single line drawn by my pen seemed to obstruct his march. He turned back as I should have done, if a foul ditch too broad to be leaped, had suddenly presented itself in the way I proposed to journey. A second line compelled him again to change his course, and a third and fourth secured him within the limits of a square.

The tiny creature ran about evidently frightened; whether he trembled for his life, or was only afraid that his appearance would be impaired by the sable stream, which threatened to sully his delicate feet, if he ventured to advance, I could not determine. My opinion inclined to the latter supposition, for the line was hardly coarse enough to justify the former, He might be a beau of his species, and on his road to pay his addresses to some fair insect of great family, and high pretensions, and in that case, to present himself in such awful plight, as wading through a stream of ink would cause, it was easy to conceive, might have proved fatal to his dearest hopes. It would be no joke for a dandy, intending to wait upon his adored Miss F. in the Regent's Park, with views like those for which I give his brother insect credit, to get a dip in the common sewer, without any possibility, as was the case with my unfortunate prisoner, of changing his shoes, stockings, and inexpressibles, before he entered the drawing-room.

That something like this was the case, I felt almost convinced, when having procured a powerful magnifying glass, I was enabled to make out the form of the creature, whose motion was all my unassisted vision could distinctly trace before. He was really a pretty fellow: two horns like those of a butterfly graced his head; he had fine large prominent eyes; his form was longer, perhaps it would better to say, his figure was more genteel, than that of our fragrant friend of the bedstead, and his speed, small size considered, quite as great.

But whatever the case might be in the first instance, I am sure he subsequently discovered that he was in a situation of tremendous peril. My pen, though it has sometimes been said not to be an ill-natured one, was very cruel on this occasion, for it swelled the lines previously traced, from slender common-place marks, to broad, well-supplied rivulets, which it would have been death for the captive to attempt. Of this he seemed perfectly sensible, and possibly blamed his own want of presence of mind, for not rushing through what had at first checked his progress, instead of waiting till it had swelled into what he deemed an ocean.

He ran now one way, and then another, but "all," as we romance writers say, was dark around." Then he squatted down. "Is this dispair," thought I, "or is it experience? Does the creature conclude that escape is impossible, or often in such difficulties, does he expect that the ink will presently dry, and allow him to proceed."

His case was singular, but my situation was not less so. I was for the moment an earthly Almighty. There was but one being possessed of life, whom my omnipotence could immediately control, it is true, and that one not my own creation: but to him I was somebody. My little finger was, perhaps, a hundred million times the size of his whole body; a touch of my awful hand could annihilate him in a moment. It had made him prisoner, and overthrown all his established notions of geography, as taught, perhaps, by the ablest insect preceptors, even from the creation of his world (that is the issuing of my sheet from the paper mill), by making what he might regard as vast seas, to roll, where all was dry land before; by making that black, which before was white.

Another copious dip or two, would have completely filled up the hollow of the square, and destruction to him and his friends, if he had any such, too small to be visible near him, would have been as certain, hopeless, and complete, as if London had met the fate of Herculanæum or "the great globe itself" been "dissolved."

The creature, however, remained motionless so long, that I began to think he was dead, and my ideas were in motion to hold a coroner's inquest on the remains. Perhaps it was fright that had killed him; or it might be that the noxious fumes of the ink, had been too powerful for his finer organs. But there are creatures it occurred to me, mentioned by Dr. Franklin and others, whose lives are so brief, that several generations of them are called into existence, and die by natural decay in the course of a day. In that case, thought I, what a monstrous deed may I have perpetrated! A weak, unoffending pilgrim has probably been arrested by me in the flower of his youth, and detained a forlorn captive, and in mere wantonness, to die from grief in old age; or if this were too much to suppose, it was not very unlikely that an hour being to his life more than a week is to mine, the wants of nature demand to be attended to after shorter intervals, and though that spot to which he was confined, appeared to my eye, as fertile, and in all respects as eligible a portion of his country (my paper) as any other, the fact might not be so, and he, for aught I could say to the contrary, had perished by famine.

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The fear was vain; he soon revived, and apparently in good health. I had established reservoirs of ink at the corners of my square, which from time to time were replenished, and these as they stood above the surface of the paper, glistening brightly in the sun, and in motion when my table got a shake, must have presented to him an appalling spectacle. Yet he did not fear to approach them. If I put the pen near him, he drew suddenly back close upon the margin of the flowing ink, but I could not discover that he ever touched it.

While I was thus engaged, I perceived another creature of the same species, approach my prison. It halted, and then advanced—then halted again, and then receded. I should think it could not see the captive, but possibly its cry of distress might be heard from the enclosure, though it was not audible to me. This new acquaintance might be the Hero of my Leander, or for aught I knew, the Leander of my Hero, for I had no means of ascertaining, that I had not been ungallant enough to doom a lady to an unexpected confinement. If such were the case, Leander had no fancy to attempt the sable Hellespont, which I had interposed between him and his love. The burning forest was not so dreadful to Tancred. But it might be a parent, a disconsolate mother, or a venerable father, who wildly sought a child long since expected to return, but mysteriously withheld from their love, by an overruling power which they could neither resist nor propitiate. I thought of bringing the two together—to witness their warm emotions at thus encountering each other; but while studying how to manage a scene so eminently dramatic, the second performer had reached the edge of the paper, and could not be stayed without risking the instant annihilation of my black fortress.

I now grew weary of tyranny, and proposed to release the object of my late persecution. But this was rather a difficult task. It is easier to do wrong than to repair it. Four slight movements of my pen had in a moment doomed a poor traveller, whose business might have been of the utmost importance, to a long captivity. I could not so soon dry the ink. If for that purpose I had held the paper to the fire, he would have been burned; the nib of my pen to his transparent side would have been a spear; and to have used my knife, in order to lift him, would have been literally putting him to the sword. All I could do, was to scrape a way through the ink, and endeavour to direct him to the path thus opened for his accommodation.

This I at length effected, and he went on like Christian and Hopeful, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," "rejoicing." Whether when he got home, he was regarded as a Sindbad, a Gulliver, or a Captain Ross, I am unable to report. Perhaps he was nearer my own level than I am willing to believe, and had only to apologize to friends with whom he was to dine, for coming too late. He would give, I suspect, no favourable account of me. The astounding glare of my glass, which he would naturally call the "eye of the monster," my immense size (as compared with his), the colour of my coat, which was that of my ink, as well as the sport I seemed to make of sufferings not to be described, might justify him in characterizing me—not as I know myself—a poor dabbler in the *black* art, but as the *Black Gentleman* himself.

THE SIEGE OF VALIENCIENNES.

The following striking picture from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is worthy the pen of Colonel Napier. Marston, the narrator, it must be premised, is a prisoner of war at the moment of the assault:—

"A new scene—a terrible and yet superb one — suddenly broke upon me. A discharge of rockets from various points of the allied lines showed that a general movement was begun. The batteries opened along the whole extent of the trenches, and by their blaze I was able to discern, advancing and formed in their rear, two immense columns, which, however, in the distance and fitfulness of the glare, looked more like huge clouds than living beings. The guns of the ramparts soon replied, and the roar was deafening; while the plunging of the shot along the roofs and ramparts made our situation perilous in no slight degree. But, in the midst of this hurricane of fire, I saw a single rocket shoot up from the camp, and the whole range of batteries ceased at the instant. The completeness of the cessation was scarcely less appalling than the roar. While every telescope was turned instantly to the spot, where the columns and batteries seemed to have sunk together into the earth, a pyramid of blasting flame burst up to the very clouds, carrying with it fragments of beams and masonry. The explosion rent the air, and shook the building on which it stood as if it had been a house of sand. A crowd of engineers and staff-officers now rushed on the roof, and their alarm at the results of the concussion was undisguised. "This is what was expected," said the chief to me; "but it was impossible to discover where the gallery of their mine was run. Our counter-mine has clearly failed." He had scarcely spoken the words before a second and still broader explosion tore up the ground to a great extent, and threw the counterscarp for several hundred yards into the ditch. The drums of the columns were now distinctly heard beating the advance; but darkness had again fallen, and

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all was invisible. A third explosion followed, still closer to the ramparts, which blew up the face of the grand bastion. The stormers now gave a general shout, and I saw them gallantly dashing across the ditch and covered way, tearing down the palisades, fighting hand to hand, clearing the outworks with the bayonet, and finally making a lodgement on the bastion itself. The red-coats, which now swarmed through the works, and the colours planted on the ramparts, showed me that my countrymen had led the assault, and my heart throbbed with envy and admiration. "Why am I not there?" was my involuntary cry; as I almost wished that some of the shots, which were now flying about the roofs, would relieve me from the shame of being a hopeless spectator. "*Mon ami,*" said the voice of the brave and good-natured Frenchman who had overheard me—"if you wish to rejoin your regiment you will not have long to wait. This affair will not be decided to-night, as I thought that it would be half an hour ago. I see that they have done as much as they intend for the time, and mean to leave the rest to fright and famine. To-morrow will tell us something. Pack up your valise. "*Bon soir.*"

ANCIENT CHURCH BRASSES.

See "Faulkner's History of Fulham."

hic iacet dominicella margareta saunders natacz anda in
flandria que ex magistro gerardo de hormbolt gand uxoris
pictoris nominatissimo peperit dominicellam susannam
uxorem magistri johannis palmer armigeri regis quae
obiit anno dni mccccxxix quinto die novembris cuius aie ppiet

These brasses were first introduced into churches in the twelfth century. They were originally manufactured in Flanders, and were taken in exchange for wool by the English merchants, though in general as portraits of the persons they commemorate they are purely imaginary; it is curious to observe the strict costume of habits according to the rank in life of those they purpose to represent.

The annexed was discovered in Fulham Church, in the year 1777, when the church was under repair. It has the following inscription:—

"Here lies Dame Margaret Saunders, a native of Ghent, in Flanders, who, by Gerard Hormbolt, an eminent painter of Ghent, had Dame Susan, the wife of Master John Palmer, bowyer to the king, who died Anno Domini 1229, the 26th, of November."

"Pray for her Soul."

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THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

Mr. Hood has written another poem, which is an appeal to the wealthy on behalf of humble industry. Touching in itself, it is rendered more effective from certain scenes lately enacted, in which certain parties assuming the airs of being great friends to the poor, have been proved to favour the vilest exactions that meanness could impose on misery. Let the wearer of a title, who cannot enjoy a twentieth part of what he possesses, blush for the anguish, the sighs, and the despair which his sordid lust for gain inflicts on the lonely beings who only desire to live by labour, in order that he may add gold to gold, and augment a store already useless from its magnitude.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,
In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn;
To him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill,
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear,
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil,
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task,
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labour's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robbed them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

HARBOURS OF REFUGE ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

DOVER.

Some time since a committee of the House of Commons sat on the subject of Shipwrecks on the southern coast of England, where the committee came to the conclusion that two or more harbours of refuge were indispensable. It is not a little singular, that this committee, aided and assisted by the most skilful engineers of the day, selected parts of the coast entirely unfit for harbours of refuge, and overlooked those which are almost formed by nature for such works. It needed no ghost to inform us that a harbour of refuge would be useless at Margate for vessels pressed by south westerly winds; for if any danger threatened such craft in their passage up the channel, a harbour of refuge would be required long before they reached this home-point; and yet, in a recent pseudo scientific periodical, the writer gravely discusses such a plan; and he asserts that the "North Foreland is one of the best situations for a harbour that can be found; supposing it were actually determined that more than two should be constructed between Portsmouth and the Thames." To this we entirely object, for if a vessel has

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had the good fortune to weather a stiff gale as far as that point, she is quite safe in riding before south westerly winds; and if it blows a hurricane from the north east, then a vessel proceeding outward bound, would very naturally anchor at Sheerness. With regard to a harbour at Sandwich, the project (those skilled in such matters concur) could only enter the brain of a jobber or madman, and are surprised that any person could seriously incline to consider such a scheme. With regard to Dover, we should suppose the writer of the article had never visited that interesting but contracted town. Where are the capabilities for making a harbour on a grand scale, excepting by artificial means, at an expense of half a million of money? Mr. Cubitt proposes to construct one in the bay of Dover by a breakwater, to be converted into a permanent harbour in ten or fifteen years! This is a pretty scheme from such an engineer as Mr. Cubitt; but why attempt to force nature by art in this way, when, after all, neither Mr. Cubitt nor any other man can alter the natural difficulties of the bay, choked with shingle, shallow, drawing but a few feet of water, which prevents steamers of light draught from nearing the shore by a quarter of a mile. The fact is, that all has been done for Dover that can be done; and to attempt the impossible, certainly increases our admiration for Mr. Cubitt's extraordinary conception. But the Duke of Wellington has been examined upon the propriety of a harbour of refuge for this place, and he is favourable to the project. Now we have a very high opinion of the noble duke in military matters, and we would receive, as gospel, all he utters on those subjects; but when the noble duke gives his opinion on a point connected with engineering, we may respectfully differ from him. Only imagine the noble duke, gravely assenting to a plan to construct a harbour in a shallow bay of shingle, or by curved breakwater, connected with the land, enclosing an area of five hundred acres of the British channel! Where is the land to be found? We challenge the projector to place his foot upon any substance but chalk and shingle; and why are all these projects to be entertained, when, a few miles westward, a place can be found, constructed by the great architect of the universe, for the stupendous plans of prolific engineers of England? This place we shall shortly speak of; but, meanwhile, let us finish with Dover. The writer referred to concludes his remarks, by stating his belief in all that Mr. Cubitt and Mr. Steward have stated, and leaps to a conclusion that, as Dover happens to be opposite to Calais, *ergo*, it must be the best of places for a harbour of refuge, because it is "well fitted to oppose warlike attacks" from that place. Attacks, indeed! Is not Dover almost impregnable, with her white cliffs, rising abruptly from her shingled bay; her bold promontories and her frowning batteries, present such an appearance to the Gaul, that it is not here that an attack would be made in war; and if such attempts should be made, would her "five hundred acres," surrounded by her "curved breakwaters," retard an aggresor? But Dover would be an excellent situation if nature permitted the construction of a harbour of refuge; but where is the *back water* to come from, for it is of no use to have a harbour without this necessary element; why, the mouth of the present harbour is so continually choked with shingle, that fourth-rate steamers cannot enter or depart excepting at high water? We have seen the captains of vessels desire to enter, but have been warned in time of the uselessness of the attempt. But a harbour on a grand scale on this point of the coast would not permit a homeward bound first-rate ship to anchor in it, and how could one be considered "grand" which did not include all kinds of craft. Mr. Cubitt may remove mountains by chemical agency, but we question whether any power, he or other persons possess, can alter the eternal operations of nature in Dover bay. Of Folkstone we shall speak hereafter. A.

THE DOCTOR ABROAD, OR LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr. George Robins, by a surgeon, who left this country two years ago in consequence of rupturing a vessel in the chest. The writer, it will be seen, is likely to become jack of all trades, as, besides being a medical man, he is an architect, a magistrate, a farmer, and a manager of a sawmill, already:—

"Motucka, Nelson, New Zealand, June 14.

"My dear friend—The unexpected arrival of a vessel which has looked in upon us on her way direct to England, gives me the opportunity of sending you a letter with the knowledge that you will most probably receive it within four months of this date; a period which, however long it may seem to you, is comparatively short to the time which we find many of our letters have been on their travels. Some of them most probably have never reached you; for I hear frequent reports of the irregularities of our post-office, and we send our letters indifferently by way of India, Valparaiso, Sydney, or Van Diemen's Land. To begin from the beginning, I will suppose you have already heard, that tired of waiting in Nelson for the machinery I expected, and seeing that when it did come out, it would require more money to set it

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in motion than I had any chance of possessing, I resolved to remove to my section of fifty acres of land at Motucka, on the opposite side of the bay to Nelson, about sixteen miles in a direct line. I started according, taking the boys with me, and leaving Sarah with the girls until I had got some of the roughest work over. So I pitched my tent at the edge of a wood, about three quarters of a mile from the sea, and began cutting down wood, digging drains, making a road, &c. My first object, of course, was to make myself a house, which I determined to build of logs, in the American manner, but from being obliged to work in the rainy season, and from having to do with men who, from various causes, had got a great idea of doing exactly as they pleased, my progress was not equal to my wishes, so that when my dear Sarah insisted upon coming over three months afterwards, I was obliged to receive her in our tent, where we spent four months of the summer season, leading a complete gipsey life, cooking in the open air, and with no further defence against intrusion of all kinds than a simple piece of canvas fastened with a hook and eye. This, however, we found sufficient; we found the few settlers here excellently disposed, and willing to render us any assistance in their power, and we are on the best of terms with the natives, to whom my character of a doctor is a wonderful recommendation. I have now another part to play, having been made a magistrate, or, as the natives call me, governor of Motucka. To return to ourselves; we have at last got into our house, which Sarah tells me does great credit to my skill and taste as an architect, and which, when finished—for I have not got up my chimneys yet, making use of a stove—she thinks will be one of the most convenient in the colony, as I know for its size it will be one of the cheapest; for, looking at our number in family, I thought it no use cramping ourselves, and yet it has not cost more in labour and materials, than 120*l.* We have been in it about three months, and every week adds something to its comforts, although I can very well fancy any one accustomed to English ideas looking about and wondering where they were. But the fact is, that no one who has not begun from the beginning has the least idea—the faintest conception—of how he is indebted to the co-operation of those around him, or the labours of those who came before him. After lying on the floor one enjoys the luxury of bed, even a truckle one; after going without milk or butter, I enjoy being the owner of a cow, though I have to milk her myself; and prefer taking my axe and cutting a log for the fire, even to the luxury of paying 32s. per ton for best Wallsend coals. I ought not, however, to omit saying that my boys are becoming very useful. John and Frederick milk the cow almost always, and Graham drives her home, whilst Mary assists her mother, plies her needle, and hears the younger ones their lessons, whilst each in turn takes charge of baby, who is a general favourite, and promises fair to be one of the brightest of the lot. We have eaten potatoes of our own growing, and eggs from our own poultry, and shall soon eat pork of our own raising. I went out on one occasion to catch fish, but, after being out all night, and sleeping on the sands by a drift wood fire, I came to the conclusion that, as long as the natives would sell fish of forty pounds weight for a shilling, I could employ my time more profitably. Our woods have, also, for some months, abounded with pigeons; and, although I hesitated at first to entrust John with a gun, yet, since I have done so, I have had no reason to regret it, and he has sometimes brought home as many as half a dozen birds at a time. Then, what you in England call necessaries of life, and we out here style foreign luxuries, are very cheap—rice 2½d. per lb.; moist sugar, ditto; coffee 6d. Flour is dear; but we hope soon to be independent of foreign countries in that particular, and I have tasted some excellent ale from barley grown in the colony. So you see there is no great chance of our starving; in fact, we may be said to possess the three essentials—a house over our heads, good food, and good clothing; and if we occasionally feel doubtful about the future, we do but partake of the common lot of mortality, since none of us know what a day may bring forth. In the meantime, our spirits are not depressed; we have not forgotten how to laugh; and the other day, after a hearty burst, only regretted some of our friends were not within hearing. We still continue pleased with the climate, its fine unclouded warm days, and its healthy bracing nights! and if, in common with all our neighbours, we feel the want of a heavier purse, we can here afford one thing, which no one in England can do, we can *afford to be poor.* Add to this, that the real expenses of living are ridiculously small; that I occasionally receive a pound or two for medical aid; that I have partly undertaken the management of a saw-mill during the illness of its proprietor, who was unequal to its management; and you will understand how, with the careful management of my dear Sarah, my income is equal to my expenses, and I do not owe 5*l.* in the colony; so that, compared with the generality of mankind, I may be considered as very well off." "J. D. G."

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THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CHOLMONDELEY.

Arms.—Gu. two helmets, in chief, ppr., garnished, or, in base a garb of the last.
Crest.—A demi griffin, segreant, sa., beaked, winged, and membered, or, holding between the claws a helmet, as in the arms.
Supporters.—Dexter, a griffin, sa., beak, wings, and fore-legs or; sinister a wolf of the second, gorged with a collar, purpled hair.
Motto.—Cassis tutissima virtus. "Virtue is the safest helmet."

It is not a little remarkable that, in the course of years, the surname of this family exhibits no fewer than twenty-five variations. From the lordship of Cholmondeley, in the county of Cheshire, it appears to have been originally devised. The Cholmondeley family and the house of Egerton own one common ancestor. At the period of the general survey, the lordship above mentioned formed a part of the possessions of Robert, son of Hugh, baron of Malpas, who dying without male issue, the lordship of Cholmondeley devolved on his only daughter, Lettice, who married Richard de Belward, whose son, or grandson, William de Belward, married Beatrix, daughter of Ranulph de Meschines, earl of Chester. Thomas William, who, in right of his mother, was baron of Malpas, left three sons, David, whose name, from being clerk to the earl of Chester, was sometimes written Le Clerc, and sometimes De Malpas, succeeded his father at Malpas, after the earldom of Chester was annexed to the crown. He served the office of sheriff in the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII, bearing then the name of David de Malpas. The second son of this David having established himself at Egerton, left the name of Egerton to his descendants, and from these the present Egertons of Cheshire have sprung. Robert the second son, inheriting the lordship of Cholmondeley from his father, took his surname therefrom. He married Mabel, daughter of Robert Fitz-Nigel, baron of Halton, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Hugh. He lived in the reign of king Henry III. The exact course of descent is there lost, but his lineal descendant, Richard de Cholmondeley, married Eleanor, the daughter of Sir Thomas Dutton, of Dutton. The grandson of Richard, Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, in the reign of Henry VIII, was a military commander of note. He was five times sheriff of Chester, as also sheriff of Flintshire for some years, and for a long time, he was one of the two deputy-lieutenants of Cheshire. He was twice married, but had only one son by his first wife, Anne, daughter and co-heir of George Dorman, of Malpas. Sir Hugh died January 6, 1506-7, and was succeeded by his son of the same name, who married Mary, daughter and sole heir of Christopher Halford, of Halford. This lady had a great contest with George Halford, of Newborough, about the lands which had descended to her from her father. The contest lasted more than forty years, but was at length settled by the mediation of friends. Lady Cholmondeley, in her widowhood, resided at Halford, which she rebuilt and enlarged. From the spirit she had evinced in the before mentionod suit, she was styled by James I, "The bold lady of Cheshire." She had six sons and three daughters, of which Robert, the eldest, inherited Cholmondeley; he was created a baronet, 29th June, 1611, and, in 1628, advanced to the peerage of Ireland, by the dignity of viscount Cholmondeley, of Kellis. In the twenty-first year of the reign of Charles I, his lordship was enrolled among the barons of England, as lord Cholmondeley, of Wiche Mulbank, commonly called Nantwiche, and the following year advanced to the earldom of Leinster. He died in 1659, and his honours became extinct, but his estates passed to his nephew, Robert Cholmondeley, esquire, who was created viscount Cholmondeley, of Kellis, in 1661. He was succeeded by his son, Hugh, second viscount, who having zealously forwarded the Revolution, was created, on the accession of William and Mary, by letters patent, dated 20th April, 1689, lord Cholmondeley, of Nantwiche, with remainder to his brother, George, and advanced, in 1706, to the dignities of viscount Malpas and earl of Cholmondeley, with similar reversion. His lordship was succeeded by his only brother, George, second earl, who having distinguished himself at the battle of the Boyne, in the command of the horse grenadier guards, had been elevated to the peerage of Ireland, 15th March, 1715, as baron Newburgh, county of Wexford, and the 2nd July, 1716, he was created a peer of England, by the title of baron of Newburgh, in the island of Angleseа. The earl was succeeded by his elder son, George, third earl, who was succeeded by his grandson, George James, fourth earl. His lordship was advanced to the earldom of Rocksavage

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and marquisate of Cholmondeley, 22nd November, 1815. He was a knight of the Garter, lord steward of the household, and chamberlain of Chester; he died 10th April, 1827, and was succeeded by his son, George Horatio, the present marquis.

VANDYCK.

From Mr. Carpenter's "Pictorial Notices," we gain some curious particulars of the personal history of Vandyck. The great artist, it appears, came to England during the reign of James I; and the British Solomon had the good sense to extend to him some degree of patronage. In the order books of the Exchequer, entries are found denoting certain payments to be made to him. One of these is dated February 26th, 1620-1, and authorises the payment to Anthony Van Dyck, of the somme of one hundred pounds, by way of reward for speciall service by him performed for his Majestie. "The date of the order," Mr. Carpenter remarks, "is so near that of the arrival of the commissioners from the Hague, in January, 1620-1, which is thus noticed by Sir John Finet—'Arrived at Greenwich six commissioners from the State of the United Provinces,' that there are strong grounds for presuming Van Dyck to have accompanied them. Whether this sum of 100*l.* was merely a gratuity, or given in payment for pictures painted by him, has not been ascertained. There is in the royal collection in Windsor Castle, a whole-length portrait of James I, the head of which has always been said to be painted by Vandyck from materials placed in his hands by Charles I; this supposition in all probability originating in the belief that the painter did not visit England till James's decease."

It has been supposed, by our intelligent contemporary, that the picture alluded to is probably that which hangs on the north side of St. George's Hall, and which has been said to be from the pencil of Van Souvers. That of St. Martin dividing his cloak with beggars, which was purchased and added to the collection by Frederick, prince of Wales, the father of George III, it is suggested that it may be a duplicate of the painting by Van Dyck, on the same subject connected with the original. Mr. Carpenter states some amusing facts. Of the painter he says—"A passion for the fair sex appears at all times to have been predominant in him; and on this occasion it certainly got so far the better of his ardour in pursuit of improvement in his profession as to banish for the time all ideas of his projected tour in Italy. The stay he made in Savelthem must have been for some length of time, as while under the influence of Anna's charms he painted, and at her persuasion it is insisted, two pictures for the parish church. The subject of one was St. Martin, the patron saint, on horseback, dividing the cloak with a beggar; to which he introduced as the saint the portrait of himself mounted on the horse given him by Rubens, who had some time before painted the same subject, and the picture in question seems to have been in every respect similar in treatment to that by his master. Michel, in his 'Life of Rubens,' relates the following interesting incident in regard to this picture by Van Dyck:—The priest and some other of the parish authorities thought proper to dispose of it to a Mons. Hoet, of the Hague, for the sum of four thousand florins, without the knowledge of the Seigneur, the Count de Konigseck, or the permission of the inhabitants. The villagers, finding their St. Martin had been taken down, and was about to be packed and conveyed away, armed themselves, and accompanied by their wives and children, who had furnished themselves with pitchforks and other weapons, surrounded the church, determined to prevent the removal of the picture. A party were presently at the heels of Mons. de Hoet, who, in order to save himself, was obliged to leap the hedge of the priest's garden, and betake himself by the way of the fields back to Brussels. The picture remained in the church; and a strong protestation against the legality of its removal being made by the inhabitants, it was again replaced over the altar. The same enthusiastic feeling was manifested by the inhabitants towards that of St. Martin on the French taking away the picture in 1806; the party sent to remove it not being suffered to do so until the arrival of a reinforcement of troops from Brussels. It was in the Louvre till 1815, when it was restored to its original situation."

We find the artist in England in the time of Charles. For the picture of Charles I and his family (the queen holding the princess Mary, and the prince of Wales standing by the side of the king) in the Van Dyck room at Windsor Castle, he received 100*l.* In the space of three months, this and two others were produced.

"It is said that on one occasion the king was sitting, the earl of Arundel, lord steward of the household, incidentally speaking to him on the subject of finance, Charles addressed himself to Van Dyck,—'And you, sir knight; know you what it is to want three or four thousand pounds?' 'Yes, Sire,' replied the painter, 'he who keeps his house open for his friends, and his purse for his mistresses, will soon find a *vacuum* in his coffers.'"

In the State-Paper Office there exists a document, which shows that the unfortunate Charles was not a bad hand at a bar-

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gain, and understood the art of screwing as well as some of the eminent personages of the present day. That to which we refer is a curious bill for pictures, entitled 'Memoire pour sa Majestie le Roy,' in the State-Paper Office, supposed to be in the handwriting of Van Dyck, with the charges for his pictures altered by the king. Charles reduced the prices of some as much as cent. per cent.; one, for instance, entitled 'Le Roi alla ciasse,' from 200*l.* to 100*l.* To cut away half the price required for the one of the productions of that immortal pencil, which was then at his command, was hardly worthy of one who wished to be "every inch a king." Mr. Carpenter conjectures this to be "the portrait of Charles I, now in the Louvre, a duplicate of which is in the possession of the duke of Grafton, where Charles is represented standing beside his horse, leaning on his cane, attended by an equerry and a page. If the conjecture is correct, the price placed against it by the king, 100*l.*, is somewhat unequal to the merit of the picture, which is one of the finest by the hand of the artist. It was purchased by Madame du Barri, in 1770, for twenty-four thousand francs, 960*l.*, and was valued by the Experts of the Musée, in 1816, at one hundred thousand francs, 4,000*l.*"

THE POET WORDSWORTH *v.* RAILWAYS.

SONNET ON THE PROJECTED WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pace
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown
Must perish: how can they this blight endure?
And must he too his old delights disown
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orresthead
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and if human hearts be dead,
Speak passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong!

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Oct. 12th, 1844.

Let not the above be considered as merely a poetical effusion. The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritance can scarcely be overrated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it," exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

W. W.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CONFESSION.

The aspect of the church of St. Mary, on that dark and rainy morning, was more than usually dreary and uninviting. As Madame Baudoin, approached the porch, she witnessed a most revolting scene. Two or three men were chaunting the service for the dead, in a careless, unconcerned manner, round a plain deal coffin, that had for its followers, an old man and child, miserably clad, who were weeping bitterly. The beadle, vexed at being incommoded by an interment, from which he derived nothing but trouble, waited, with impatience, the conclusion of the ceremony. At last, the priest sprinkled a few drops of holy water upon the coffin, handed the vessel to the beadle, and retired. The old man stretched out his hand to receive the holy water.

"Take hold of the vessel, and be quick about it," said the beadle, impatiently.

The emotion of the old man was painful; his weakness was extreme. For a moment, he remained motionless, save the trembling of his hand, in which was clasped the holy water. In that bier was his daughter, the mother of the child that was weeping by his side. The heart of the old man was breaking at the thought of his taking a last adieu. He remained motionless, while convulsive sobs were rending his bosom.

"Come, come," said the beadle, in a brutal manner, "do you think that we are going to sleep here."

The poor man spoke not. He fell on his knees, made the sign of the cross upon the coffin, and was in the act of giving the vessel to his grandchild, when the sexton snatched it from his hands, telling him to get up. The poor old man reluctantly obeyed this harsh decree, and taking the child by the hand, slowly withdrew.

"What a drawling old file that is," whispered the beadle to the sexton; "we shall scarcely have time to breakfast and dress ourselves for the *slap-up* funeral that's to take place this morning. Ah, those are the deaths that we relish, my boy. Shoulder your halbert."

"March!" said the other, with an air of triumph: "we are fine looking fellows, that's easily seen; for my part, I am a dangerous chap to the fair sex. When I

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appear amongst them, farewell to tranquillity of mind."

This revolting scene increased the grief of Madame Baudoin. She entered the church. One of the distributors of holy water, a cunning old fellow, with a red and jovial countenance, approached her, and whispered in her ear,

"The Abbé Dubois has not yet reached his box. Make haste, you will have the handselling of his beard."

Madame Baudoin, displeased at the joke of the irreverential sacristan, passed on, and knelt, as was her custom, before approaching the tribunal of repentance. At the expiration of a few minutes, a tall priest, with grey hair, and morose aspect, entered, accompanied by a little old man, who was whispering in his ear. When they saw Madame Baudoin upon her knees, the priest said, "Behold her!"

"Then," said the little man, who was Rodin, "in two or three hours we may expect the young girls at the convent of St. Mary. I shall rely upon you."

"I hope so, for their safety," said the priest, entering the confessional.

No sooner had Rodin left, than a voice reached the ears of Madame Baudoin, to the sound of which she had been long familiar, saying, "You received my letter?"

"Yes, father."

"'Tis well; continue."

"Oh, father," said the poor woman, "may I be forgiven for the sin I have committed. I accuse myself of not having said my prayers yesterday evening. My husband, from whom I have been separated for many years, arrived from Siberia, bringing with him two orphans, the daughters of General Simon. In my bewilderment and delight, I committed this sin."

"It is a grievous fault. Continue—"

"Yesterday morning I asked these young girls to join me in prayer, and I learnt to my horror and despair that they only prayed to their dead mother. They are not yet baptized, father."

"What! idolators!"

"Yes, it is this that distresses me, for as my husband and I are to them as parents, we are responsible for the sins that they may commit. Is it not so, father?"

"Certainly; since you fill the responsible situation of those who ought to watch over their souls. The shepherd is answerable for his flock."

"Alas, my father, what shall I do? Oh have pity upon me," said the poor woman, in tears.

"Be not disconsolate; a convent would be the most proper place for them."

"Oh, father, we are too poor to pay for them. Pray relieve me from this distressing situation."

"Have they no relations, here?"

"I do not think so, father. Their mother, who died in Siberia, instructed my husband to bring them to Paris. They are alone with me at present, as my husband has gone to Chartres on business of importance."

"Your husband is not in Paris," said the voice, after a few moments' silence. "Listen. Each moment lost, is to those poor girls, a fresh step into the path of perdition. Even at this moment, the hand of God might be stretched out to them, for He alone knows the hour of their death. Dying in their present state, they would, without doubt, be lost to all eternity. Then, even to-day, they must open their eyes to divine truth. To-day they must enter a convent. Such is your duty, and such will be your desire."

"Ah yes, my father; but as I told you, I am too poor."

"I know that you neither lack in zeal nor in faith. I know a convent in which the young girls will be instructed, as it is meet they should. The price will be diminished on account of their poverty, but small though the sum be, it must be paid. I will take a little from the funds I have for charitable purposes, and will implore the benevolence of several religious persons that I know, to make up the rest, and thereby ensure their reception into the convent."

"Ah, my father; you are my saviour, and that of my children."

"But from the interest which I take in their spiritual welfare, and in order to render these measures efficacious, I must, in consideration of the assistance which I give, put several conditions thereupon."

"Tell me them, my father. They will be gratefully accepted. Your commands are all in all to me."

"First, you will confide the children to my governess, who will take them this morning to a convent."

"Ah! my father, it is impossible."

"Impossible! why is it impossible?"

"In the absence of my husband I cannot take such a step. I must consult him first."

"More than not consulting him, this must be done in his absence."

"How, my father? Can they not remain where they are till my husband's return?"

"For two reasons they cannot. First, in his hardened impiety, he would oppose your wise and holy resolution; and, secondly, because it is necessary that the young girls should break off all connection with your husband, and that he should be ignorant of their place of retreat."

"But, my father," said Madame Baudoin, in grief and hesitation, "the children were confided to the care of my husband,

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and to dispose of them without his knowledge, would—"

"You are responsible for the sins that they commit, are you not?" interrupted the voice. "Is it not for your spiritual welfare and theirs that I offer to put them into a convent. Choose for yourself."

"Oh! my father, I implore your counsel. Am I doing right in acting so without the consent of my husband?"

"Doing right. It is a sacred duty that you are performing in rescuing those unfortunate girls from the imminent danger of their present position. It is your duty, either with or against the will of your husband, to save these unfortunate creatures from a conflagration—not from one that burns the body, but from one that consumes the soul even to eternity."

"But, my father," said Madame Baudoin, trembling, "when my husband returns, and asks where the children are, I will then be obliged to tell a lie."

"Silence is not lying. You shall tell him that you cannot answer his questions."

"My husband, father, is the best of men, but such an answer, would make him, in his rage, forget himself."

"And though his rage," said the voice, with indignation, "could be a hundred times more terrible, it is your duty to brave it—to glorify yourself by subduing it to such a holy cause. Do you think that a crown of glory is so easily obtained? Do you think that the sinner who wishes to reach the Lord, cares about the thorns and brambles that he meets in his path."

"Pardon me, my father," said Madame Baudoin, in anguish. "Allow me to ask one more question. Alas, if you do not guide me, who will do so. When Marshal Simon arrives, he will demand his children from my husband. What answer will he be able to make to their father."

"When Marshal Simon arrives, inform me, and I shall then give you advice; for the rights of a father are only sacred when they are used for the benefit of his children. Before him is the Lord, who claims a superiority, and whom we ought to serve first. Reflect, then, well. In accepting that which I propose, those young girls will be saved—they will be out of your charge—they will be brought up in a holy dwelling, as become the daughters of a marshal of France, so that when their father arrives, should he be worthy of receiving them, he will find them pious girls, instructed in all that is good and holy. Decide."

"May the Lord's will be done," said the poor woman, trembling, "whatever happens to me, I will perform my duty as a christian."

"You will then engage to remain silent to the questions that your husband may put to you respecting the daughters of General Simon?"

"Yes, my father," said Madame Baudoin, with a feeble voice.

"In an hour, I shall write to my governess, who will conduct the young girls to the convent."

Madame Baudoin rose. The church was no longer deserted. Crowds, attracted by the pomp of the funeral that the beadle had spoken of, rushed into the church, and it was with much trouble that the good old woman gained the door.

What a contrast was there between that funeral, and the one which she had witnessed a short time ago. The numerous clergy of the parish advanced magisterially to meet the bier; the beadle, with halbert in hand, strutted forward with an important air; music burst forth in solemn tones, while the splendid silver mountings of the coffin, glittered in the dazzling light of a thousand tapers.

In spite of the good woman's meekness and simplicity, she could not help feeling mortified to see the difference that existed in the reception of the departed rich, to that of the poor, even at the door of the house of God. If there be anything in equality, it surely should exist before death and eternity.

This spectacle added to the grief of Madame Baudoin, who made all haste to the Rue Brise Miche, in order to conduct the orphans to the governess who was to take them to the convent of St. Mary, situated at a short distance from the asylum of Dr. Baleinier.

CHAPTER XIV.—MONSIEUR AND RABAT JOIE.

As Madame Baudoin reached the Rue Brise-Miche, a man out of breath came up to her, stating that the Abbé Dubois had forgotten to tell her something of great importance, and therefore wished her to come back.

At that moment a carriage stopped at her door, and a stout woman, clothed in black, and accompanied by a lap-dog, descended.

Father Lorrain, the dyer, appeared, his arms of a splendid yellow colour. The sight of this personage irritated the dog, for as the dyer thrust his hand to the bottom of the door to unbolt it, the cur barked furiously, and ended by biting his finger.

"O bless me!" said the fat woman, whom the reader will recognise as Madame Grivois. "I hope there is nothing poisonous in the dye on your hand, for my dog is so delicate!"

"Madame," said the dyer, little pleased with this strange apology, "if you did not belong to the sex that commands respect

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I would take that ugly cur by the tail, and in less than a minute change its colour into a bright orange."

"Dye my dog!" cried Madame Grivois, in a rage, at the same time taking it up in her arms. "Where does Madame Baudoin live?"

"On the fourth floor," said the dyer, entering his shop, and smiling at the idea of the reception that the lap-dog might receive from Rabat-joie.

Madame Grivois, after some difficulty, reached the humble apartment in which were the orphans and the Mayeux. She rested a moment at the door, knocked, entered, and asked for Madame Françoise Baudoin.

"She is not at home, Madame," said the Mayeux, timidly.

"Then I will wait till she returns, for I wish to speak to her on business of importance." Saying this, she seated herself in the arm-chair, and placed Monsieur carefully upon the floor. A deep, hollow sound was heard, which startled Madame Grivois, and caused Monsieur to yelp with fright.

"How, you have a dog here!" cried Madame Grivois, lifting up Monsieur, and clasping him in her arms.

Rabat-joie, as if in answer to the question, rose from behind the chair where he had been sleeping, and opening his mouth stretched himself to his full extent.

At the sight of his two rows of powerful teeth, Madame Grivois screamed. Rabat-joie turned its back upon her and Monsieur, went up to Rose and Blanche, lay down at their feet, and looked at the orphans as if some danger were about to threaten them.

"Put that huge dog out," said Madame Grivois, in an imperious tone; "he may hurt mine; perhaps worry it."

"Do not be uneasy, Madame," said Rose. "Rabat-joie never hurts any one when he is not touched."

"It matters not," said Madame Grivois. "a misfortune might soon take place. The sight of such a frightful animal is enough to make one tremble. I tell you to put the dog out."

A personage at this momnnt entered. who relieved the young girls from the embarrassing position in which they were placed. This was a commissary, who, holding a letter in his hand, said, "A worthy man, who is the husband of the woman who keeps this house, gave me this letter, which is in haste."

"A letter from Dagobert," cried Rose and Blanche, with an expression of joy in their countenances. "He has then returned."

"I do not know whether that honest man's name is Dagobert, or not; but he is an old trooper with grey moustaches."

"Oh, yes; it is he," cried Rose. "Give me the letter."

Madame Grivois was thunderstruck, for she knew that Dagobert had been induced to leave Paris, in order that the Abbé might use, with more success, his influence upon Madame Baudoin. Up to that moment everything had gone on well, but the sudden appearance of Dagobert spoiled all.

"O, what a misfortune," exclaimed Rose, after she had read the letter. "Yesterday, when Dagobert was half-way to Chartres, he discovered that he had lost his purse. He could not, therefore, continue his journey, but has returned, and is now waiting at the coach-office till his wife brings him money to pay his fare."

"And nothing in the house," said Blanche, in despair. "O, what shall we do?"

At these words a ray of hope beamed in the eye of Madame Grivois, which was soon extinguished by the words of the Mayeux.

"Do not be uneasy, Mademoiselle," said the affectionate girl. "The pawnbroker's is not far from here. I will get money upon these things; and I will be with Dagobert in less than half an hour."

"Ah, my dear Mayeux," said Rose, "how good you are. Take this letter with you; the address is upon it."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux; then she added, addressing the commissary, "Please return to the person who sent you, and tell him that I will be at the office immediately."

"Cursed humpback," said Madame Grivois, to herself, "she thinks of everything. What can be done. These girls will not come with me before the arrival of the soldier's wife."

"Do not be uneasy, Mademoiselle," said the commissary, "I will go and tell the honest man, that you will shortly relieve him."

Whilst the Mayeux was tying up her bundle, Madame Grivois seemed lost in reflection. Suddenly she started—her countenance became dark and irritated. She then rose, holding Monsieur under her arm, and said to the young girls:

"Since Madame Baudoin does not appear to come, I will go and pay a friend a visit. Be so kind as to tell the good woman that I will be back in a few minutes."

(To be continued.)

Tom Thumb and his Equipage.— This extraordinary dwarf, who some months since was fully described in the *Mirror* with his carriage, pair of ponies, and footman, were lately weighed at Sparkbrook Gate, near Birmingham, and found to weigh 7 cwt. 2 qrs. and 4 lbs.

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Review.

An Epic Poem in honour of the Students of University College, London. By R. M. Blamey.

Poetry, in all ages and in all countries, is cultivated as the higher order of art. It has been made the vehicle to convey descriptions of the human passions which elevate or degrade human nature. From Homer to Dr. Blamey we have had delineators of events in the history of nations, as well as the passions of individual feeling. Amongst those who have written with poetic fervour, the greater number consists of bards who have loved, not wisely but too well. The bashful youth rendered sentimental by the first blush of passion, inscribes the name of his mistress on the bark of trees, seats, &c.; wanders in solitude, and imagines an ideal being in every lovely form; he stains spotless paper with,

"Oh known the earliest and esteemed the most,"

or some such strain. It is impossible for him to write; prose the feelings with which he is agitated are so intense that poetry, and poetry alone, can satisfy thoughts that burn for utterance. Such minds consider descriptive poetry as containing nothing akin to the enthusiastic "Italy," by Rogers, would be treated with indifference, and Ovid, Moore, and Byron, read with avidity, because in these authors he discovers kindred feelings blended with poetic fire. Time, however, softens down these intense feelings—an acquaintance with life, and a knowledge of human nature, decreases this morbid taste, and the poetical temperament, if it continue, will deluge the town with "prose run mad." An attempt is made in every field, and an imaginary Elysium is discovered. We scarcely know whether the author of the work before us will become an immortal, but true it is that he has attempted "undying fame" in the epic now under notice. It is seldom that we find learned M.D.'s writing anything but prescriptions in bad Latin, or attending to the composition of some work that will add to their practice, such as, "A Treatise on Indigestion," or "An Introduction to the Practice of Midwifery," or "The Surgical Anatomy of Perineaum," or "A Manual for Apothecaries Hall," and the "College of Surgeons," or "Consumption Curable," or a thousand other diseases to which pathology is applicable; and therefore it is indeed a novelty to perceive a physician, and an "extraordinary member" of learned societies, endeavouring to astonish the world by his lucubrations. This work the author denominates a "heroic poem," *after* Homer! It is our opinion that Dr. Blamey has won great honour by contending for laurels against so illustrious an author as our ancient poet. With regard to the prose part of the book we shall leave our readers to judge of its merits. But we must point attention to the modesty of the learned gentleman who thus pleads against our criticism. He says, in p. 6, "I have exposed myself unprotectedly to the shafts of criticism by inconsiderately allowing the interference of other subjects (anatomical, of course) seriously to divert my attention." Now, we are not ill-natured reviewers, and this plea shall be attended to. We believe, then, that no one has ever discovered in Homer such beautiful sentences as the following. After thanking the "gentlemanly students!" of his college, he proceeds to say.—

"That as we progress in learning and in experience, the bonds of friendship, which have hitherto mutually subsisted between us, may still be more firmly united; and that, with increasing years, and increased acquaintance, they may augment in strength, till an indissoluble union be formed; and the few separate links in the great chain of our affection concatenated, present one grand—unyielding—and irrefrangible barrier to our enemies and rivals."

This is grandiloquent, and exhibits the learned doctor as a competent hand at composition.

We now arrive at the epic itself, and here we pause to take an inspiration, for our admiration of the poetry has almost rendered us breathless. He thus immortalises the "careworn student," rendered so, if we are to believe Dr. B., by intense study, and heart-breaking anxiety to pass his examinations, and not by *half-and-half or billiards.*

"Hail rural sports! whose charming fêtes invite
From Alma Mater's academic pale,
To court in healthful pastimes fresh delight,
The careworn student.
Who would not inhale
The balmy sweets the cricket ground affords,
And gladly alternate the pleasing task,
Imposed by College-life, and certain Boards,
For manly games and exercise, I ask?
Or who of Æsculapius' noble sons,
In Learning's mystic lab'rinths deeply read,
Immured in cloistered solitude like nuns,
Would rather climb Fame's thorny steep, than tread
More wise, who to her laws unerring yield,
And incense offer up—with vig'rous blows,
Well aim'd—in famous Copenhagen Field."

In this extract the reader will perceive the author has blended the game of cricket with certain dreaded boards, which, we think, *is* a novelty not to be found in any other writer. The following is written on Jeffery and Cornwall, and it is admirable: we know of no eulogium, ancient or modern, that can be compared with the outpouring of a mighty spirit.

"Jeffery! my friend, and countryman, in thee
Cornubia well may hail a fav'rite son;
Land of an ancient people! great, and free,

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Land of true Britons! and more famous—none—
Oh! welcome to thy shores thy own—thy own
Illustrious born, of Galen's valiant race,
Who 'round the arena hast lustre thrown,
At home—nobility of soul, and grace."

The author then hurls defiance at the students of King's College.

"Whenever they have met us in the field
Of honest emulation. Like the rose
By thorns surrounded, we will also shield
Against the darts of loathsome Calumny,
And his contaminating touch, our meed
So nobly earn'd. While we in amity
Unite, and in a virtuous course proceed,
Our unstain'd honour nothing can affect—
Our reputation brighter still will glow;
And while our interest we thus protect,
Fortune on us more favours will bestow."

"Our eldest daughter, well Lord Brougham said,
May envy our position, and our name;
But should she in our footsteps think to tread,
With stilts and awkward gait, she may the same
Achieve; yet if precocious Miss be wise,
And her parent would equal in knowledge,
A "sine qua non" she will find the demise
Of her mother—University College.
Besides, were she well disciplin'd and true,
Or to these claims had any just pretension,
Before presuming once on her "debut"—
Maternal duty here elicits mention
A point of etiquette; in courtesy
To us her fountain-head, as all perceive,
This maiden movement well should guarded be,
And likewise sanctioned by—her mother's leave!

There we respire again, but our admiration of the genius of the writer remains, and ever will, while rhyme and reason rules the world of letters. Our author's prose and poetry abound in beauties of no common order, and when we point to Homer as somewhat inferior to Dr. Blamey in heroic verse, we may also declare that Lords Jeffery and Brougham must yield the laurel to our auther in the graver fields of prose, which the following short sentence from an address to the professors of University College will sufficiently prove:

"I have likewise been urged to this appeal of gratitude, in obedience to the repeated demands made on me from all parties, by the gentlemen whom you have placed under so many important obligations, in your didactic capacity, of imparting the solid and valuable information, comprised in the curriculum of lectures, which have been delivered with so much unwearied zeal and assiduity, throughout the various academical campaigns they have served under the illustrious banners of such noble, eminent, and distinguished teachers; and they trust that their repeated struggles to ensure your confidence and esteem, have not passed unnoticed by you, inasmuch as the success which has invariably attended their endeavours, both here, and at the local metropolitan competitions for honours, affords an undeniable evidence that your labour, and their industry—have not been bestowed in vain."

We assure our readers that we have selected the very best portions of the work; some critics are in the habit of quoting the little slips which happen to the best of writers, but this is a course we deprecate. In leaving our learned M.D., we desire to impress on his mind the necessity of writing more frequently; he will then encourage the art of printing, and afford much satisfaction to buttermen and trunkmakers.

The Gatherer.

Iron Bridge for the Neva.—Messrs. Bury, Curtes, and Kennedy, engineers, of Liverpool, are constructing an iron bridge, by order of the emperor of Russia, which is to cross the Neva, at St. Petersburgh. The extreme length of the bridge will be no less than 1,078 feet. The weight of iron alone will be nearly 8,000 tons, independent of the lamps and superb balustrades with which it is the emperor's intention to adorn it, and which together will probably weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 tons more. The weight of iron will thus exceed by nearly five-fold that consumed in the erection of the Menai Bridge. The cost of the iron alone will be upwards of £100,000.

Jones not an Uncommon Name.—It is a well-attested fact, that about forty years since the Monmouth and Brecon militia contained no less than *thirty-six John Jones's.*

German Booksellers.—The booksellers of Frankfort and Stuttgardt have assembled at Heidelberg, for the purpose of conferring as to the measures to be adopted for freeing themselves from the sort of sovereignty exercised by the booksellers of Leipsic over the publishing trade of Germany. They intend, it is said, to select Frankfort or Stuttgardt as the central depôt for their publications; and to have in both towns commission-houses where the trade can immediately supply themselves.

Toads.—About four years ago I brought from Jersey a large toad, which I keep in a small frame. It is very fond of insects, and one day this summer one of my servants gave it about fifty of the small brown beetles which are to be found on the yellow briar. It rarely, if ever, strikes at an object with its tongue, unless it be moving, and seems to project its tongue about an inch or an inch and a half. A few days since, seeing some wasps eating some fruit lying on the ground, I fetched the toad, and placed him near them. He soon caught sight of them, and ate several, and they seemed not to have the power of stinging him. The largest insect I ever saw him eat was a cockchafer. Toads seem particularly fond of woodlice, and I have induced a small English toad to eat a white butterfly; in this case it had to make use

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of its claws to push the wings into its mouth. I have noticed this small toad keep its mouth open for some time after having eaten some wasps, and almost thought that they had contrived to sting him, but he was soon able to eat another wasp, and afterwards appeared none the worse.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The Wandering Jew Anathematized.—Dusseldorf, October 26.—The only piece of news that we have here is, that in all the three Roman Catholic churches an anathema has been pronounced against the *Wandering Jew*, and the pastors of those churches have delivered to the censors, and, for our days, a very significant remonstrance against the reprinting of the *Wandering Jew* in the journals published under the title of *Ernst and Scherz.* This journal, in considerations on the part of the publisher, which could not be overcome, has been obliged to defer the continuation of this amusing article.—*Hamburgh Paper, November* 3.

Taglioni on her Travels.—The *Revue de Paris* announces that Taglioni has signed an agreement with a speculator from New York, Mr. Trenk—by which she engages to accompany him to America, and play at all the States, and in all the theatres which he shall appoint. Mr. Trenk is to pay all travelling and other expenses, and share the produce with Mdlle. Taglioni—guaranteeing to her only a minimum benefit of 5,000*l.* So great is the desire to see the Taglioni beyond the Atlantic, that the American is thought to have made an excellent bargain.

Aristocratical Dramatic Performance.—The *Augsburgh Gazette* states that, on the 4th ult., Donizetti's opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed at the Rossini theatre of Leghorn—Prince Charles Poniatowski playing the part of the Duke of Ferrara, the Princess Eliza Poniatowski that of Lucrezia, and Signora Corinna Nanni, by birth Corinna Luigi, that of Matteo Orsini. The chorusses were composed of persons in the highest ranks of society.

A Royal Purse.—Letters from Paris inform us that Louis Philippe brought six millions of francs over with him to England.

The late Carl Maria V. Weber.—At the recent reinterment, at Dresden, of the immortal composer of "Der Freyschutz," above a thousand persons of the highest distinction joined the funeral *cortège.* Cherubini's "Requiem" was performed on the occasion, whose name, with those of Jornelli and Mozart, was placed in an urn, to be decided by lot which of the three composers' "requiems" was to be performed.

A Good Day's Work.—General Tom Thumb visited Doncaster for a day about a week since, where he held three "levees," and pocketed £53 for admission, and £7 for books.

Quick Work.—A young Lincoln gentleman, a noted shot, left Boulogne-sur-Mer one morning last week, and in less than twenty-seven hours killed 5¼ brace of birds, and travelled a distance of nearly 300 miles. So much for steam!

Industry of Bees.—The postmaster at Evanton had three hives in his garden this season. Each hive cast twice, and produced 275lb. of virgin honey. One of the casts weighed 68lb. of honey, and sold for 10d. per lb., realizing £2 16s. 8d., giving daily income to the owner of 9d. per day for seventy-five days, being the exact number of days from the time it cast until taken down.

Mrs. Honey Siddons died lately in London; she was the daughter of Mr. Murray, formerly a much esteemed actor at Covent-garden Theatre. As the lessee, and for many years principal actress, at the Edinburgh Theatre, she was well known and much esteemed. In her youth, as Miss Murray, she was greatly admired in London; and when her portrait was published, the following lines were deemed no inappropriate accompaniment:—

"Graceful in action, and in thought refined,
The looks of heaven, and heaven-adorned mind."

Campbell the Poet.—We are happy to learn that the late lamented poet, Thomas Campbell, left among his papers a memoir of his own life, a number of letters, and some unpublished pieces of poetry. They are now in the possession of Dr. William Beattie. The early letters of this poet, written after the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," recording his impressions of Germany, his account of the battle of Hohendinden, and other scenes of war and tumult which he chanced to witness in his youthful rambles, would be particularly valuable.—*Inverness Courier.*

Sons of Poets.—Mr. James Hogg, the only son of the Ettrick Shepherd, was to sail last Monday for India, as the sons of Burns, and the sons of Allan Cunningham, have done before him. Mr. Hogg has been appointed to a situation in the bank of Bombay. The only surviving son of Sir Walter Scott is now doing duty with his regiment in Madras. How strange the destinies of nature!—Milton's grandson was parish-clerk of Madras, when Addison's elder brother was governor of that settlement.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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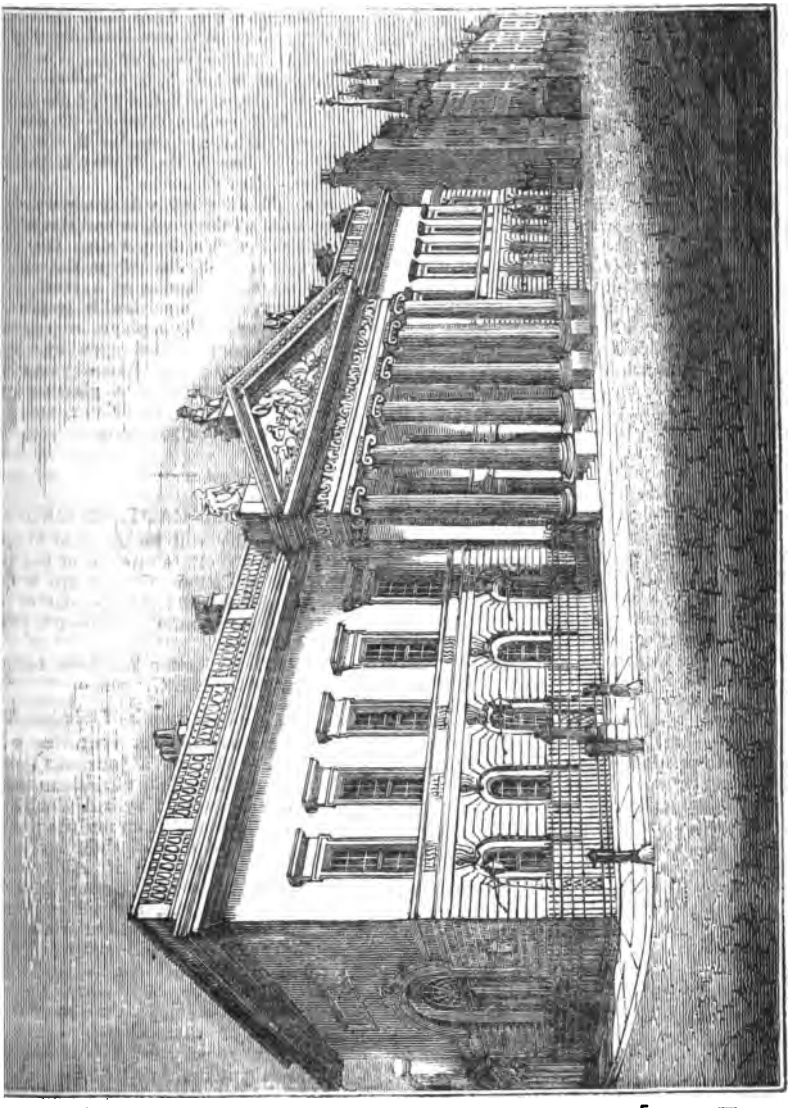
THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.



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THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.

This noble structure, the palace of the Merchant Princes of the East, stands on the south side of Leadenhall Street, on the site, or nearly so, of the ancient *Leaden Hall*, from which the great thoroughfare leading to Whitechapel derives its name.

It is from this edifice that those edicts from time to time are issued, which regulate the destinies of a hundred million of human beings.

In the graphic representations of London, in former times, we find the old East India House exhibited as a plain, substantial edifice. The growing importance of the Company called for one more appropriately magnificent; and the present pile rose in the reign of George III. We enter it beneath a portico of six fluted columns, supporting a freize, and two wings surmounted by a balustrade. It would seem to have been, in some respects, imitated by Mr. Tite in the new Royal Exchange. The tympanum in the centre offers to the view a group of figures, of which the principal represents the monarch who sat on the throne when the East India House was built. He leans on a sword, which he grasps in his left hand; and he appears protecting with his shield, Britannia, who embraces Liberty. Mercury, with an allegorical personification of Navigation, attended by tritons and sea-horses, as emblems of the widely extended commerce of England, introduces Asia to Britannia, before whom she spreads her richest stores. Order, Religion, and Justice, have also their sculptured representatives; while the City Barge, attended by Integrity and Industry, point to the sources of London's greatness among the cities of the world. In the western angle, the Thames; in its eastern angle, the Ganges is seen; and above the pediment is a fine statue of Britannia, with a spear in her left hand, displaying aloft the Cap of Liberty. In the eastern corner, Asia is seen seated on a camel; and in the opposite corner, Europe appears on her nobler animal—the horse.

"The interior of this vast edifice contains the grand court-room, the principal ornament of which is the fine design, in bas relief, of Britannia seated on a globe, on a rock by the sea-shore, looking towards the east; her right hand leaning on an union shield, her left holding a trident, and her head decorated by a naval crown. Behind her are two boys; one leaning on a cornucopia, the other diverting himself among flowing riches. Female figures, emblematic of India, Asia, and Africa, present the different productions of their climes: Thames, with his head crowned with rushes, fills up the group. This room contains many fine paintings connected with Indian scenery or affairs, as does the new sale-room. The library contains a very considerable collection of interesting and curious Indian literature. Every book known to have been published in any language whatever, relative to the history, laws, or jurisprudence of Asia, is to be found here, besides an unparalleled collection of manuscripts in all the Oriental languages. The Museum contains the Babylonian inscriptions, written in what is called the nail-headed character, upon bricks supposed to have been the facings of a wall strongly cemented together by bitumen. A fragment of jaspar, upwards of two feet in length, is to be seen here, entirely covered with inscribed characters; and, in fact, such a diversity of rare and curious articles, as to render this Museum inferior to none in the display of Oriental rarities.—*Cooke's London.*"

It would fill many volumes were we to enumerate all the trophies and rare objects to be found within these walls. One challenges especial attention from the startling union which it presents of barbarism and refinement. It is a musical instrument, to be played upon like a piano, representing an Englishman, preyed upon by a tiger, whose cries and groans formed part of the sweet sounds which once gladdened the ears of its original proprietor, and, perhaps, contriver, Tippoo Saib.

DR. WOLFF AND CAPTAIN GROVER.

Every reader will be gratified to learn that poor Dr. Wolff is safe out of Bokhara. His letters to Captain Grover are a little incoherent, but that he is out of the clutches of the murderous Ameer is placed beyond all doubt.

The following letter has been received from him by Captain Grover:—

Meshed, month of Shaban 23.

My dear Grover,—Not venturing when at Bokhara to keep a journal, I have forgotten the date of the christian month!

After the infamous Nayib Abdool Summut Khan had forced from me the promise to pay him 6,000 tillas, I should after all have been put to death if Abbas Kulli Khan, the Persian ambassador, had not saved me. I am now arrived in Persia, broken down in constitution, robbed of everything I had, and with a debt of 6,000 tillas (2,500*l.*), which I am to pay to the brother of the Nayib Abdool Summut Khan, who is to accompany me to Tehran.

You thought that 4,000*l.* could be collected for my purpose; if you can now assist me in paying the debt above mentioned to the infamous Nayib, who forced the promise from me in his garden,

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surrounded by his guards, well; if not, I shall be obliged to go to prison in Persia.

The king has also sent with me an ambassador who is to go to England, and the Nayib has forced me to promise to pay the expenses of that ambassador out of the money he advanced me. That same ambassador has excited the Turcomans of Mawr and Sarakehs against us; *i. e.*, against Abbas Kulli Khan and myself, on our way to Meshed, and forced Abbas Kulli Khan to pay him and the other ambassador appointed for Persia 150 tillas in the midst of the desert.—Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Meshed.

The above, though dated from Meshed, was written at Mostroon. I am now at Meshed, and two hours after me your gholam (special courier), Ali Ahmed Beyk, arrived: he found me broken down in Mullah Mehdee's house. I will only add, that the Nayib wants only the interest of the above money, to be paid to his son when of age. The ambassador from Bokhara is also here; he has letters and presents for the shah, the sultan, and queen Victoria. The Nayib has settled with the king that I should bear the ambassador's expenses from the money the Nayib expects to be paid back. I am not yet out of danger, but am too confused to explain all now. Mullah Mehdee will do it for me. Lieut. Wyburd has been murdered at Bokhara. JOSEPH WOLFF.

To this mention of Lieut. Wyburd, Captain Grover has appended the following note:—

Lieut. Wyburd, of the Indian navy, is another diplomatic victim. This talented officer was sent on a secret diplomatic mission to Khiva in the year 1835, and has never since been heard of. This unfortunate man, it is right to say, was not abandoned to his fate by the British government; for, in a letter written to me by Lord Aberdeen's direction, I find it stated, that on Col. Stoddart's being sent on his mission to Bokhara, in 1838, he was instructed to inquire after Lieut. Wyburd. I have not, however, been able to learn that any effort has been made in his behalf since that time. I directed Dr. Wolff to obtain all the information he could concerning this unfortunate man, and to purchase his freedom should he be in slavery. The doctor says he has been murdered at Bokhara; but it remains to be seen on what evidence that assertion is made.

I am advised to state an interesting circumstance that occurred to me at St. Petersburgh, as it will show that the good doctor's mission has not been entirely useless. Dr. Wolff was authorised to draw upon my private fortune for the ransom of any christian prisoners he might find at Bokhara. In the first batch he purchased were ten Russians, and this circumstance was fortunately known before my arrival in Russia. A message from his imperial majesty was brought to me by the British minister, expressing his majesty's thanks, and wish to reimburse me. My reply was —that I considered it a very great honour to have been in any way instrumental in the release of his subjects, and that repayment was out of the question.

I am glad to take this opportunity to publicly thank his majesty for his kind declaration, conveyed to me by the British minister—"That he would do everything in his power for the relief of Dr. Wolff."

JOHN GROVER, Captain, Unattached.
Army and Navy Club, Nov. 6, 1844.

THE CHILDREN OF SONG, OR THE FATAL WREATH.

Italy, says the *Wexford Conservative*, is the land of poetry, even in its crimes; and it gives in proof of this a narrative, poetically or romantically written, said to be "a literal fact of recent occurrence."

It sets out with a gorgeous description of a beautiful *cantatrice*. All Naples enthusiastically admired Gambrica. Her large figure, symmetrical and commanding, recalled Cleopatra or Juno. Her features were sweet and noble. On her queenly brow dignity sat enthroned; and all the lofty, and all the tender passions were reflected in turn on her classic and ever eloquent face. Her smile sent a sunshine through the multitude. Her step across the stage caused a stir of delight. Her gestures, like those of a prophetess, interpreting to mortals the language of heaven, made the pulse beat, and the heart heave in the bosom — and all majestic, her superb and awful form, full of inspiration —a statue beyond the chisel of Angelo or Praxiteles; her countenance, a manifestation of all that Rossini ever imagined, or Raphael drew. It was curious to witness the tempest of delight, the hurricane, the earthquake, which involved the assembly, and overwhelmed the performances in a chaos of frantic acclamations.

This splendid being, we are told, was a native of Italy. She had inhaled fire from the sun. Had she been born in Nova Zembla, that bosom had held a heart of passion. Enthusiasm, for good or evil, would have been her leading quality. She had always lived in the glare of public observation, and quaffed the intoxicating draught of applause. It had become to her a necessary aliment—a want—a demand of her nature. Without it she would have faded like a

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rose without light. In infancy she danced as a fay, or floated as an angel, amid murmurs of delight, As time ripened her form, and touched it with the seducing grace of girlhood, she had dazzled mortal eyes as sylph, naiad, or princess; and when, at length, years rolling like summer hours over the rose, had only expanded her into more bewildering loveliness — had only awakened new and more dangerous power —she had queened it as if, indeed, a veritable enchantress. Adorning fame and dwelling amidst its beams as the eagle near the sun, she had little sympathy with, or knowledge of, the common earth. Wealth was gathered by her as if it floated in the streams, and fell like manna over the plains. She scarce knew ambition; for she was on the "topmost round." The world was below her—mankind at her feet.

On one memorable night, Gambrica, after a considerable absence, was to appear in her most celebrated character. The Neapolitans crowded to admire. It chanced, on this occasion, that the second character of the piece was entrusted to a young female, who had tremblingly ventured to make her *debut* on this evening. Her simple and sweet taste; the quality, extent, and power of her voice, had more than once gained a word of condescending encouragement from the despotic mistress of song. She did not come on till after the entrance of Gambrica, by whom, as well as by the audience, her unpretending efforts, her unpronounced name, had been unnoticed. But scarcely had she presented herself when a murmur of surprise ran through the auditory. Nothing more unlike Gambrica could be imagined; yet so soft, ingenious, modest, and *spirituelle* were her air, shape, and countenance, and so wonderfully was the impression created by her appearance, confirmed and deepened by her voice and grace, that, as if by a preconcert, an audible and universal whisper of "who is she?" was heard, and a general stir from all parts of the house.

She gave the few introductory passages in a new and exquisite manner, till at the end of a brillant and most difficult *solo*, executed with a taste, ease, simplicity, and power not excelled—not equalled by Gambrica herself—a startled "bravo! bravo!" uttered in the tone of one thrown off his guard by rapture, broke the spell of silence, and such peals burst forth as made the house tremble.

The performances were stopped. The audience rose in a body. Handkerchiefs, gloves, and hats, waved in the air from the high dome to the feet of the lovely being, herself astonished at the tumult she had raised.

Gambrica, from the green room, heard these ominous sounds. She hastened forth, and from an unobserved retreat, beheld the sight-blasting view of a rival, potent with all the spells of grace, youth, beauty, and genius—a rival, conjured up from no one knew where. From the lips of the hundreds she heard undisguised rapture, sanctioning, leading on the triumph of this new and all-resplendant enemy. Her breath failed—strength forsook her limbs—rage and despair filled her bosom, paralysed her efforts, and painted themselves in her countenance.

The interesting *debutante* Marina, continued to rise in favour of the audience, and her very dissimilarity to Gambrica, gave a new impetus to her success. After Gambrica, Marina pleased by force of novelty and contrast. Her very faults were a relief. She was like the sighing of a flute after the blast of a trumpet.

Gambrica felt that the sceptre was slipping from her hands. The applauses she subsequently received were not what they had been. She went from the stage, after having lost all inspiration, trembling, desperate, as if an evil spirit had taken possession of her. A large mirror hung in the green room. She gazed at herself in it. Her countenance was haggard — her features dark and heavy with passion—and through the last shadow of her gloom at this ill-opportune and miserable moment, she detected a wrinkle on her brow, and upon the sable and glossy hair parted over her forehead, two or three lines of white. It is thus that mortality breaks upon the aspirations of earthly dreamers.

The curtain fell, but the audience remained, and, with vehement clamours, demanded the manager. On his appearance, a general cry expressed the wish that Marina should receive an engagement as *prima donna*. The ready caterer for their pleasure acquiesed, of course, delighted to find a new treasure. Three heavy rounds of applause offered a parting tribute to the newly risen star.

For some days nothing was talked of but Marina. Gambrica's name was scarcely heard. Marina filled every heart. Marina was the theme of every *café*, every street, every square.

"How unlike Gambrica!" was the ungrateful exclamation.

"Ah! *Poverinna*, *she* has had her day," cried one.

"She was good, but she is terribly *passée*," said another.

"A sun-flower by the rose," said a fourth.

"Too large — too round — too tall — too heavy—her hair too black, her eyes no softness," added a fifth.

"Then," said the first, "however dramatic, we are always cloyed with a style too studied and voluptuous. Nature is too elaborately improved upon. Nothing is left to

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itself,—may be the first of her school, but the school of Marina is the first. Did you observe her attitude last night when she drew the dagger."

"Yes, a fishwoman going to fight."

The comments were not long unheard by Gambrica. They caused her to experience the most excruciating anguish. Nothing seemed capable of arresting the triumphant progress of the new *syren*. She was announced for an important part. The night came, and the theatre was besieged by an enthusiastic throng. Equipage after equipage dashed up. Party after party of bewildered faces and dazzling shoulders hastened in. Each seat was filled, the aisles were crowded; the lobbies overflowed, and the nobility, fashion, science, and loveliness, who were fortunate enough to secure places were there assembled.

In a small private box, over the stage, in full view, sat Gambrica, alone; a spectator of this eventful hour, dressed in a style sternly simple—a robe of white. On her uncovered head no ornament, but the raven hair over her brow. It was observed that once or twice her dark eyes flashed, and her cheek was pale and grave.

"Poor Gambrica!" whispered many, "her day is over."

Marina appeared. She was trebly successful—as the loveliest creature that ever was seen—as the most touching, noble, and pure actress; and as a singer, transcendent over all her predecessors. As she proceeded in her role, at each instant subduing, electirfying, inspiring her hearers; their enthusiasm and applause arose to an exultation indescribable, and when she had twice sung the *finale*, the rounds of applause were blended into one continued shock, the audience rose in a delirium, an ecstacy, rarely seen out of an Italian house, and crowns, verses, wreaths, flowers, laurels, and roses, were showered down at her feet.

Few sights are more striking. Next to a Roman ovation come the half unearthly triumphs of the opera.

Gambrica arose, attracting universal attention, and for a moment the stormy roar abated. The dethroned queen lifted her tall figure, and turned her eyes upon the agitated multitude. In her hand, and resting upon the balustrade, she grasped a massive wreath of ever living green. "Generous Gambrica," cried a voice, "she will award the wreath!"

The most lively applause followed this suggestion, proclaiming at once that it was magnanimous and just, and the lips of thousands echoed, "The wreath! the wreath!" There was a moment's silence.

"Let her advance," was heard distinctly in every part of the house, in the silver tones of that well known voice.

Marina, her lashes glittering with tears, her cheek flushed, her bosom heaving with delight, advanced a few steps, and bent her beautiful head in an attitude sweet as Psyche before the mother of Love.

That arm, majestic, was raised aloft. The wreath was cast. A chaos of applause greeted its fall—but high, shrill, and audible above the roaring thunder, pierced the shriek of that lovely victim.

Marina fell dead upon the boards crimsoned with her blood.

The fatal wreath was of BRONZE.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BEAUFORT.

Arms.—Quarterly France and England, within a bordure, compony, ar., and az.

Crest.—A portcullis, or, nailed, az., with chains pendant thereto, gold.

Supporters.—Dexter, a panther, ar., spotted of various colours, fire issuant from the mouth and ears, ppr., gorged with a plain collar, and chained, or; sinister, a wivern, wings endorsed, vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand, coupled at the wrist gu.

Motto.—*Mutare vel timere sperno.* "I scorn to change or to fear."

This family is illegitimately deduced from a branch of the house of Plantagenet, being thus lineally descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster (son of Edward III), who caused all his natural children (afterwards legitimatised), by Cathe rine Swinford, daughter of Sir Payn Roet, alias Guyn, king of arms, and widow of Sir Otes Swinford, knt., to whom he was eventually married, to be called Beaufort, from the castle of that name, in the comté Anjou, the place of their nativity, which castle came, in the year 1276, to the house of Lancaster, by the marriage of Blanche, daughter of Robert, first count of Artois, with Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III, of England. Of the three sons of John of Gaunt, the second was consecrated bishop of Winchester in 1405. He was the celebrated cardinal Beaufort, lord chancellor of England. The eldest, Sir John Beaufort, was created earl of Somerset, in 1396, and, in two years afterwards, marquis of Dorset, which dignity he subsequently

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resigned, and was created marquis of Somerset. On the accession of Henry IV, he was made lord chamberlain. when he is styled earl of Somerset only. He was a K.G., and captain of Calais. His descendant Henry, duke of Somerset, fell into the hands of the Yorkists at the battle of Hexham, and was beheaded 3rd April, 1463, leaving an illegitimate son, Charles Somerset. He was succeeded in his honours by his brother, Edmund, duke of Somerset, who was also beheaded, and who dying without issue, as did also his younger brother, John, the male line of John of Gaunt terminated, as well as the descendants of Catherine Swinton, as of his first wife, Blanche, mother of Henry IV. Charles Somerset, the illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, was a person of rare endowments, and executed several most important diplomatic missions; he was subsequently created a knight bannaret, made a Knight of the Garter, and appointed captain of the Guards in 1496. In right of his wife, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of William Herbert, earl of Huntingdon, he assumed the title of lord Herbert, and was summoned to Parliament as such in the first year of the reign of Henry VIII. His lordship was constituted lord chamberlain for life, as a reward for the distinguished part he had in the taking of Therrouenne and Tournay, and was created earl of Worcester in 1514. He was succeeded by the only son of his first marriage, Henry, second earl of Worcester, who had received the honour of knighthood during the French campaign, from Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, third earl, who, in 1573, was sent into France with a font of pure gold, for the baptismal ceremony of a daughter of Charles IX, of that kingdom, at which he was to stand, in the queen of England's stead, as one of the sponsors. His son, Edward, was fourth earl, whose son, Henry, fifth earl, was summoned, in the lifetime of his father, to the first Parliament of James I. This nobleman took a decided part in favour of Charles I, and maintained his castle of Ragland, with a garrison of eight hundred men, without levying any contributions upon the country, from 1642 to 1646, and only surrendered it eventually to Sir Thomas Fairfax on most honourable conditions. This castle was amongst the last places in England from whose battlements the royal banner bade defiance to treason; but after its capitulation it was demolished, and the timber in the surrounding parks cut down and sold by the committee of sequestration, occasioning a loss to the noble proprietor, moderately estimated at £100,000. The earl was advanced to the dignity of marquis of Worcester, 2nd November, 1642. He died in 1646, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, second marquis, who was appointed, by Charles I, lord-lieutenant of North Wales, and it is said that he was charged by the king to negociate with the Irish Rebel Catholics, and to bring over a great body of them for the king's service. The Parliament complained of this, and the king disavowed the earl. The marquis of Worcester left behind him a literary work, entitled, "A century of the names and scantlings of such inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set this down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." First printed in 1663. In this work the power and application of the steam-engine is distinctly described. He was succeeded by his son, Henry, third marquis, who was created duke of Beaufort, 1682. He was succeeded by his grandson and great-grandson, second and third dukes. The latter nobleman dying without issue, the honours devolved upon his brother, Charles Noel, fourth duke. His only son, Henry, fifth duke, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Admiral Boscawen, and by her had eight sons and three daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, sixth duke, K.G., lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the counties of Gloucester, Monmouth, and Brecon. His grace was succeeded in 1836 by his son the present duke.

THE REMAINS OF WEBER.

HEARTLESS HOAX.

There are people who can, on occasions of the most solemn and affecting character, find pleasure in sending forth accounts ridiculously untrue. It was lately announced that the remains of Weber, removed from England, had been interred at Dresden, on the 12th October, and that it was decided by lot what *requium* should be sung over the grave. This seems to be about as untrue as the absurd reports circulated about portions of the steamer President, letters from those on board, &c., having come to hand. The same report, we hear, reached Hamburgh, and occasioned great disappointment in the city, where preparations had been made for giving what was deemed a suitably honourable reception to the remains, on an understanding that they would reach their final resting place by that route. On the 26th ult, however—seventeen days after they were said to have been consigned to the earth in

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Dresden—they arrived in the port of Hamburgh; and, on the afternoon of that day, 100 vocal and instrumental performers, under the direction of the chief of the orchestra of the theatre, and of the director of the Hanseatic music corps, went on board the *John Bull* steamer; and, amid the ships in the harbour—the English setting the example of displaying their flags half-mast high, and the Germans following—and an audience of thousands who covered the Elbe in boats, poured forth a solemn dirge and greeting to the dead, The coffin was then strewn with flowers; and a very handsome silver chaplet, given by the the music-corps in honour of the solemnity, having been placed on the lid, Herr Krebs addressed his fellow-mourners in these words:—

"A grave solemnity has caused us to meet this day in so unusual and extraordinary a manner. We find before us the remains of a man, Carl Maria von Weber, who, as the ingenious creator of modern music, has left to the German nation, of which he was a native, a science which, while it will ever prove a splendid ornament, will also leave his name imperishable. During a period of eighteen years, these dear remains have been resting in a foreign land; they have now, however, been returned to be delivered up to the bosom of their native soil, and to rest for ever in their own peaceful habitation. We greet them solemnly and with sorrowful feelings, such as the remembrance of this great master has aroused in us, and who departed from this sublunary existence in the midst of his brilliant work. Of his earthly being there remains nothing but his science to represent him; but his spirit will continue to reside among us for ages to come; and not him, but ourselves, we honour by this grateful exhibition of our feeling, and in being assembled around his coffin. We thus see thee lowered upon the German river, whose stream shall convey thee back again to the place where the mournful spouse awaits thy arrival with painful desire, and where the hand of former friendship has prepared, in silent zeal, thy last and peaceful habitation. To us, however, the future thoughts of having been the first to greet thee on the return to thy German Fatherland will be refreshing, and amply reward us for this proof of our sincere veneration and love towards thy memory."

In the evening, the *Freischütz* was given at the theatre, to a crowded house. Great preparations are, it is said, making in Dresden to receive the honoured remains. We may add a rumour that the great German instrument al composers are about to give a series of con- certs, in the various capitals, in aid of the funds for his monu ment.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XV.—EFFECTS OF A FALSE ACCUSATION.

After the Mayeux had comforted the orphans, she went up to her own room with the bundle, opened it, and added a counterpane of her own — the only one the poor creature possessed, which had often served to screen her from the cold that reigned in her miserable abode.

In the morning, full of grief on Agricola's account, the young girl was not able to work; the torments of watching, of uncertainty, and inquietude, had enfeebled her, and had thereby caused her to lose a whole day. Still it was necessary for her to eat to sustain life.

Overwhelming grief, which too often deprives its victims of the power of working, is doubly terrible in cases of the poor. It paralyses their strength, and leaves them a prey to the most distressing poverty.

But the Mayeux, a true and touching type of sisterly devotedness, could still make herself useful, and she summoned up strength to accomplish her task. The most frail creatures are at times gifted with extraordinary vigour of mind, and, it may be said, that with those physical organizations which are infirm and debilitated, the mind dominates the body, and often gives to it incredible strength.

Such was the Mayeux. For twenty-four hours she had neither eaten nor slept, and she had suffered much, during the night, from the inclemency of the weather. In the morning, she had endured much fatigue when going, through sleet and rain, to the Rue Babylone; still her strength was not exhausted—so much does the power of the mind act upon the debilitated frame.

The poor girl, running, and suffering from the weight of her bundle, had reached the Rue St. Mary, and was passing by the side of a commissary of police, when a fat woman, dressed in black, who had followed her, threw two five-franc pieces behind the girl, spoke a few words to the commissary, pointed to the Mayeux, then hastened back to the Rue Brise-Miche. The officer looked at the crowns, picked them up, and shouted, "Stop that woman!" The Mayeux, unaware that these words were addressed to her, paid no attention to them, but continued running. A rude hand, placed upon her shoulder, arrested her progress. A

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mob speedily congregated. The poor girl looked round her in fright.

"Ah, you pretend to be deaf, do you?" said the commissary, pushing the Mayeux before her, who, in her fright, let fall her bundle, and trembled in every limb. "Strange, that a girl of your appearance should drop five-franc pieces, and be too proud to pick them up."

"She had them concealed up her hump," shouted a vendor of matches.

Shouts of laughter succeeded this remark.

"I assure you, sir," said the Mayeux, in a trembling accent, "that the money is not mine."

"You are telling a falsehood, young woman. A lady called my attention to your suspicious looks, and remarked, that it was the little humpback that was running away with the big parcel, that had dropped the five-franc pieces."

"Commissary," shouted the match vendor, "don't believe her. Her hump's her shop. Search it, you have no idea what it contains. There's a clock, at all events, for if you put your ear to it, you will hear the ticking."

Shouts and hoots followed this sally of wit.

"Let us see her," vociferated one.

"Perch her on some one's shoulder," cried another.

"What is in that parcel?" interrupted the commissary.

"Monsieur, it is—I am going to"—faultered the poor girl, who, from her natural timidity, could say no more.

"Can't you tell me? Well, give me the parcel, and I shall see."

Thus saying, he snatched the bundle, opened it, and enumerated the articles which he took out.

"These things are not your's," said the commissary.

"No, sir, but I—"

"Why, young woman, you are covetous, indeed, to steal things bigger than yourself."

"I steal!" exclaimed the poor girl, shuddering.

"The guard, the guard!" shouted the mob, and a minute afterwards the gleaming of bayonets were seen on all sides.

"Come along to the station-house," said the commissary, on seeing the guard.

"Oh, sir," said the poor girl, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands with terror, "let me tell you, let me explain—"

"You can do that at the station-house; come along."

"O, for mercy's sake."

"Get up, or I must drag you along."

It is beyond the power of pen or pencil to give a proper idea of this afflicting and painful scene. Weak, and almost fainting, the poor girl was dragged to the station-house, amid the shouts and vociferations, hisses and groans, of an unprincipled and unruly mob. It makes one shudder to think, that the arrest of innocent and worthy creatures, whose only crime is misery, and whose scanty and mean clothing is almost the only ground for suspicion, may, at all times, take place, through malignant or false accusation. We ourselves remember an unfortunate girl, who was wrongfully arrested; she afterwards effected her escape, and flying from her pursuers, ran to the top floor of a dwelling-house, but finding no means of evading her pursuers, she precipitated herself from the window, and had her brains dashed out against the pavement.

After the atrocious accusation of which the poor Mayeux was the unfortunate victim, Madame Grivois hastened to the Rue Brise-Miche, ascended the stairs, opened the door of Madame Baudoin's room, and saw, to her astonishment, Dagobert sitting between his wife and the two orphans.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CONVENT.

A few words will account for the appearance of Dagobert at this moment. The director of the coach-office, judging of the honesty of the ex-grenadier from his military appearance and open countenance, told him that his word was sufficient. Dagobert, however, would not leave. The commissary at last returned, stating that the money was forthcoming; thereupon, the old soldier thinking the matter as settled, thanked the director and the commissary for their complacency, and hastened home.

One may easily conceive the stupor of Madame Grivois, on beholding the old soldier with his wife and the two orphans. The anxiety of Madame Baudoin, however, was equal to Madame Grivois's astonishment, for the orphans had told her that a lady had called in her absence, on business of importance. She was afraid that a word might escape which might excite suspicion, and thereby spoil all. It was a critical moment; but Madame Grivois had profited by the example of her mistress, the Princess de St. Dizier. She stood for a moment silent; then, as if to account for her abrupt entrance, said, "I have just witnessed a sad misfortune. Excuse my excitement. I am so dreadfully agitated."

"What is the matter," demanded Madame Baudoin, trembling.

"I came here a few minutes ago, to speak to you on a most important affair. Whilst I was waiting, a young girl, very much deformed, made up a bundle of several different things. Thinking that you might be detained for some time, I decided

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on taking a short walk. Well, when I reached the Rue St. Mary, I saw a large mob. I asked the cause. I was told that it was a young woman, whom the commissary of police had stopped with a large bundle, which was thought to have been stolen. I approached, and what did I see —the young girl that I met here."

"Oh, the poor Mayeux," cried Madame Baudoin, wringing her hands.

"Explain—what bundle is it," demanded Dagobert.

"Well, my good husband, I must tell you all. Having no money in the house, I asked the poor girl to take several things that I did not require to the pawnbroker's."

"And they think that she has stolen them. Madame, you ought to have interceded, and stated that you knew her."

"That's what I tried to do, sir," said Madame Grivois; "but the guard arrived, and she was taken to the station-house. Seeing that I could do nothing for her, I hastened here to inform you, that all you have to do, is to go to the station-house, and claim the young girl."

At these words, Dagobert seized his hat, and looking at Madame Grivois, said, in a gruff voice, "Madame, you ought to have begun by telling us that;" he then hurried down stairs.

No sooner had Dagobert left, than Madame Grivois looked significantly at Madame Baudoin. She handed her a letter from the Abbé Dubois, saying, "You will see from that letter, the importance of my visit, of which I am exceedingly happy, as it brings me in connection with these two charming young ladies."

Rose and Blanche looked at each other in surprise. Madame Baudoin took the letter. It indeed required the menaces of her confessor to overcome the last scruples of the poor woman, for she trembled at the thought of Dagobert's rage.

"Your relation will be so happy to see you."

"Our relation!" said Rose, in astonishment.

"Certainly; she knew of your arrival, but she has suffered so much from illness, that she has not been enabled to call. Unfortunately, as she states in her letter to Madame Baudoin, you will be only able to see her for a very short time; you will be here again in an hour."

"But can we go, without waiting the return of Dagobert?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Baudoin, with a feeble voice; "for you will be back soon."

"Madame, I wish these dear young ladies would accompany me as soon as possible, as I wish to bring them back before mid-day."

"We are ready, Madame," said Rose.

Rose and Blanche kissed Madame Baudoin, who pressed those innocent young creatures to her bosom. She could scarcely refrain from shedding tears when they left, although the poor woman was under the conviction that what she was doing was for their benefit.

To prevent suspicion, Madame Grivois caused the coachman to wait for her at a short distance from the Rue Brise-Miche, where, shortly afterwards, she appeared with the orphans. The young girls got into the coach, followed by Madame Grivois, who whispered something into the coachman's ear. While the young girls were taking their seats, a yelping noise was heard at the bottom of the vehicle. The cause was simply this. Rabat-joie, who, up to that time, had not been observed, bounded into the coach, and the cur, exasperated at such audacity, forgetting his accustomed prudence, snapped at the mouth of Rabat-joie, and bit it. The faithful Siberian dog, irritated by the pain, seized its assailant by the throat, and strangled it. This passed in less time than it takes to write it.

"Come here, Rabat-joie," cried Rose.

"Bless me," said Madame Grivois, turning round to sit down, "this monster of a dog here. It will hurt Monsieur. We can't take it with us, Mademoiselle. Make it go out."

"Leap out, Rabat-joie," cried Rose, pushing him slightly.

The faithful dog hesitated. Sad and supplicating, he looked at the orphans with an air of mild reproach, as if censuring them for sending away their only defender; but on the order being renewed, he reluctantly obeyed.

The coach rolled rapidly along the streets. Madame Grivois called out, "Monsieur, Monsieur." There was a good reason for the dog remaining silent.

"Ah! little obstinate thing; you pout at me because that large, fearful dog got into the carriage. Come along, my little pet. Come and kiss your mistress."

Monsieur still remained silent. Rose and Blanche, who knew the rough habits of Rabat-joie, looked at each other with inquietude.

"Come along you vexing little thing. What an opinion those dear young ladies will form of you. Monsieur, Monsieur—" Saying these words, Madame Grivois stooped, and groping along the bottom of the carriage, seized hold of its paw, which she pulled to her. Astonished at the inanimate touch, she raised the animal, and was horror-struck on finding it lifeless, with the marks of Rabat-joie's teeth on its throat.

"Dead! dead! and already cold. Oh, heaven!" and this woman wept.

The tears of the wicked are inauspicious,

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for the reaction of their sufferings, instead of softening their hearts, inflames them with malice and revenge.

After giving way to her grief, the mistress of Monsieur felt herself burning with rage and hatred. Yes, hatred, violent hatred, against those young girls who were the involuntary cause of the death of her dog. Her face became purple, her eyes glared, and she said, in a furious accent, "It was your dog, young ladies, that killed mine."

"Pardon, Madame," said Rose, "we could not help it."

"It was your dog that first bit Rabat-joie," added Blanche.

The expression of fear that showed itself in the countenances of the young girls, called Madame Grivois to herself. She foresaw the fearful consequences that might result from her imprudence. To disguise her feelings more she hid her face in her hands, and pretended to weep.

"Poor lady," said Rose, whisperingly, to her sister; "she weeps; she loved her dog as much as we love Rabat-joie."

"Alas, yes; do you remember how much we wept, when poor old Jovial was killed."

Madame Grivois, at the expiration of a few minutes, raised her head, wiped her eyes, and said in a softened voice: "Excuse me, my dear young ladies, for giving way to my grief, or rather anger, for I was so attached to that poor dog. For six years it has been my constant companion."

"We regret much, Madame, the misfortune; and what vexes us still more is, that it cannot be repaired."

"It was my fault, for I should not have brought it with me. But it was always so sad in my absence. You understand this frailty. A good heart shows itself to beasts as well as to mankind. But the joy which your relative will experience at beholding you, my dear children, will cause my grief to pass away. You are so lovely, and then that singular resemblance that exists between you, seems to add still more to the interest which you inspire."

"Ah, Madame, you are too indulgent."

"Not at all; for I am sure that you resemble each other as much in disposition as you do in face and form."

"That is quite natural, Madame," said Rose, "for, since our birth, we have never been separated one minute, day or night. Our dispositions could not be otherwise than alike."

"Indeed, my dear children! you have always been together. How wretched you would feel, then, if some misfortune caused you to be separated for a time."

"Oh, Madame," said Blanche, smiling, "even very wicked people could not find it in their hearts to separate us; for three months ago, when we were imprisoned, the governor, who, notwithstanding, was a very surly man, said, on seeing us, 'To separate these poor children would be killing them.' So we remained together, and were as happy as any one could be in prison."

"That speaks much in favour of your excellent hearts, and it does credit to the person who understood the happiness you felt in each other's company."

The carriage stopped, and the coachman halloed out, "The gate—"

"Ah! we have arrived at your dear relatives," said Madame Grivois.

The gate was at length opened, and the coach rolled into an open court, at the extremity of which was a little door. A large stone building was seen towering above the wall, which, on being observed by Blanche, the poor girl said, with an expression of delight and admiration, "Oh, madame, what a lovely habitation."

"That's nothing, my dear child, stop till you have seen the interior."

The coachman opened the carriage door, and Madame Grivois and the orphans alighted. Guess the rage of the former, and the surprise of the latter, on beholding Rabat-joie, who, with his ears erect and tail wagging, looked at the children, and seemed waiting to be caressed for his fidelity.

"How!" exclaimed Madame Grivois, who could not conceal her rage—"That abominable creature has followed the carriage."

"A famous dog, nevertheless; my good lady, it never quitted the horse's feet all the way. What splendid limbs it has."

The mistress of the departed Monsieur little relished the eulogy bestowed upon Rabat-joie. She rolled, as it were, with inconceivable rapidity, up to the little door, rang a bell, which was answered by a female, and said, "Here are the two young girls. The orders of the Abbé d'Aigrigny and of the Princess are, that they be instantly separated, put into different cloisters, and be treated as impenitents. You understand. Come along, my dear children," she added, addressing the orphans, "this good woman will conduct you to your relative, and I will come back for you in half an hour. Coachman, keep back that dog."

As soon as the orphans had entered the convent, Madame Grivois went up to the porter, who was a tall robust man, and said, "Nicholas, I will give you ten francs if you kill that large dog."

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, saying, "It will be no easy matter, Madame, to destroy that animal."

"Well, I will give you twenty francs if you kill it in my presence."

"I would require a gun; now, the only weapon I have is a bar of iron."

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"That will do; one blow will destroy it. O that I had strength!"

Nicholas brought out the bar of iron, and approaching Rabat-joie with slow steps, holding the bar in his right hand; and clapping his leg with his left, he said, "Come, there's a good fellow, come along."

Rabat-joie, who was crouching at the porch where he had last seen the orphans, rose, looked at Nicholas, and guessing his intention, withdrew in proportion as his antagonist advanced.

"He smells a rat," said Nicholas; "chaff won't catch that animal. There's no getting near him, Madame."

"There; you are an awkward dolt," said Madame Grivois, throwing the man a five-franc piece. "At least, you can chase it from this place."

"That will be easier than killing it, Madame."

The sage Siberian, judging of the fruitlessness of open fight, gained the outward gate, and there took up his station, so that when Madame Grivois passed in the carriage, she saw, with vexation and rage, the murderer of Monsieur waiting with patience the arrival of the orphans.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE INFLUENCE OF A CONFESSOR.

No sooner had the orphans left Dagobert's wife, than the poor woman knelt before her crucifix, and prayed fervently. The tears which she had restrained for some time flowed down her cheeks, and notwithstanding her sincere conviction that she was fulfilling a religious duty, she felt uneasy, and waited with fear and trembling the return of her husband; for she could not convince herself that he was not justified in being angry with her. Besides, the poor mother had grievous news to tell her husband—that of her son's arrest.

At the slightest noise that was heard upon the stair, Madame Baudoin listened attentively, and trembled; then she prayed to God to give her strength to support herself in this severe trial.

The footsteps of Dagobert were at length heard. The poor woman dried her tears, took up her work, and began to sow, but her hands trembled so much that she could not hold her needle. The door opened, and Dagobert entered. "Poor child," he said, throwing his hat violently upon the table; "it is enough to break one's heart."

"You have seen the Mayeux? Have you brought her with you?" demanded Madame Baudoin, forgetting her grief for a moment.

"Yes, I have seen her, but in what a state. Poor girl. The commissary is coming to see you before her dismissal."

Dagobert glanced round the room, and looking at his wife, he demanded where the children were.

"My dear husband—I—" The poor woman could not articulate another word.

"Where are Rose and Blanche?" demanded Dagobert, gruffly. "Rabat-joie is is not here either."

"Do not be angry."

"Come," said Dagobert, abruptly, "you have allowed them to go out with some neighbour, which you should not have done; without going yourself. But how pale you are, my good wife," he added, affectionately taking her by the hand, "are you ill?"

These words, spoken so kindly, affected the poor woman. Burning tears ran down her cheeks, and fell upon Dagobert's hand.

"You weep. Tell me what distresses you, my poor wife. Was it my speaking angrily to you, respecting the poor orphans? Come, be calm; you know that though I have a rough voice, I have a warm heart. If you can rely upon your neighbour, the evil is not much; but, in future, my dear wife, never do anything in respect to them, without consulting me, first. Did they ask to go out?"

"No, my dear. I—"

"No! Who is this neighbour to whom you have confided them? Where has she taken them, to, and when will she bring them back?"

"I do not know," murmured Madame Baudoin, with a stifled voice.

"You do not know," cried Dagobert, in a rage, "you knew that I would be back soon. Why did you allow them to go out? I ask you why they did not wait till my return? Answer me. This is enough to harass a saint;" he added, stamping on the floor, "answer me."

The poor woman, losing all courage, allowed herself to become a humble and resigned victim to her husband's rage, for she was determined to remain faithful to her word. Not having strength to rise, she bent her head upon her shoulder, and allowing her arms to fall by her side, said, "Do with me, as you like, but do not ask me what has become of the children, for I cannot tell you."

Had a thunderbolt alighted on the head of Dagobert, he could not have received a greater shock. He instantaneously turned pale; his forehead streamed with cold perspiration, his eyes became fixed, and he remained several minutes as if petrified. Then, recovering as it were, from his torpor, he, with terrible energy, seized his wife by the two shoulders, and, lifting her as lightly as one might lift a feather, he held her out before him, and cried with a frightful accent—

"The children!"

"Have mercy, have mercy!" implored his wife, in a feeble voice.

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"Where are the children?" vociferated Dagobert, at the same time grasping tightly the weak and debilitated frame of the poor woman—"Answer me. Where are the children?"

"Kill me, or pardon me; for I cannot tell you."

"Wretch!" cried the soldier, who, mad with rage, grief, and despair, raised his wife up as if he were going to dash her upon the ground. But this excellent man was too brave to commit such an act of cowardly brutality. He looked in her face, placed her on the ground, and clasping his forehead, he remained several minutes stupified and confounded. All that had taken place seemed incomprehensible to the soldier. That his wife, an angel of goodness, should answer him respecting the daughters of General Simon, who had been entrusted to his care by a dying mother, "Do not ask me about them, for I cannot answer you." The strongest, the firmest mind, would be shaken by this unaccountable behaviour. The soldier, becoming more calm, reasoned with himself thus: "My wife can alone explain this strange mystery. I must neither kill her, nor ill treat her, but employ persuasion to induce her to divulge the secret."

Dagobert took a chair, and pointing to another, he said, "My good wife, sit down there, and listen to me. You are well aware that we cannot continue thus. Just now I gave way to my passion, for which I am exceedingly sorry. I will not do so again, I assure you; still I must know where these children are. Their dying mother confided them to me. I have brought them amidst troubles and afflictions from the heart of Siberia to Paris. Then, do you think, that your answer, 'Do not ask me—I cannot tell you what I have done with them,' will satisfy me. Is it reasonable? Suppose Marshal Simon were to arrive, and to ask me for his children, what would you have me to reply? You see that I am calm, Now, tell me what would be my reply?"

"Alas! my dear husband."

"I have nothing to do with your alases! Tell me what would be my answer."

"Accuse me, and I will tell him that you went out, leaving the children in my charge, and that when you came back, they had gone away, and that I would not tell you where they were."

"And do you think the Marshal would be satisfied with that?"

"Unfortunately, I can tell him no more. You can kill me, but you cannot make me speak."

Dagobert bounded from his chair on hearing this reply; but afraid of again giving way to his rage, he advanced towards the window, opened it, and exposed his burning forehead to the cold wind.

(To be continued.)

HAYDON'S CROTCHETS.

Mr. Haydon, everybody knows, is an artist of celebrity. He has a fine talent for snarling, and not a bad opinion of himself. In his lectures we find a great deal that may be cavilled at, but much that is good, and more that is entertaining. We shall copy a few of his reflections on various subjects.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Elgin Marbles, Mr. Haydon says:—"The last words I should wish to utter in this world, till Art gave way to more awful reflections, while my voice was articulate, and a fibre of my vitality quivered, are, Elgin Marbles! Elgin Marbles!"

THE CHAIN OF MEMORY.

In one of his entertainments, the late Charles Mathews suggested that personal imitation might be conveyed from one to another, so that Shakespeare might have been mimicked down to him. Hayden contends that intelligence might be transmitted by word of mouth from the ancient Greeks to the present day:—

"An old lady sat to Richardson; she when a girl had sat to Vandyke. She told Richardson, Vandyke's pictures looked whiter and fresher than at present; Richardson told Hudson, Hudson told Reynolds, Reynolds told Northcote, and Northcote told me. So that I can give you positive information up to Vandyke; and it is curious to calculate how easily, if these records of conversation were kept, positive facts might come down from Cimabue, or from the Greeks. The Greeks might remark to Cimabue, he to Giotto, Giotto to Taddeo Gaddi, he to his son, who might tell Cennini, so on clearly to Masaccio, Lionardo, Raffaelle, Vasari, and Michael Angelo. People might tell the Caracci who well remembered Michael Angelo and Titian; others tell Rubens, who knew the Caracci. Rubens, Vandyke; Vandyke the old lady, she, Richardson, and then Hudson to Reynolds and Northcote, he to me, and I to you. Thus, it is clear, if everybody kept journals of their minds, and all they hear authentic in their time, great benefit must accrue to art and science in future generations. I do not mean journals of trifles, or which way the wind is, or where you supped, or when you took a walk to the Junction Canal; but of the remarkable sayings of great men you know, the first dawn of thought on a deep subject, embryo sketches of embryo ideas, &c."

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PAINTING, MUSIC, AND POETRY ORDERING SUPPER.

"Many years ago," Mr. Haydon says, "Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it that there was nothing painting or poetry could do, music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor. The musician played most exquisitely for three quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl, and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won, and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death."

THE ARTIST MAY STAY AT HOME FOR IMPROVEMENT.

"Go to Italy, say all. Why? Did Phidias or Zeuxis, Euphranor or Praxiteles, leave Greece? Did Michael Angelo or Raffaelle, or Titian or Correggio, leave Italy? Go to Italy! We have the cartoons and Elgin Marbles, higher and purer standards than Italy can show. I say, stay at home. In Italy everything has been done; in England everything is to do. Stay in Britain, all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!"

NEVER TOO LATE TO IMPROVE.

The following good advice Mr. Haydon gives with his wonted confidence:—"I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about time of life; I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work on a new acquirement as at eighteen years, and perhaps more able. 'Was I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds; of course he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years, why did he not at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room, 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?' and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and thighs than nine pins. Why? because he only had the consciousness of imperfection without sufficient power to impel the remedy. After lamenting thus to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or adjourn to the club, to listen to the declamations of Johnson. Let every man begin at once, not to-morrow, but to-day, not by and bye at four, but now, at six in the morning, or as soon as it is light."

WILKIE'S MODESTY.

An interesting account is given of Wilkie's modest diffidence at the opening of his career. It was with difficulty that Jackson persuaded him to send his first picture to the exhibition. Mr. Haydon adds:—"And I remember his (Wilkie's) bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition when he went, on the day it opened, May, 1806. On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, Friday and Saturday, the *News* said, 'A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work.' I immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. I found him in his parlour in Norton-street, at breakfast: 'Wilkie,' said I, 'your name is in the paper.' 'Is it really?' said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff *ore rotundo*, and Jackson, I, and he, in an ecstacy, joined hands and danced round the table!"

Reviews.

A Topographical History of Surrey. By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F. S. A., &c. Assisted by John Britton, F. S. A., &c. The Geological Section by Gideon Mantell, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. Vols. I and II, 4to. and 8vo. Dorking: Ede. London: Tilt and Bogue.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since the publication of Manning and Bray's dry and heavy, yet elaborate and useful, history and antiquities of the county of Surrey; and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the long-prevalent rage for illustrated topographical works, Surrey, one of the loveliest and most picturesque counties in England, should, from that period until the appearance of Mr. Brayley's volumes, have been utterly neglected by the historian, by the antiquary, and by the painter. The *desideratum* is at length in the course of being most satisfactorily produced. For such a task, two better names than those of Brayley and Britton, as attached to individuals of distinguished character in the literary, topographical, and antiquarian world could not have been selected; and with these the choice and associations of the eminent geologist, Dr. Mantell, is equally happy. The first and second volumes of the work are already before the public; and the third and fourth are simultaneously in progress, and will probably be completed early in the ensuing spring. It may not here be amiss to remark, that to meet the tastes and pockets of different classes of readers, the "History of Surrey" is produced in three forms—octavo, quarto, and

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royal quarto; each edition, however, containing the same illustrations, finely engraved views of scenery, churches, noblemen's and gentlemen's seats, &c., on steel, with illuminated title-pages, ornamental letters, and an infinite variety of other embellishments in wood. The artistical department of the work has been judiciously placed under the superintendence of Mr. Allom, whose fine and tastefully-executed designs have enhanced the celebrity of many of the most popular works of our time.

Mr. Brayley, upon whom, we understand, the chief duty of inquiry, arrangement, and composition of the work has devolved, commences with a general history of the county of Surrey, during the British and Roman period; to this succeeds the Danish and Saxon period; then follows the period from the Norman Conquest to the reign of queen Mary; and, afterwards, from the reign of Elizabeth to the nineteenth century; the whole embracing, amongst an infinite variety of other topics, remarks on military service in the respective periods.

The next division of the work consists of historical and biographical memoirs of the earls of Warren and Surrey (and Thomas Holland, duke of Surrey), with a geneological table from the time of William the Conqueror to the reign of Charles II.

After the memoirs we have, by way of introduction to the sketch of the geological characteristics of Surrey, by Dr. Mantell, some general notices relating to the county, its name, situation, climate, seenery, &c. "But a few years since," happily observes Dr. Mantell, whose noble collection of fossil remains, &c., has recently been transferred from Brighton to the British Museum, "the natural history of a province was restricted to a description of the indigenous animals and plants, and a brief notice of the most remarkable mineral productions. The progress of scientific knowledge has, however, opened a new and inexhaustible field of inquiry; and the naturalist is now called upon, not only to describe the physical geography, and the Fauna and Flora of a country, but also to investigate the geological changes which the district has undergone, and determine the nature and succession of the strata, and of the various races of beings by which the land was tenanted in ages antecedent to all human history or tradition."

Aided by several beautiful scientific illustrations, Dr. Mantell's "Sketch of the Geology of the County of Surrey" constitutes an extremely valuable portion of the work. Amongst its illustrations are two plates of Surrey fossils, and a map, with sections, indicating the geological strata of the country.

Independently of the Thames, which forms the entire northern boundary of Surrey, from near the point called Charter Island, above Egham, on the west, to between one and two miles beyond the tunnell at Rotherhithe, on the east, the three principal rivers of the county—the Wey, the Mole, and the Wandle—are here very fully and graphically described. That remarkable stream, the Mole, which has been a theme for our poets in every age, is illustrated by a map, the result of an attentive personal inspection of the bed and banks of the river, with its celebrated swallows, by Mr. Brayley.

To this portion of the work succeeds an account of the mineral springs, the woodland districts, &c., of the county; also general remarks on its agriculture, with copious notices of the history and practices of its horticulture.

The historical notices of the origin of counties, hundreds, parishes, &c., will be found deserving the attention of the antiquary. The ecclesiastical history is extensive; and a document of some value presents itself in a table including the names of all parishes and livings throughout Surrey—the names of the incumbents, and the respective dates of their institution or appointment—the net value of each living—and a list of the patrons of all the existing benefices. Then we have notices of the parliamentary representatives of the county, with its division under the Reform Act, a list of its representatives from the year 1796 to the time of publication, &c.

After all this, the local descriptions of the work commences with the county, town, and borough of Guildford. The respective hundreds are taken in succession, and the parishes of each hundred are arranged in alphabetical order. These descriptions, interspersed as they are with valuable biographical notices, are copious, minute, and eminently satisfactory; extensive surveys and inspections having been made of every parish by Mr. Brayley, Mr. Harral, and other gentlemen in person. Indeed, the accuracy thus obtained, and only thus to be obtained, is one of the grand and most important features of the publication.

Three weeks ago we gave a view of Ham House, Petersham, with a description of the exterior of the building, from Mr. Brayley's History; in our last number we presented a view and description of Mordon Church.

Londres et les Anglais. By Dr. Bureaud Riofrey. Ballière, London.

"When I began to study the history of London I had no other end in view than that of instructing myself. Placed in one of the most opulent and important cities of

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the world, to follow a respected and justly honoured profession, I felt the necessity of studying and making myself familiar with all that surrounded me—the climate, the people, their habits and localities." Such is the prefatory apology that the doctor gives for introducing his work—which is one, in a philosophical point of view, of high importance—to public notice, and which will not only be serviceable and appreciated by Frenchmen, in whose language it is written, but will excite the interest of all who are conversant in the language of the Gaul.

The opinion that the doctor has formed of the English, and which opinion has resulted from a long abode in London, and from constant communication with the inhabitants, differs materially from that of many of his countrymen who are blind to all excellence save that which is French. This may be saying much, but a long sojourn with our neighbours on the other side of the channel made us often wish, with honest fervour, that petty jealousies did not rankle at and gnaw the hearts of many, of too many, of the French nation. Even from the doctor's own words such seems to be the impression that he entertains of the illiberality of his countrymen. "There is," he says, "an old adage, which exists, I believe, in all languages—'When we are at Rome, we must live, e'en as the Romans.' In England I have lived as the English do; the result is a knowledge of the English, which I could have by no other means obtained, and from that knowledge I freely admit that the more I became acquainted with the English, the more I liked them. This avowal may be prejudicial to our *amour-propre*, but there is honour in avowing it at a time when so much *prejudice* exists against them. It seems to me that that which acts so much against the English is the *constant cry* of their power and riches. One might say of them what the Athenian said of Aristides—'That he was banished because the people were annoyed at hearing him constantly called the Sage.' Nations might willingly banish England from Europe if they could; but for my part I look upon the English as one of the first, if not the first, people in the world. For see what nature has done for them, and see what the people have done for themselves." To the prejudiced the perusal of "London and the English" will be highly beneficial, as it may do more than initiate them into the manners and customs of the people; it may do more than instruct them in events, the startling effects of which were felt throughout the two hemispheres; it may teach them the propriety of *knowing* before *condemning*—of acting differently from the blind man, who persisted that there was no sun because he could not see it.

The style in which "Londres et les Anglais" is written is pure and flowing, the incidents are graphically described, and the historical facts are laid down and descanted upon with a degree of praiseworthy impartiality.

The Gatherer.

Ede's Royal Heraldic Ink.—At page 252 of the present volume, we noticed an interesting invention by Mr. Ede, of the great perfumery establishment at Dorking, in Surrey—an indelible marking ink, by which, with a simple, yet elegant apparatus, every description of linen, from the finest muslins and laces, to the coarsest fabrics for domestic use, are marked with extraordinary facility, without the slightest blot or slur, the impressions are invariably neat and elegant, with brilliancy and durability of colour. Since the notice referred to appeared in *The Mirror*, Mr. Ede (who is, by special appointment, perfumer to her majesty), has greatly improved upon his original invention, by means of the electrotype process. By means of that process, he imparts a durable coating of silver to moveable metallic types, similar to those employed for letter-press; thus superceding the necessity of having an engraved stamp in silver—materially economising the costs—and enabling the purchaser to be immediately supplied with initials, names, mottoes, &c., to any extent, and in any description of letter he may prefer.

The New Royal Exchange.—The cost of rebuilding the Exchange, together with the improvements in its immediate vicinity, is stated to be upwards of £400,000. The rental is estimated at £14,000 per annum. The Royal Exchange Assurance Company is rented at £2400; Lloyd's at £2600; and the London Assurance at £1400.

Lord Norbury's Best.—An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling," said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea: go and bury one-and twenty of them."

American Embodyment of a Whig.—The Americans are, indeed, a funny sort of people. The following is one of many spe-

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cimens of the numerous plans adopted by the several newspapers opposed to the election of Henry Clay to the presidential chair, and intended in ridicule of him. There is a cut in the paper from which we copy it, representing Mr. Clay's coat of arms, with the words "shoot lower" across it, and "war, pestilence, and famine," at one corner four or five playing cards, and at the opposite end a pistol cocked. At the head he is represented firing at his opponent, and a bottle in the centre of the assailant, marked "brandy."

THE "EMBODYMENT."

"Henry
Clay, the liv-
ing personification
and embodyment of
whig principles."
Whig address.
In 1777
born: In
1805 quarrelled
with Col. Davis, of Ken-
tuckey, which led to his first duel:
In 1808, he challenged Humphrey Marshall, and fired three times at his heart:
In 1825 he challenged the great John
Randolph, and fired once at his heart,
but without effect: In 1838 he planned the CILLY DUEL by which a MURDER was perpetrated, and a wife made a maniac: in 1841, when 65 years old and grey headed, is under 5000 dollars BOND to KEEP the PEACE! At the age of 29 he PERJURED HIMSELF to secure a seat in the United States Senate. In 1824 he made an infamous bargain with John Quincy Adams, by which he SOLD OUT for a £1200 a year OFFICE. He is also well known as a GAMBLER and a SABBATH BREAKER. His POLITICS are precisely and exactly those of the Hartford Convention, Federalist: opposed to Equal Rights, Equal Laws; and in favour of monopolizing laws; and chartered privileges. Also he sustains the ferocious Alligerines in their deeds of BLOOD AND MURDER!

Glut of Fish.—So great was the glut of fresh herrings at Billingsgate on Friday, that they were selling in Clare market at 3½d. per dozen, and were cried throughout the various streets of the metropolis, being perfectly fresh and in full season, at 3d. per dozen, whilst fresh pilchards, a fish very rarely seen in the London markets, were selling at the rate of 1½d. per dozen; and flounders were offered at the low price of 1d. per score.

Reduction of Railway Fares.—The new act of parliament for the regulation of the fares on railways came into operation last Friday. The inspectors appointed by the government have been for some time past busily engaged in visiting the different railway termini, for the purpose of inspecting the new third-class carriages, which have been constructed according to the act of parliament.

Church Wardens' Law.—Mr. Norris, church warden of Devizes, has announced that any person leaving the church before the celebration of the Communion service shall be cited into the Ecclesiastical Court.

York Minster.—The committee for superintending the restoration of the York Minster have, after more than five years' labour, successfully executed their task, and have in hand a balance, which they recommend the subscribers to permit them to use for the remedying of some defects not attributable to fire, by which the security of the building was endangered.

A Strong Hint.—A young lady told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to receive for her industry. The gentleman, in answer, sent her a new thimble the following morning, accompanied by these lines:—

"I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
'Twill last very long, if but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it!"

Pigeons' Milk.—One of the chief peculiarities of the common house-pigeon is the double dilatation of the crop, which expands on each side of the gullet, and which the bird is capable of distending with air, as is remarkably shown in the common cropper or pouter. It is in this receptacle that the food of the young is elaborated by being impregnated with a milky fluid, this fluid being more or less abundantly secreted according to the age of the young. The fluid is of a greyish milky colour, coagulates with acids, and forms curds, so that, after all, "pigeons' milk" is not the rare and impossible commodity which the common joke supposes.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 21.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

BURLEIGH HOUSE.

BURLEIGH HOUSE, AND ITS FOUNDER, THE LORD TREASURER.

All eyes have recently been directed to Burleigh House, the noble seat of the Marquis of Exeter, of which we are enabled to submit a correct representation. It is matter of surprise that the ever vigilant diurnal historians have omitted to note the coincidence which caused the queen of England, almost without a pause to pass from the architectural representative of the Burse of Sir Thomas Gresham, to a mansion, built in the same reign, and formed in part of materials provided by that active agent for the ancestor of the marquis of Exeter—Sir William Cecil—to be visited by the famous predecessor of her majesty, queen Elizabeth.

The domestic correspondence in the State Paper Office shows that amidst the mighty cares which occupied his mind, Sir William Cecil, better known as lord Burleigh, wished to prove his taste by adorning his residence with embellishments, which were to be furnished from abroad. Gresham, in a letter, dated October 27 1570, writes thus: "Other I have not to molest your honour withal but that I have delyvered to one of your masons the four pillers of cullorid marbell with their furniture in good order."

Nor was it merely the pillars of coloured marble that he so procured. Of this the following proofs are quoted by the laborious and accurate Burgon:—

"As yet, Master Secretary's pavying stones are not come, but Henryke sayth he knoweth well they wyll be here within a daye or two at the furthermost, which, when they come, I will not faile to sende them awaye out of hand, although I should hyre a small hoye of purpose, and a man, [to convey them] withall." We continue to read in November: "As yet, Master Secretary's stones are not come, which maketh Master Henryke almost out of his witte, for I never faile a [daye], but I am once a daye with him for them, so that they cannot be long unless they be drownyd by the waye." They arrived at last, to the

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great satisfaction of all parties, and Henryke sent a "patron how they should be layd." "Being glad that the stones for Master Secretary are arrived with you in safety, and, for the touchstone you sende me, I cannot write your answer by this, my letter, for that both Henryke and Florys are both out of the town. But, and if they will deliver them in London, redy hewed, at 2s. the foote, it wolde not be deare, as, by my next, I will write you more at large."

This letter, written in 1566, marks the period at which the venerable mansion, lately the abode of royalty, was erected.

In the State-Paper office, there is preserved a very curious memorandum of the various articles obtained for Mr. Secretary, with the prices. Among the purchases made, were, "xvi little pillers of marbill, for a gallery; xi li. ix harthes for chimneys, at 24s. 4d.; vi chaires of velvet, at iii li. the peece, xviii li, vi chaires of lether, at xxiiis. iiiid., vii li. One cloke, (clock) v li. viiis id.; x platts for candells, xiiis. iiiid." Tapestry was also obtained for Sir William, in the same way.

The building, of course, has been added to and improved in the course of three centuries, and its noble apartments, and their costly contents, are the subjects of just admiration.

The banqueting-hall is upwards of fifty feet in length, twenty-eight broad, and exceedingly lofty. It is lighted by a magnificent bow-window on one side, from which is obtained a delightful view of the pleasure-gardens surrounding the mansion. In the recess of this window stands a superb wine-cooler or cistern of massive silver, weighing 3,800 ounces. Upon a sideboard at the south end of the room, beneath a remarkably fine window, ornamented with richly-stained glass, representing the family arms and the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, appears a magnificent display of gold plate, some of which was presented to the family by king James II, queen Anne, and George I. At the north end of the room, at an elevation of upwards of twelve feet, is the music-gallery, capable of accommodating about fifty performers.

The private chapel is of the same age as the mansion, and puts forth many claims to admiration. It is adorned with superb carvings by Gibbons. Ten antique figures in bronze are arranged as large as life. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, when a visitor at Burghley, regularly attended divine service in this chapel, and it was her custom to place herself on the left side, nearest the altar, which has ever since been distinguished by the appellation of queen Elizabeth's seat.

The eminent person who reared this noble pile, was a most remarkable character. As a statesman he was great. His acuteness, courage, and determination never failed him. One who passed many years in his family thus writes of him and his habits:—

"After performance of business there were prayers every day said in his chapel, at eleven o'clock, when his lordship and all his servants were present; for he seldom or never went to dinner without prayers. And so likewise at six of the clocke before supper, which course was observed by his steward in his lordship's absence."

He had gained such a mastery of his feelings, or at least over the exhibition of them, that it is said in thirty years he was seldom seen angry, never excessively elevated or depressed. "If the news which his daily letters brought him were good, he would temperately speak of it, if bad he kept it to himself, but he was never moved with passion in either case. Neither overjoyful at the best news, nor daunted at the worst, and it was worthily noted of him that though his body was weak his courage never failed, as in times of greatest danger he ever spake most cheerfully, and executed things most readily, when others seemed full of doubt or dread. And when some did often talk fearfully of the greatness of his enemies, and of their power and possibility to harm us, he would ever answer—'They shall do no more than God shall suffer them.'

"What business soever was in his head, it was never perceived at his table, where he would be so merry as one would imagine that he had nothing else to do; and even in his ordinary talk, he uttered so many notable things, as one might learn more in an hour's hearing of him than in a month's reading, so that many came rather to hear his speeches than to eat his meat."

Fuller, speaking of lord Burleigh's composure, says, "At night, when he put off his gown, he used to say, lye there, lord-treasurer, and bidding adieu to all state affairs, dispose himself to his quiet rest."

A NEW PLEASURE. THE DELIGHTS OF HANGING.

Mr. Wakley is the most amusing of coroners. He has given us, in a variety of cases, a series of strange stories, but none more surprising than one published in the newspapers last week. Holding an inquest on a poor old Chelsea pensioner, who had committed suicide by hanging himself, he made the following statement:—

"It was extraordinary *how pleasing the effects of hanging were*. That was apparent from the fact that of all the persons who

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committed suicide by hanging, the majority were found either in a sitting posture, or with their feet or knees touching the ground. In one instance, a young lady, who was watched by two females, one at either side of her bed, strangled herself with the strings of her night-dress, without their knowledge. On another occasion, a man hung himself while stretched upon his face, with his nose almost touching the ground. A short time since he held an inquest at Balls Pond upon a man who, having hung himself up, the cord broke before he was dead, and he survived the attempt thirty-five hours. He stated that *he had enjoyed the most pleasing sensations* while suspended. Persons who committed suicide by hanging (continued the coroner) went off as in a sleep, and died without pain. He did not speak of malefactors hanged at the Old Bailey, whose necks were broken, but of those, who, like the deceased, hung themselves without subjecting their bodies to a jerk. In the latter case neither was the neck broken, nor was the windpipe closed, but a congestion of the brain ensued, which caused death."

In one journal, the *Britannia*, it is wickedly insinuated that, perhaps, Mr. Wakley, making the statement, had an eye to business, and the increase of fees likely to ensue on this information getting abroad. The public who have anything to lose, should thank him for hinting that an Old Bailey execution may be rather painful. But for that, robberies, perhaps, murders, would have increased tenfold, perpetrated by the votaries of pleasure, in order more easily to enjoy the sensation of being hanged! As it is, we may expect the ministers of luxury will shortly invite their patrons to be suspended, as they now call them to a warm bath, or a shampooing chair. Parents must take care to keep halters and cross-beams out of sight, as the nursery will probably soon resound with the cry of, "Daddy, give me a rope."

RELICS AND ROYALTY IN THE TIME OF KING EDWARD IV.

Every real picture of the state of England three or four centuries ago is found interesting. Antiquarian studies have, during the last century, been so assiduously and so successfully pursued, that it might not unreasonably be supposed that nothing worth reading can now be discovered. Such is not the case. From time to time new and unsuspected stores are opened, which delight from the confirmation they give of that which was previously written, or instruct by correcting misrepresentation.

The travels of Leo von Rozmital, through the *West* of Europe, in the fifteenth century, lately published by the Literary Union of Stuttgard, present matter of this sort which will be read with pleasure by those who, like Sir Walter Scott—and they are not a few—find gratification in studying history and antiquities. Leo was the brother-in-law of George, king of Bohemia, and set out on his journey, November 26th, 1465. Two accounts are given of his pilgrimage; one by a Bohemian, named Schaschek, and the other by Tetzel, a native of Nuremberg. The original Bohemian is lost; but a Latin translation, made a century after the journal, by Stanislaus Pawlowski, afterwards bishop of Olmutz, has been preserved. The prince was a man of observation, supposed to be of good capacity, yet credulous enough to have faith in the most extravagant monstrosities that the priests of that day thought it for their interest to promulgate. This is not to be considered an impeachment of his general understanding. Like the belief of ghosts and witches, which survived for centuries after the period in which he lived; the educated men of the day took up the fictions which were current, and no more thought of asking for demonstrations of their truth than we now require to see the remains of the victim, before we can believe that a murder has been committed. Of such a fact we are convinced, by reading that witnesses of credit have spoken to the circumstance; and so prince Leo, from the concurrent testimony of holy and respectable men, could believe in the prodigies related; such, for instance, as that there was "a crucifix in London (not Dr. Crucifix) that had been heard to speak."

Not undertaking to follow him through the whole of his tour, this notice will be confined to show part of what he saw in England.

Canterbury was then in its glory. The grave of St. Thomas à Beckett was still visited by the devout; and wealth was lavished on the shrine of that ill-fated prelate. Leo, of course, failed not to direct his steps to the venerable cathedral which contained the remains. Had he felt no reverence for them, the other sainted objects there deposited, would have had sufficient attraction to command the presence of the royal traveller. He went, and this is his report:—

"Here we saw his sepulchre cast in pure gold, studded with gems, and enriched with such magnificent donations that I know of nothing equal to it. Among other precious things, there is a carbuncle, half the size of a hen's egg, which emits radiance during the night. All the relics of St. Thomas were shown to us—his head and the pillar before the chapel of the Virgin, beside which he used to pray, and, indeed, hold

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converse with the Blessed Virgin, as was seen and heard by many witnesses. But three hundred years have passed away since these things were done. In the convent there is a fountain, the water of which has been five times converted into blood, and once into milk; and this happened shortly before our visit. We saw, also, the head-dress of the Blessed Virgin, a fragment of the garment of Christ, and three thorns from his crown. Also, we beheld the shirt of St. Thomas and his brains, and the blood of the apostles St. Thomas and St. John; the sword with which St. Thomas of Canterbury was beheaded; a portion of the Virgin's hair, and a fragment from her sepulchre; also, part of the shoulder of St. Simeon, who held Christ in his arms, one of the legs of St. George, part of the body and bones of St. Lawrence, the leg of the virgin Recordia, and the leg of St. Mildred the virgin. We saw, also, a tooth of John the Baptist, part of the cross of the apostles Peter and Andrew, the bones of St. Phillip and St. James the Apostles, a tooth and a finger of the martyr Stephen, the bones of St. Catherine the virgin, and some oil from her tomb, which, they say, flows to this day; also, the hair of the blessed Mary Magdalene, a tooth of St. Benedict, a finger of St. Urban, the lips of one of the infants slain by Herod, the bones of St. Clement, and the bones of St. Vincent. Besides these, many other things were shown to us which I do not specify here."

His general description of the country is, no doubt, correct.

"England is a small country, long and narrow, full of villages, towns, castles, woods, and cultivated fields. There are many wide heaths, in some parts affording pasturage, in others only reeds and rushes. The greatest produce of the land is in sheep. These find pasturage through summer and winter upon the heaths. There are also several parks, with many rare animals in them. Heath is burned instead of wood. There is little wine, corn or wood there, save what is brought over the sea. The common people drink a liquor that is called 'Al'selpir.'"

For the liquor "Al'selpir," that is rather a puzzler. Al', of course, we must render ale; but the *Selpir* we cannot satisfactorily explain.

The usages and ceremonials observed in the presence of royalty, in those times, were such, that Miss Burney, if acquainted with them, would hardly have repined at the attentions required from her in the time of queen Charlotte. The narrator says: "From Canterbury we rode through the kingdom of England, to the head city called Lund (London), where the king holds his court. It is a very brave and noble city, and carries on trade with all countries. There is a multitude of people in it, many tradespeople, especially goldsmiths and cloth-makers, and very beautiful women. In the city we found the king [Edward IV] who, when he heard of master's arrival, had a costly lodging place prepared for him, and sent out to meet him his herald and some of his courtiers, with whom my lord rode into the city. The king soon after invited my master to his court. Here we saw the very great reverence which his servants paid him; great noblemen have to kneel before him. Also, he gave his hand to my lord and his noble companions. Then my lord acquainted him with the purpose of his journey, and the king was very well pleased with it, and behaved very friendly towards my lord. The king is a very proper, handsome man, and has the finest set of courtiers that a man may find in christendom. After some days he invited my lord Leo and all his noble companions, and gave to each of them the medal of his order, to every knight a golden one, and to every one who was not a knight a silver one, and he himself hung them upon their necks. Another day the king called us to court. In the morning the queen [Elizabeth Woodville] went from child-bed to church, with a splendid procession of many priests, bearing relics, and many scholars, all singing and carrying burning candles. Besides there was a great company of women and maidens from the country and from London, who were bidden to attend. There were also a great number of trumpeters, pipers, and other players, with forty-two of the king's singing men, who sang very sweetly. Also, there were four and twenty heralds and pursuivants, and sixty lords and knights. Then came the queen, led by two dukes, and with a canopy borne over her head. Behind her followed her mother and above sixty ladies and maidens. Having heard the service sung, and kneeled down in the church, she returned with the same procession to her palace. Here all who had taken part in the procession were invited to a feast, and all sat down, the men and the women, the clergy and the laity, each in his rank, filling four large rooms. Also, the king invited my lord and all his noble attendants to the table where he usually dined with his courtiers. And one of the king's greatest lords must sit at the king's table, upon the king's stool, in the place of the king; and my lord sat at the same table, only two steps below him. Then all the honours which were due to the king had to be paid to the lord who sat in his place, and also to my lord, and it is incredible what ceremonies we observed there. While we were eating, the king was making presents to all the trumpeters, pipers, players, and heralds; to the last alone he gave four hundred nobles, and

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every one when he received his pay, came to the tables and told aloud what the king had given him. When my lord had done eating, he was conducted into a costly, ornamented room, where the queen was to dine, and there he was seated in a corner that he might see all the expensive provisions. The queen sat down on a golden stool alone at her table, and her mother and the king's sister stood far below her. And when the queen spoke to her mother or to the king's sister, they kneeled down every time before her, and remained kneeling until the queen drank water. And all her ladies and maids, and those who waited upon her, even great lords, had to kneel while she was eating, which continued three hours. (!) After dinner there was dancing; but the queen remained sitting upon her stool, and her mother kneeled before her. The king's sister danced with two dukes, and the beautiful dances and reverences performed before the queen, the like I have never seen, nor such beautiful maidens. Among them were eight duchesses, and above thirty countesses and others, all daughters of great people. After the dance the king's singing men came in and sang. When the king heard mass sung in his private chapel, my lord was admitted. Then the king had his relics shown to us, and many sacred things in London. Among them we saw a stone from the Mount of Olives upon which there is the foot-print of Jesus Christ, our Lady's girdle, and many other relics."

NEW MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

Hall and Holinshed, and Grafton, never had such means for writing the History of England as will be at the command of future historians. Who, in former times, ever imagined such details of the sittings and doings of the House of Commons, as have lately been procured from returns moved for at different periods by Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Estcourt, having reference to the sittings of the House of Commons, the divisions of the House, and public and private bills? From the first of these it appears that from the 1st of February to the 9th of August (being the session of 1844) the House sat 119 days and four Saturdays, the hours of sitting being 906½, of which 96 hours were after midnight, and the average time of sitting being 7 hours and 36 minutes. The total number of divisions in the same period was 167, of which 126 were on public matters before midnight, 28 on public matters after midnight, and 13, on private bills before midnight. The largest division appears to have been upon a motion of Lord J. Russell, for a committee of the whole House on the state of Ireland, when there were 554 members present, including the Speaker, of whom 227 voted for the motion, and 326 against it. The smallest division was on a motion for discharging Mr. B. Denison from further attendance on the poor relief (Gilbert's union) committee, when only 32 members voted, 12 being for the motion, and 20 against it. During the same session 136 public bills which commenced in the House were introduced, and 37 bills which commenced in the House of Lords. The bill which occupied the longest period in passing was the Poor-law Amendment Bill which occupied six months, the stages being as follows:—Bill ordered February 10, read a first time February 10, considered in committee May 10, July 4, 5, 12, 13, 15, 17, and reported with amendments and considered July 24 and 25, read third time July 26, received the royal assent August 9. The bill which required the shortest period to pass was the Exchequer Bills Bill (£18,407,300), which only occupied ten days. It was ordered and read a first time April 30, read a second time May 2, considered in committee May 3, reported May 6, read a third time May 7, and received the royal assent May 10. The number of private bills read the first time was 148, the number read a second time was 137, the number reported was 128, the number of private bills brought from the Lords was 44, and the number of opposed bills was 82.

After this year we may live in hope that another year will inform us of the number of times Mr. Speaker used his pocket handkerchief during a debate; the quantity and quality of the snuff he may take while in the chair, and the weight of rump steaks and mutton chops consumed at Bellamy's on all the great questions of the session.

THE WARRIOR'S VINDICATION.

By Mrs. Edward Thomas.

Authoress of "Tranquil Hours," &c.

We met without one smile of joy, without one tear of pain,
Though he'd returned, and not unscathed, from battle's gory plain;
Where he'd performed such daring deeds, the laurels ne'er can fade,
Which Victory on his dauntless brow, exultingly had laid.
Yes! colder than the Alpine snows, where sunbeams never set,
The lovers of a former day, now but as strangers met.
For rumour tales had brought of him, when he was far away,
That he young trusting hearts but won, to torture and betray!
No outward sign and visible, so well I'd school'd my face,
Reveal'd my bosom's agony—the aching empty space

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His form had filled—could only fill—a void for ever more,
Since Treachery had wrecked Hope's bark on its deceitful shore.
I could have kiss'd the earth he trod, have fallen at his feet,
Or placed his hand upon my heart, to still its frantic beat.
For never was he half so dear, oh! half so dear as now,
With scars that laurels could not hide, upon his noble brow!
With languor there of suffering, too, it had been sweet to soothe,
Woman's divine prerogative—man's rugged path to smooth.
For ah! to pity him, alas! such weakness had betray'd
That from him I would fain have flown, of my own strength afraid!
His melancholy eye sought mine, and then the speaking look,
I turned away, I knew not how its eloquence to brook!
And then his voice stole on my ear, so musically low,
It was in vain to struggle more, tears uncontroll'd would flow!
Ere I could speak—ere I could think—with ardour to his breast,
As warmly as affianced bride, my trembling form was prest,
And then I learnt that calumny had told its falsehoods dire,
Hatred, distrust, doubt, jealousy, between us to inspire.
I had known happiness before, a rare amount of bliss,
But never had I felt a thrill so exquisite as this.
Oh, ecstacy! Oh, joy supreme! the lover to find true,
Whose faith was as essential as the vital air I drew!
I gazed upon his gazing eyes, with confidence extreme,
Conscious sincerity alone illumed their vivid beam;
The light of truth, of constancy, refulgently there shone,
It needed not one word to prove he wooed but me alone.
The heart has not a wish on earth, no other can it have,
When the loved warrior is found, as constant as he's brave!

POISONERS AND THUGS OF THE EAST.

The art of murder seems to have been studied as a science from the earliest times in the East. We read that the chief of the Assassins, the Old Man of the Mountains, had agents who could assume any shape; have recourse to any expedient, and devote any space of time to compass the death of one whom he had doomed to destruction. Such is the case even now; such, at least, Lieut.-Colonel Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections," show it to have been very recently; and it is too much to hope, however severely punished, in some cases, that a system so deeply rooted has been wholly extirpated.

The enormities of Thuggism have been so often detailed, that here we shall not dwell on them. One instance of persevering and elaborate artifice, however, we must submit.

THUGGEE STRATAGEM.

A native commissioned officer of a regiment of native infantry one day told me that, while he was on duty over some Thugs at Lucknow, one of them related, with great seeming pleasure, the following case, which seemed to him one of the most remarkable that he had heard them speak of during the time they were under his charge:—

"A stout Mogul officer of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjab to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmucktesur Ghat, near Meeruth, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkee horse, and attended by his khidmutgar (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swell with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner; talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity of their keeping together, and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted—his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bid them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening another party, that lodged in the same surae, became intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road, and, as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and the butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bid the strangers to be off. The groom and butler interceded, for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got in the middle of an extensive

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and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans, sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor, unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran—would his highness but perform this last office for them, he would, no doubt, find his reward in this world and in the next. The Mogul dismounted — the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread—the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body—called for water, and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down and began to repeat the funeral service, in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces, to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low under-tone, gave the shirnee (signal), the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldehee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of being able to win the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels, which they knew he carried with him, they had adopted the plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle."

This is frightful, but the Poisoners, still more insidious while effecting their fell purpose, are wholly unseen. Col. Sleeman gives one case, which, oddly as it may sound, is actually related by one of their victims.

"I," said a native, "reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and a half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers, and people of the surrounding villages. About six weeks ago, I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about ten years of age, when a man came up with his wife, his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, and the other a little younger than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry, and ate one cake and a half. I ate only half a one, for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy, and it was hanging in a branch of the tree that shaded the shrine, when these people came. My son and I soon became stupified. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening, and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy! I found him still breathing; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up, and wandered about all night picking up straws—I know not why. I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me into the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me; but they had no hope for my son. I was then taken to the police of the town; but the landowners had begged me to say nothing about the Poisoners, lest it might get them and their village community into trouble. The man is tall and fair, and about thirty-five; the woman short, stout, and fair, and about thirty, two of her teeth projected a good deal; the boy's eyelids were much diseased."

And how was this crime accomplished; and what was their motive? The Colonel tells us: "I found all the poor man stated to be true; the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour to destroy the poor old man and his son for the sake of the new blanket which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree, and carried away with them. The poison used on such occasions is commonly the dutora, and it is sometimes given in the hookah to be smoked, and at others in food. When they require to poison children as well as grown-up people, or women who do not smoke, they mix up the poison in food. The intention is almost always to destroy life, as 'dead men tell no tales;' but the poisoned people sometimes recover, as in the present case, and lead to the detection of the Poisoners. The cases in which they recover are, however, rare; and of those who recover few are ever able to trace the Poisoners; and of those who recover and trace them, very few will ever undertake to prosecute them through the several courts of the magistrate, the sessions, and that of

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the last instance in a distant district, to which the proceedings must be sent for final orders."

Two murders were perpetrated in order to steal one blanket! Such is the human mind! It can reconcile itself to the most revolting crime, and make murder a trade. Hundreds in India are stated to have depended solely on such means for gaining their daily bread.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LEICESTER.

Arms.—Party, per pale, gu. and az.; three eagles displayed, arg.

Crest.—On a chapeau, az., turned up erm., and ostrich, arg., holding in its mouth a horse shoe, or.

Supporters.—On either side an ostrich, arg., the dexter gorged with a ducal coronet, per pale, gu. and az., line reflexed over the back of the first; the sinister gorged with a like coronet, per pale, az. and gu., and line reflexed over the back, az.

Motto.—*Prudens qui patiens.* "The wise are patient."

Sir Thomas Coke, K. B., of Holkham, the lineal descendant of lord-chief-justice Coke, was elevated to the peerage, in 1728, as baron Lovel, of Minister Lovel, county of Oxford. In 1733, his lordship was constituted joint postmaster-general; and created, May 9, 1744, viscount Coke, of Holkham, and earl of Leicester. He married, 1718, lady Mary Tufton, fourth daugher and co-heir of Thomas, sixth earl of Thanet, and had an only son, Edward, viscount Coke, who married, in 1747, lady Mary Campbell, daughter and co-heir of John, duke of Argyle and Greenwich. The earl commenced the erection of that stately pile, called Holkham Hall, in Norfolk, but did not live to complete it. It was, however, finished by his widow, who survived him sixteen years. His lordship died April 20, 1754, when the earldom of Leicester and inferior honors became extinct, while the entire of his extensive estates devolved on his nephew, William Roberts, esquire, who assumed, in consequence, the surname and arms of Coke. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George Chamberlayne esquire, of Hillesden, Bucks. He died in 1776, and was succeeded by his elder son, Thomas Williams, who was raised to the peerage, July 21, 1837, by the styles and title of earl of Leicester, and viscount Coke, of Holkham, in the county of Norfolk. He died June 30, 1842, and was succeeded by his son, the present peer, who was born December 26, 1822, and married Juliana, eldest daughter of Samuel Charles Whitbread, esquire, April 20, 1843.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER IN EGYPT.

Every body has read of Mr. Waterton's ride on a *crocodile's back*. In a recent publication by another traveller, Mr Warburton treats us with a picture of crocodile shooting. He says:—"The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins, at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle; nay, even the vulture and the eagle had swept passed, or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timseach, timseach!' was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spot of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. B. was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my fingers pulled the

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trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the timseach,' I exclaimed, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the Blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession."

Egypt has ever been fruitful of the wild, the vengeful, and the marvellous; in Mr. Warburton's hands it does not fail to maintain its ancient character, as will be seen from the following extract:—

"There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighbouring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once —when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Malek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir (which signifies Tiger), the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and, when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money, to the value of 100,000 dollars.'—'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.'—'Ha! Wallah!' was the young Pashaʼs reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal did not show his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the Pasha rest, to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of his staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them, when they observed that a huge pile of dried stalks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael, angrily; 'am not I Pasha?'—'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, 'for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp.' Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent-curtains shrivel up in flames, and the Pasha and his comrade find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Memmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old Pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burnt all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides.

Elegance of Bees.—Did any one ever sufficiently admire the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies): their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instances of carcases of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to anything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good.—*Leigh Hunt.*

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The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XVII.—*continued.*

After shutting the window, and walking up and down the room for a few minutes, Dagobert looked at his wife, and approaching her, said, "From what you tell me, I am certain that no accident has happened to the young girls."

"Oh, no! no!" said the poor woman, who was kneeling before her crucifix; "God be praised, they are well; but that is all that I can tell you about them."

"Did they go out alone? and when will they come back?"

"Alas! my good husband, I cannot tell. You need not ask me any more questions, for I will not reply."

"I think you will when you know one thing which you force me to tell you. Listen. If you do not deliver me up these young girls before the morning of the 13th of February—and you see the time is near at hand—you will make me appear as the robber and despoiler of the daughters of General Simon; and I have," he added, with a voice full of emotion, "done all that an honest man could do, to bring these children here. Oh! did you know what I suffered on the road—I, a soldier, with two children under my protection. My love, my devotedness for them, alone sustained and supported me in the midst of my troubles and vicissitudes; and I thought I would have had, as a recompense, the gratification of saying to their father, 'Behold your children.'"

The soldier could say no more. A tear started to his eye, and ran down his furrowed cheek, at the sight of which Madame Baudoin for a moment felt her resolution giving way, but remembering the oath that the Abbé Dubois had forced her to take, she overcame her inclination, by saying to herself, "All is done for the spiritual welfare of the orphans."

"How," she at length said, "could you be accused of having done so to his children?"

Dagobert wiped his eyes, saying, "If these young girls be not at the Rue St. Francais on the 13th of February, they will lose an immense fortune—and that through me, for I am responsible for what you do."

"The 13th of February, Rue St. Francais," said Madame Baudoin, looking at her husband with surprise—"like Gabriel!"

"What do you say of Gabriel?"

"When I found the poor abandoned child, he had a bronze medal round his neck."

"A bronze medal!" interrupted the soldier, "with these words—'You will be at Paris on the 13th of February, 1832, at the Rue St. Francais.' And does Gabriel know that you found the medal upon him."

"I spoke about it at the time. He had also about him a portfolio filled with papers written in a foreign language. I took them to my confessor that he might examine them. He told me that they were of no importance. Some time afterwards a charitable person, of the name of Rodin, took upon himself the charge of educating Gabriel, and got him introduced into a seminary. The Abbé Dubois gave these papers and the medal to M. Rodin, and I never heard a word about them since."

Whilst Madame Baudoin was speaking about her confessor, a gleam of light burst upon the mind of the soldier. Fixing his eyes upon his wife, he said, "There is priestcraft in all this; you have no interest in concealing these children from me. You are the best of wives—you see that I am suffering, and if you were acting for yourself you would pity me."

"My dear husband—"

"I tell you that all this speaks of the confessional; but take care, I know where he lives, and, by all that is sacred, I will go and ask him, who it is that is master of my affairs, and if he will not answer me I shall find out a way to make him speak."

"O God!" cried Madame Baudoin, clasping her hands in fear, on hearing these words; "he is a priest—O, think of it."

"A priest, who plants discord, treason, and misfortune, in my household, is only a contemptible, miserable wretch, as another man, from whom I have the right to demand redress for the evil which he has done me and mine. Therefore, tell me this instant where those children are, for if you refuse, your confessor will tell me, I'll warrant. Indeed, I would rather deal with him than with you, poor, infatuated woman!"

"Oh, Dagobert! I implore you not to expose yourself to such peril," said Madame Baudoin, throwing herself before her husband who was approaching the door. "Insult a priest! one of the Lord's anointed—"

The soldier disengaged himself from his wife, and so much was he exasperated, that he forgot his hat, and was going out without it, when the superintendent of police appeared at the door with the Mayeux.

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"The superintendent of police!" said Dagobert. "I am glad to see you. You could not have come more à propos."

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE EXAMINATION.

"Madame Françoise Baudoin," said the superintendent, on entering.

"That is my name," said Dagobert's wife; then perceiving the Mayeux standing behind, pale and trembling, she stretched forth her hand, and added in tears, "ah, my dear child, for us you have suffered this sad, sad humiliation."

"You see," said the Mayeux, with an expression of touching dignity, "you see that I am innocent."

"So, Madame," said the superintendent to Madame Baudoin, "the things contained in this bundle belong to you?"

"Yes, sir, they belong to me; it was to render us a service, that that good, honest girl undertook to go to the pawnbroker's for us."

"Sir," said the superintendent sharply to the commissary, "you have committed a grievous error, which shall not be forgotten. Leave us." Then addressing the Mayeux, he added in a compassionate tone, "I cannot, Mademoiselle, sufficiently express my sincere regret for what has transpired, for I can easily conceive, the painful situation in which this mistake has placed you."

The superintendent was about to retire, when Dagobert said, in a firm voice, "Two days ago, sir, I arrived here, with two young girls, the daughters of Marshal Simon, Duc de Ligny. The dying mother confided them to my care, in the heart of Siberia. I left them in this house yesterday, as business called me from Paris. This morning, I find they have been carried off, and I know the man who caused them to be taken away."

"Husband!" ejaculated Madame Baudoin.

"This is a serious accusation, sir," said the superintendent, "are you certain of this?"

"Believe me, your honour, these girls were here an hour ago, and whilst I was at the station-house, they were taken away."

"I do not doubt the sincerity of your declaration. Carrying off children! Who told you that the children would not return? Who is it that you suspect? One word before you accuse any one; remember, that I am the superintendent of police, and that to-morrow you may be called upon to substantiate your accusations."

"That, sir, I shall be most happy to do. I am responsible for the children, whose father I expect here daily. I must justify myself in his eyes."

"I understand you, sir; but take care lest your suspicions be ill-founded; for false accusation is a serious offence in a case like this."

The soldier remained a minute silent, then he said—

"I accuse my wife's confessor, the Abbé Dubois."

Madame Baudoin screamed out, and hid her face in her hands.

"Sir," said the superintendent, "are you not unjustly accusing a man, whose calling almost ensures his respectability. I warned you to be careful whom you accused. This is a grave matter; for staining the character of a priest is an unpardonable offence."

"Why, sir," said Dagobert, impatiently, "at my age, one ought to be prudent. Listen. My wife is the best of women, the most honourable creature in the world; every one in this quarter will tell you the same; unfortunately, she is a devotee, and though she loves both her son and me, as a mother and a wife, still her confessor is all in all. I went out an hour ago to claim the poor Mayeux, and on returning, found the children gone. I asked my wife, to whom I had given them in charge, where they were, and she fell upon her knees, saying, 'Do with me as you please, but do not ask what has become of the children; I cannot answer you.'"

"Is that true, Madame," demanded the superintendent, in surprise, "you hear what your husband has said; what have you to say to justify yourself?"

"O sir," said Dagobert, "I do not accuse my wife; it is her confessor."

"You applied to me for justice. It is my duty as a superintendent to adopt, as my judgment dictates, the best means of eliciting truth, and of punishing the culpable. I again, Madame, ask you what you have to say for yourself?"

"Alas, sir; nothing."

"Did your husband, on going out, leave these children under your charge; that, by his return, they had left the house, and on his asking you where they were, you said you could give him no information respecting them?"

"Yes, sir," said Madame Baudoin, with resignation, "all that my husband has said, is true."

"Well, Madame, I must know what you have done with these children?"

"When I would not tell my husband, it is not likely that I would divulge the secret to any one else."

"Well, sir," said Dagobert, "is it likely that a good, honest, affectionate, and sensible wife, would act in this way? Believe me, sir, her confessor is at the bottom of all, and we can do no better than to enter proceedings against him without loss of

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time, for I will not rest till my poor children are restored to me."

The superintendent, visibly affected, said, "Madame, my duty compels me to act harshly towards you. This is a serious matter, and in less than ten minutes I will state the whole affair to a magistrate. You acknowledge that the young girls were confided to your care, and you refuse to tell your husband, me, or any one else, where they are; you alone are responsible for these children, and I am sorry that my duty compels me to arrest you."

"Me!" cried Madame Baudoin, in terror.

"Her!" cried Dagobert, "Never! again I tell you that it is her confessor that I accuse, not my poor wife. Arrest her!" Saying this, he ran towards his spouse to protect her.

"It is too late, sir," said the superintendent; "your declaration is made respecting the abduction of two children; and from what your wife says, she, up to the present time, is the only one whom we can accuse. I must take her before a magistrate, who will deliver his judgment upon the matter.

"And I tell you, sir," said Dagobert, in a menacing tone, "that my wife shall not leave this house."

"Sir," said the superintendent, calmly, "I well understand your feelings; but for the sake of truth, I beseech you not to oppose me, for if you do, in ten minutes you will be rendered powerless."

These words, spoken with feeling and calmness, recalled the soldier to himself. He said, in grief:—

"But, sir, it is not my wife that I accuse—"

"Come, my husband, do not be uneasy about me," said Madame Baudoin, with the resignation of a martyr. "It is the Lord's will that I should suffer in his cause, and I am only his unworthy servant. I ought to accept these afflictions with gratitude. Let me be arrested, if it be desirable, but in prison or out of prison, I will not say anything about the dear children."

"You see, sir, that my poor wife is not herself. You cannot arrest her."

"There is no charge, no proof, against the personage whom you accuse; besides, his calling renders him sacred. Allow me to take Madame. Perhaps the magistrate will set her at liberty after a first examination. I regret much, sir, the performance of this duty, at a time when your son's arrest must affect you much."

"What!" cried Dagobert, looking at his wife and the Mayeux with stupor. "What is that about my son?"

"You are not aware of it!" said the superintendent, much affected; "it is cruel of me; but I thought you knew all."

"My son!" said Dagobert, clasping his forehead; "my son arrested!"

"Yes, sir, for a political offence, which is not very grave."

"Ah! this is too much to bear," said the soldier, falling back into a chair. "Everything at once overwhelms me."

After a heart-rending adieu, in the midst of which, Madame Baudoin, notwithstanding her terror, remained faithful to her oath, Dagobert said, in the bitterness of his heart—"Yesterday, my wife, my son, and my two poor orphans were with me, and now I am alone; alone and in sorrow."

Scarcely had he said these words when a soft, timid voice was heard to say: "Monsieur Dagobert, I am here. If you will permit me, I will serve you; I will remain beside you."

It was the honest Mayeux.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE MASQUERADE.

On the day following that on which Dagobert's wife was taken by the superintendent of police before a magistrate, a noisy and animated scene was passing in the Place du Châtelet, in front of a house, the ground and first floors of which were, at that time, occupied by an eating-house keeper, who rejoiced in the sign of "The Sucking Calf."

Day had just succeeded the night of *jeudi gras*, when a great number of grotesquely and shabbily dressed masquers issued from the different tavern ball-rooms in the vicinity of the Hôtel de Ville, and crossed, in mirth and joy, the Place du Châtelet. But, on another troop of masquers being seen running along the quay, they waited for them, in the hope of having one of those low and vulgar sallies of wit that have rendered Vadé so famous. The masquers, all of them more or less intoxicated, were soon joined by a number of persons, whose employments obliged them to be in the streets at an early hour. The crowd suddenly huddled itself into one of the angles of the Place, and a pale and deformed young girl, who was passing at that moment, was borne along by the mob, which ultimately surrounded her.

The Mayeux, for it was she, had got up at daybreak, and was at that early hour on her way to the house of her employer. The distressing events of the preceding day, which still weighed heavily upon her mind, and the naturally timid disposition of the poor girl, peculiarly unfitted her for this jovial and boisterous throng, through which she in vain endeavoured to make her way.

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While she was in this situation, she was compelled to listen to the low wit that was bandied about between the two parties of masquers, one of which, she learned, was waiting for the Bacchanalian Queen, —the sister of the Mayeux.

Her arrival was announced by cries of "The carriages! the carriages!" by wild and enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, and by a sudden movement, in which the Mayeux was carried along, towards the Bacchanalian Queen and her court.

This was indeed a curious scene.

A man on horseback, dressed like a postilion, in a blue coat, embroidered with silver, a hat profusely ornamented with ribbons, and an enormous pigtail, from which clouds of dust were issuing, preceded the first carriage, shouting with all his might, "Make way, make way, for the Bacchanalian Queen and her court."

In an open landau, drawn by four meagre horses under the guidance of two old postilions, dressed like demons, arose a pyramid of men and women, in the most strangely grotesque and extravagant costumes that were ever seen. But every eye was turned to the second carriage, which contained the pride of the masqueraders, where, like a sovereign receiving the homage of her subjects, she was greeted on all sides, with "Long live the Bacchanalian Queen."

This noted personage was accompanied by Dumoulin, surnamed Nini-Moulin, Couche-tout-Nu, and Rose Pompon. Dumoulin, the writer of notoriety, who wished, by marrying Madame de la Sainte-Colombe to enrich himself, and to set at nought Rodin, his patron's influence, stood in the front of the carriage, offering a magnificent subject for the pencil of Collet or Gavani, whose works embody the sarcastic genius and marvellous fancy of the illustrious caricaturist, and the grace and poetry of Hogarth.

The age of Nini-Moulin was about thirty-five; he wore a casque of silvered paper, surmounted by a large plume of black feathers. Below his casque, beamed one of the most rubicund and joyous faces that was ever empurpled by the subtle spirit of generous wine. A nose, the primitive form of which, was modestly concealed under a luxuriant efflorescence of red and violet-coloured pimples, large grey eyes, sparkling with jovial good-humour, and a wide mouth, with thick lips, gave to his beardless face an expression of irresistible drollery.

Couche-tout-nu stood by the side of Nini-Moulin, waving a white silk standard, on which was inscribed, "Love and Joy to the Bacchanalian Queen." He was about twenty-five years of age; his lively and intelligent face, bearing the marks of recent dissipation, expressed a singular mixture of carelessness, boldness, indifference, and scorn; but no base or sordid passion had yet left its fatal imprint there. He was dressed in a black velvet coat with silver buttons, scarlet waistcoat and pantaloons, with large blue stripes. A cashmere shawl was tied round his waist, and his hat was covered with flowers and ribbons. This showy costume set off to advantage his easy and graceful figure.

At the back of the carriage stood Rose Pompon, and the Bacchanalian Queen.

Rose Pompon's age was about seventeen; she was one of the drollest little creatures that could be met with. She was coquettishly dressed in the costume of a lighterman. Her hair was powdered white; and she wore an orange and green coloured hat, trimmed with silver lace, which was rendered still more gay by the sparkling of her black eyes, and the rose-coloured hue of her plump and smiling face.

The Bacchanalian Queen was about twenty years of age, tall and well-formed, with an air of sprightly gaiety. She had, like her sister, beautiful chestnut hair, and like her, too, she had large blue eyes, but instead of their being mild and timid like those of the Mayeux, they were full of mirth, and sparkled with ardent brilliancy.

So great was the energy of her constitution that, in spite of having just passed several days and nights in one continned round of merry making, her colour was as pure, her cheek as fresh, and her shoulder as white, as if she had come that morning from some peaceful abode. Her costume was whimsical and extravagant in an eminent degree, yet it became her exceedingly well.

Never had Spanish dancer a form more elastic than this singular girl, who seemed to be possessed of the demon of dance and of motion. Almost at every instant a slight and graceful movement of her head, accompanied by an undulation of the shoulders appeared to follow the cadence of an invisible orchestra, the time of which she marked with her right foot, in the most graceful and fascinating manner. Encircling her brow was a gilded diadem, the emblem of her sovereignty; her plaited hair hung down her vermillion cheeks, and was carried from thence to the back part of her head, where it was fastened. Her left hand was resting on the shoulder of little Rose Pompon, and she held in her right an enormous bouquet, with which she laughingly saluted the crowd.

A third carriage, filled, like the first, with masquers in grotesque and ludicrous costumes, completed this animated and noisy procession. Amid this joyous scene there was one person who contemplated it

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with profound sadness. This was the Mayeux, who, in spite of all her efforts to leave the spot, now found herself in the foremost rank of the spectators.

She had been separated from her sister for a long time, and now that she beheld her in all the pomp of her fantastic triumph, the eyes of the poor Mayeux filled with tears; for although her sister was enjoying the noisy gaiety and short-lived luxury of those about her, yet she, clothed almost in rags, and obliged to toil night and day for a bare subsistence, sincerely pitied her, and as she gazed on the beautiful face of her sister, her own pale and mild features indicated the deep interest and profound sorrow with which she regarded her.

Suddenly, the joyous glance of the Bacchanalian Queen met the sad and tearful gaze of the Mayeux.

"My sister! my sister!" cried Cephyse; and with one light bound, she reached the Mayeux, whom she embraced affectionately.

This occured so rapidly, and the companions of the Bacchanalian Queen were so surprised at the boldness of her perilous leap, that they neither observed the cause of it, nor noticed the singular contrast presented by the two sisters, otherwise the latter circumstance would have excited their hilarity.

Cephyse, desirous of preventing her sister from becoming an object of derision, called to Rose Pompon for her mantle, and desired Nini-Moulin to open the carriage door. When she received it, she quickly threw it round her sister, and thus prevented the deformity and mean dress of of the Mayeux from becoming the sport of the crowd.

While the masquers were expressing their astonishment at this singular rencontre, the carriages arrived at the door of the eating-house keeper of the Place du Châtelet.

(To be continued).

Atmospheric Locomotives.—The Paris papers mention that M. Andraud, who has hitherto been encouraged and supported in all his experiments by the government, has applied for a concession of about two leagues near Paris, on the Saint-Denis line, connecting some of the villages with the other railroads. M. Andraud has performed successfully some experiments on the Versailles railroad (left bank), and no doubt is entertained of his being able to replace them by compressed atmospheric air. The great question, however, remains to be solved—can this be done with economy?

THE TRUANT BRIDEGROOM.

The author of the following trifle heard the anecdote, on which it is founded, so beautifully narrated a short time since, that the impression it made on her mind produced almost impromptu the ballad here presented to the reader. The story runs thus:—A young Cornish miner, on the eve of his nuptials, having taken leave of his betrothed till the morning which was to witness their espousals, on his road homewards, deceived by the shadows of moonlight on the path he had to cross, missed his footing, and fell into the mouth of a newly covered-up mine, which had been worked out, and not properly closed. When the morrow came, the bridal tryst was of course not kept, and all was consternation and dismay in the families of both the contracting parties. Years passed on—*forty* years—yet no tidings were ever heard of the unfortunate bridegroom, when on re-opening the mine, which is a thing of frequent occurrence, the body of Willie Deane was discovered, perfectly entire, and in all the freshness of youth; the petrifying qualities of a spring which ran through the mine, and into which he had fallen, having preserved the body from decomposition. The lyric will tell the finale of the story.

Balmy and bright was the summer night,
When Willie from his Mary parted;
And the sun that shown on the morrow's dawn,
Was to light to their bridal—the faithful-hearted.

The hour is set, the guests are met,
The bride comes forth in smiles and blushes;
Why this delay? fond lover, say?
What boding fear her transport hushes?

Noon—eve has passed, the dews fell fast,
The mournful breeze sighs sad and chilly;
He comes not yet; can he forget
His bridal-tryst, the faithless Willie?

The weary day lingers away,
The moon looks down in silent sorrow;
But no bridegroom came that bride to claim;
Hope sets for her, and hath no morrow.

Months, years, speed by, and Mary's eye,
With vacant gaze, meets friendly greeting;
O'er her young head are snow wreaths spread,
Sorrow the step of time is cheating.

That eye so bright, that form so light,
Have lost the names of "sylph" and "fairy,"
From Reason's throne the gem hath flown,
And left a wreck of IDIOT MARY.

'Tis Hallow-e'en—upon the green
Rustics and village maids assemble;
And there is laid, 'neath the beech-tree's shade,
A sight that makes them weep and tremble.

In sleep of death, fresh as the wreath
The May queen's flow'ry tresses cover,
From the living tomb of the mine's dark womb,
Have they drawn the corse of the truant lover.

And one stands there, with silver hair,
Her bent form on a staff reclining,
And her cheek is white as the moonbeam's light,
When on some marble tomb 'tis shining.

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And young hearts quail, and strong limbs fail,
At from that gazing group she started;
And with one wild cry of agony,
Shrieked, "'Tis himself! still faithful-hearted!

"I knew he'd come, o'er from the tomb,
To keep the vows his lips had plighted;
The bride gifts bring—with this love-pledged ring,
In death, my Willie, we'll be united

"Ye said he'd left me—of hope bereft me;
False were such tales; I was never forsaken;
We've met in dreams, by the summer streams,
Nor time, nor madnes, my faith hath shaken!"

The aged crone, who for years was known
The hamlet's sybil, demented, silly,
Tottered to clasp, in death's cold grasp,
The remember'd form of her long-lost Willie.

Now, side by side, that groom and bride
'Neath the village church-yard turf are sleeping;
And when daylight fades, fond youths and maids
Love's tryst at their flower-deck'd tomb are keeping.

The Gatherer.

A Fortunate Dealer.—In the old narrow street called St. Eloi, famed in the annals of Paris as that in which king Pepin resided, and immediately opposite where his palace stood, is the shop of a petty broker. Amongst his articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age that no one would give him forty sous, all he asked, for it. Tired of seeing it so long a useless cumbrance, about the middle of last month, he resolved to break it up, and convert the horse-hair to some more profitable purpose, and burn the other fragments. On proceeding to this operation, he found concealed in the seat a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 11,500 francs, all of which were in the form adopted when this establishment was first founded.

The Court of Chancery beaten in Delay.—Celebrated as our Court of Chancery has been for breaking hearts and consuming the lives of generations, before its decision could be known, it must hide its diminished head before the Spanish courts of justice, as they are fancifully called. A law-suit there has been depending for the last ninety-three years, between the ducal families of Frias and Osuna, involving an immense territorial property, together with the title of Duke d'Osuna itself. It is now stated to have been decided in favour of Osuna, but the report is supposed to be premature.

New Theatrical Scheme.—It is said a Dramatic Art-union is in preparation. The projectors promise to re-open Covent-garden Theatre, at an early period, for the revival of the classical drama. It is proposed to carry out this object by allowing a certain number of tickets of admission for each guinea subscribed, with other advantages to be described in the forthcoming prospectuses."

Anecdote of Opie.—Opie was painting an old beau of fashion! Whenever he thought Opie was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said, very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."—*Haydon.*

French Description of the Eton Montem.—"It is at this (Eton) school that nearly all the youth belonging to the wealthy families of England receive their education; and here, also, are educated the children of noble families with small means. In order to meet the necessary cost for the maintenance of these poor children, a singular custom has been introduced. At a certain period of the year, all the pupils of the college assume the wallet, and go upon the neighbouring highways soliciting alms from the passers-by; and these freely and liberally respond to this appeal for their assistance in defraying the expenses of the college. Each year, it is said, considerable sums are collected, through the medium of this touching custom."—*Correspondent of the Journal des Débats*

The Bar.—At the present time there are in the four principal Inns of Court, no less than 2243 members of the bar. Of this number 7 were called above 50 years since, 17 between 45 and 50 years since, 28 from 40 to 45 years ago, 122 from 1814 up to 1804; from 1814 up to 1834 the number is 308. Of those who where called 10 to 20 years since there are now 701 members of the bar; and of those called during the last 10 years there are no less than 1100 who appear as members of the bar at the present time.

A New Infirmity.—A Paris paper says, "There is living in the Rue d'Enfer a young operative who can only see by the light of the sun. After sunset he can distinguish no object, even if it be lighted by the most powerfully-concentrated artificial light. This infirmity, baptized by the name of *Nyctalopie*, appears to be at present irremediable."

Iron Church for Jamaica.—A church has been sent out to Jamaica, as a specimen, as many of the kind are likely to be required. The pilaster supports are of cast iron, on which are fixed the frame-roof, of wrought iron, of an ingenious construction, combining great strength with simplicity of arrangement; the whole is covered with corrugated iron, and the ceiling formed of panelled compartments, covered with felt, to act as a non-conductor of heat. The body of the church is sixty-five feet by

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forty; the chancel, twenty-four by twelve; a robing-room and vestry are attached. The windows are glazed with plate glass, one-eighth of an inch in thickness; the two chancel windows and four others are of stained glass. The cost of this iron church is £1,000.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Crossing the Line.—"In the morning of the day on which we reached latitude 0, a lady asked if she could have a sight of the line through a telescope. A silk thread was fastened across the bottom of the glass, and she was desired to take the instrument into her own hands and look out for it. She immediately exclaimed that she saw it; and after a time, having satisfied her curiosity, gave back the telescope, apparently quite contented."—*Narratives of Adventure and Shipwreck.*

Effects of Taxation in Egypt.—An Egyptian tax gatherer has no sinecure. We read in the *Library of Travel*, "A fellah declared with many protestations that he was unable to pay his tax, amounting, I think, to 15 or 20 piastres. He was ordered by the proper functionary to receive a certain number of blows upon the soles of his feet, which were inflicted with such skill and violence as to extort the most piteous groans and exclamations. The sufferer, upon being released, was unable, for a considerable time, to stand upon his feet. When at length he was able to advance towards the magistrate's seat, he was asked again if he would pay his tax. He re-affirmed, with many solemn protestations, his utter inability to comply with the demand; a punishment still more severe was immediately ordered; the poor man was laid again upon his face, and was held down by two soldiers, while the practised operator returned to his task with increased vigour. The culprit struggled and screamed as in the last agonies, and finally swooned before the claims of justice were satisfied; after some time had elapsed, he recovered so far as to be able to hobble up to the tribunal, where he kissed the hand of the officer, and thanked him for his great lenity, promising to bring the money and pay the demand of the government without further delay." The cause of this obstinacy is said to be, the sufferers know their government, and are apprehensive that if they paid their taxes too easily, they would shortly be called upon for twice as much.

Proved Value of Guano.—The superiority of guano over common farm manure has just been demonstrated in half a dozen cabbages, produced by Mr. Bickerton, from land near Cottingham. The plants are of the early York species, and were reared on the same pieces of ground, with this difference only, that the plot on which three of them stood was dressed with guano, and that of the others with farm-yard manure. The result is, that the three cabbages grown in the first named plot weigh respectively, eleven, fourteen, and eighteen pounds. Those on the second plot weigh but five, seven, and ten.

Assam Tea.—The tea cultivation in Assam goes on satisfactorily. About 190 maunds of the leaf had been shipped on board the Nestor for the English market, 180 maunds were in store, and 250 maunds were on the way down to Calcutta, making in all 620 maunds from the first two pickings of the season, while two other pickings were expected to follow. The last trip of the Assam steamer from Calcutta to Allahabad and back, was performed in seventeen days, including stoppages, and the voyage yielded a profit of nearly 8,000 rupees.

Vindication of Character.—The Hertfordshire peasants are notorious for their want of urbanity. A lady, while on a visit, had, during her rides on horseback, become perfectly aware of the boorishness of the peasantry. One day, when riding unattended, she came to a by-gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A [illegible] boy was swinging to and fro upon it, [illegible] tured to beg that the boy would [illegible] it open while she passed. To her amaz[illegible]ent he did so! Delighted with his cour[illegible]cy, she gave him a shilling, observ[illegible] It is quite clear, my lad, from your [illegible]ly, that you are not a native of Hertfor[illegible]." The young urchin replied, "Thee'[illegible] liar! I bee!"

Extraordinary Increase in the Value of Property.—From a recent return made by order of the vestry of St. Mary-le-bone, with respect to assessments in Oxford-street, it appears that in the year 1777, a house, situated on the north side of Oxford-street, corner of Orchard-street, was rated in the parish books at 15*l.* per year. In the present year (1844) the same house lets at 220*l.*, and is rated in the books of St. Mary-le-bone at 120*l.*

Curious Marriage Fee.—At Northwich, in Cheshire, a singular custom prevails, which is held by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the Grammar School, namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk, or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garter.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear from Mr. J. W., at Exmouth.

Mr. K., of Plymouth, will have a letter from us.

We will reply to L. M. S. next week.

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The Mirror

OF

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BACHARACH.

BACHARACH.

Not far from Schoenberg Castle—where, in the tenth century, the seven laughing, but hard-hearted, girls,

"If we believe what ancient legends say,"

were changed into as many rocks, the enduring ornaments of the Rhine,—stands the ancient, but little talked of, town of Bacharach.

The tourist would do well to deviate a little from his prescribed course, in order to pay it a visit. Besides presenting scenes of great natural beauty, there is thought to be, in the inhabitants themselves, even those who are still young, an air of antiquity—a something that recals the olden time. The stranger feels as if, while conquering Space, making him fly before him, he had also mastered Time, and compelled him to retreat five or six centuries. From the lofty summit of the Schloss the eye is feasted on a magnificent prospect, compared with which all we are accustomed to call beautiful, in this part of the world, would seem "flat and unprofitable." The openings in the frowning mountains present to our observation castles and ruins. The moving wave is seen with Furstemberg, Sonneck, and Heimberg, on one side, and Goutenfels on the other. Towards the east, as everything here has some exciting tale connected with it, we are directed to mark the spot above the valley of Wisperthall, the manor where the inhospitable Sibo de Lorch refused to open his dwelling to the drenched gnomes on a tempestuous night.

A very singular calamity is said to have befallen Bacharach in the time of the emperor Frederick Barbarusse. The enemy of man being out of temper with that hero on account of the crusades in which he engaged, formed a plan to get him shaved while sleeping at Bacharach. A fairy became acquainted with this wicked design, and though herself no bigger than a grasshopper, prevailed upon a particular friend of hers, a giant, to take a walk with her one evening, carrying with him a

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sack, which she wished to borrow. It was night when they arrived in the town; the poor shavers were all asleep, and the fairy took them in that state, and put them into the sack, without the giant perceiving what she was about, and then made him carry off the whole fraternity. The barbers soon awoke, and, not liking their situation, were disposed to "cut and run," and, accordingly, applied their razors to the sack with such effect that they soon dropped out, to the infinite amazement, and, indeed, alarm of the giant, who took to his heels at the sight. In consequence of this, when the emperor arrived at Bacharach, not one of their worshipful company could be found, and thus he saved his beard, and the town remained barberless, for those the giant had favoured with a lift so unexpectedly, settled near the spot where they fell, and formed a village for themselves, which has but lately disappeared.

Bacharach contains the ruins of an old church dedicated to St. Werner, who suffered martyrdom at Oberwesel, and there are the remains of a castle and a cemetery.

FLOWERS. *(A German Acrostic.)*

German.—*Noch fehlt der Liebig-Kuss.*
English.—Love's kiss is still wanting.

BY MADAME DE CRESPIGNY.

"Larded all with sweet flowers."—HAMLET.

Never, ah, never crush a tender flower!
Think that the flowers have souls as thou and I.
Canst see them blossoming around thy bower,
Heartlessly break and doom their sweets to die?
Fair child, hast read Clotilda's hapless fate?
Enchanted by a fairy, one of those
Heedful of love, and breathing aught but hate;
Lovely transformed, for she became a rose.
Think, hadst thou crushed, how fearful were thy crime?
Dooming the fair to death, in life's first bloom.
Enchanted thus, to pass from that fair clime,
Ravished from earth to moulder in the tomb.
Love then the flowers, for they all breathe of love!
India's rich perfumes are produced from flowers.
Even a flower had brought back Noah's dove,
But that the waters still bedecked earth's bowers,
Ever with Nature's children grace thy hand,
Set beauteous plants before thy window-sill,
Kind Spring gives birth to flowers in every land,
Under Siberia's snows the snow-drop still
Silently blooms, unchecked by fields of ice,
Sweetly recalling man's Lost Paradise!

Reminiscences of the Rhine.—Victor Hugo, it is said, is about to be made a peer. It will interest many of his admirers to know that a third volume of his poetical speculations and reminiscences of "The Rhine," is in the press. A work of his on Italy is also spoken of as forthcoming—which, says the *Revue de Paris*, the poet "designs as his first political offering to the peerage."

SPRING GARDEN CAVE IN THE BLACK GROUNDS OF TRELAWNY, JAMAICA.

A resident in Jamaica, who has written an account of a trip to Spring Garden Cave, says, perhaps, not untruly, that it has been the lot of Jamaica to be regarded more for what she can produce to pamper the appetite, and enrich the pocket, of her transatlantic masters, than looked to either as a field of natural research, or local interest. Hence the cave above mentioned is little known, yet it is richly entitled to a visit from those who reside near it, and a description of it will hardly fail to gratify those who cannot cross the western wave.

Spring Garden Cave is situated in the Black grounds of Trelawny, about 21 miles from the town of Falmouth, 7 from Stonehenge, and about as far from Ulster Spring and Freeman's Hall estates.

A wilder spot can scarcely be imagined. On every side lofty rocks rise frowning over the circumjacent roads; some bare and bleached, others tufted with the most luxuriant foliage, in that extraordinary manner only known in tropical countries; and the particular hill being pointed out, says the writer, where the object of our journey lay, we dismounted, and proceeded to clamber up its somewhat precipitous side till we reached a perpendicular facing of rock, which formed the outer walls of the excavation, and in which we were not long in discovering the low, mouth-shaped entrance to the subterraneous abyss. The first or outer chamber is called "the Schoolroom," and we were certainly somewhat surprised to learn that this was really devoted to the purpose which its name denoted: and although we were not fortunate enough to meet either with the master or any of his pupils, we saw evident tokens of their actual existence, in various boards containing printed lessons for beginners, which were hung from the different protuberances upon the walls. This apartment is well lighted, being close to the entrance, and wears a remarkably clean and even comfortable appearance, every part—floor, ceiling, and walls being of a pure cream colour; while the large flucks and knobs of lime-stone, formed by the constant dropping of the water above, served as very convenient desks and benches for the master and his scholars. These on being struck, with an iron instrument, rung like so many pieces of marble. At the inner extremity of this chamber, there is a shallow pool of water as clear as chrystal, which, together with the narrowness of the aperture, rendered it inconvenient to proceed further in that direction; so quitting by the same way as that by which we entered, we threaded our course

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amongthe foliage, which completely screens the face of the rock in that direction, and in a few minutes reached another opening, which forms the grand entrance. Here we found the floor thickly strewn with bones, chiefly of sheep, hogs, goats, &c., clearly indicating that it must have been the resort of runaway slaves in former times. We now lighted our torches, and each possessing himself of one, while an attendant followed with as many more as he could conveniently carry, we proceeded from one apartment into another, and were soon far beyond the influence of the slightest spark of day. As we advanced, the chambers became larger and loftier, until at last neither walls nor ceiling could be distinguished, save at intervals when the united blaze of several torches brought into sudden view the more prominent points of some stupendous stalactite, reaching down till within 20 or 30 feet of our heads; or when our steps chanced to lead us towards the base of some huge screen, or lofty column, whose summits, like the roofs of the suspending shafts, were lost in the murky gloom above. Need we say, that the scene was awfully grand; and, as the different figures appeared and disappeared among the distant rocks and winding passages, was more like a realisation of the fabled Tartarus of the ancients, than any thing usually to be observed among nature's works. At last we reached a chamber even larger than any we had yet explored; and which, from its character and formation, is not inaptly termed "The Cathedral." To have been able at all satisfactorily to view the stupendous fabric would require ten times the quantity of light which our limited resources permitted us to use at one time; but even under every disadvantage the scene was magnificent. Here, a lofty screen raised its richly carved sides until lost to the eye in the vault above—there a magnificent pile of ribs, like the pipes of an organ, decorated a neighbouring wall. Here, a stupendous pillar; there a mimic pulpit; while around, on almost every side, were stalagmites of every size, here in clusters, there apart,—which required little stretch of imagination to transform into the numerous devotees, who are usually seen thronging cathedral pavements in Roman Catholic countries. But perhaps the most striking feature of all in this imposing scene was a solitary gleam of day-light, contrasting strongly with the lurid glare of the torches, which was seen struggling through a distant chasm at one of the extremities of the cavern, and which, although totally inadequate to render any objects visible, except those casual projections upon which the ray more immediately fell, still materially enhanced the general effect, and invested the whole with a dash of the supernatural more easily imagined than described.

From this magnificent hall, our course next led through a narrow passage, or rather chasm, not less frightful in appearance than dangerous to the incautious explorer; not more than three feet in diameter, and only to be arrived at by scrambling over shelving rocks, rendered doubly hazardous from the trickling water which oozed from the rocks above, and thus went on producing new and enlarged formations. Through this chasm, which is at least seven or eight feet above the last standing place, and having previously sent in those who were best acquainted with its intricacies, we severally, and with considerable difficulty, made good our entrance; and certainly a more horrible pit never presented itself; for the ledge which we had to cross, was not above a foot wide, and shelved downwards with equal abruptness, and to nearly double the depth, as the side from which we had emerged. Here, a repetition of many of the wonders which had formerly attracted our attention, presented themselves; with the addition of discovering on almost every side, the names of the various visitors who had previously penetrated into this dreary labyrinth, which having been traced, with the charred ends of torches, similar to those which we carried, and generally upon parts where the action of the water had entirely ceased, exhibited the same jetty blackness, and legible distinctness, as they could have done at the period they were written; although many of them bore dates as far back as 20 years. A few, it appeared by these memorials, had more than once visited the cave, and among these, we may mention one, unfortunately now no more, but whose name lives in the memory of most of our readers—that of the Hon. W. Fraser, who seems to have acted on several occasions as the head of exploring parties. Here, having followed the example of our predecessors, by severally recording our names, and the date of our visit, &c., &c., and finding that our last supply of torches was nearly exhausted (without whose friendly assistance, it may be as well to notify, even the most experienced guide might wander till doomsday without effecting an egress) we made the best of our way to the regions without, and ere long had the satisfaction of once again breathing the pure and cool atmosphere of the mountain side.

Miss MARTINEAU and MESMERISM.

"That truth is strange, stranger than fiction," we have all often read. Miss Martineau will be inclined to say

"I thought so once, but now I knew it."

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It has been mentioned in the papers that William Howitt has published an account of this lady's being cured of an afflicting disease by means of mesmerism. The lady herself has come forward. Her extraordinary statement is to the following effect.

Those who know mesmerism to be true, are now a large number. For some years before last June she was a believer upon testimony. She says:—

"Such was the state of my mind on the subject of mesmerism six years ago, when I related a series of facts, on the testimony of five persons whom I could trust, to one whose intellect I was accustomed to look up to, though I had had occasion to see that great discoveries were received or rejected by him on other grounds than the evidence on which their pretensions rested. He threw himself back in his chair when I began my story, exclaiming, "Is it possible that you are bit by that nonsense?" On my declaring the amount of testimony on which I believed what I was telling, he declared, as he frequently did afterwards, that if he saw the incidents himself, he would not believe them; he would sooner think himself and the whole company mad than admit them. This declaration did me good; though, of course, it gave me concern. It showed me that I must keep my mind free, and must observe and decide independently, as there could be neither help nor hindrance from minds self exiled in this way from the region of evidence. From that time till June last, I was, as I have said, a believer in mesmerism on testimony."

She then proceeds to state her own case.

"The internal disease under which I have suffered, appears to have been coming on for many years; that after warnings of failing health, which I carelessly overlooked, I broke down while travelling abroad, in June, 1839; that I sank lower and lower for three years after my return, and remained nearly stationary for two more, preceding last June. During these five years I never felt wholly at ease for one single hour. I seldom had severe pain; but never entire comfort. A besetting sickness, almost disabling me from taking food for two years, brought me very low; and together with other evils, it confined me to a condition of almost entire stillness—to a life passed between my bed and my sofa. It was not till after many attempts at gentle exercise, that my friends agreed with me that the cost was too great for the advantage gained: and, at length, it was clear that even going down one flight of stairs was imprudent. From that time I lay still; and by means of this undisturbed quiet, and such an increase of opiates as kept down my most urgent discomforts, I passed the last two years in less suffering than the two previous. There was, however, no favourable change in the disease. Every thing was done for me that the best medical skill and science could suggest, and the most indefatigable humanity and family affection devise: but nothing could avail beyond mere alleviation. My dependance on opiates was desperate. My kind and vigilant medical friend, the most sanguine man I know, and the most bent upon keeping his patients hopeful—avowed to me last Christmas, and twice afterwards, that he found himself compelled to give up all hope of affecting the disease—of doing more than keeping me up in collateral respects, to the highest practicable point. This was no surprise to me; for when any specific medicine is taken for above two years without affecting the disease, there is no more hope in reason than in feeling. In June last I suffered more than usual, and new measures of alleviation were resorted to. As to all the essential points of the disease, I was never lower than immediately before I made trial of mesmerism."

We will not pause to detail the circumstances which prevented her from sooner flying to that which has afforded her relief, but hasten to facts of greater importance.

"In June a sudden opening for the experiment was made without any effort of my own, and on the 22nd I found myself, for the first time, under the hands of a mesmerist. At the end of four months I was, as far as my own feelings could be any warrant, quite well. My mesmerist and I are not so precipitate as to conclude my disease is yet extirpated, and my health established beyond all danger of relapse; because time only can prove such facts. We have not yet discontinued the mesmeric treatment, and I have not re-entered upon the hurry and the bustle of the world. The case is thus not complete enough for a professional statement. But, as I am aware of no ailment, and am restored to the full enjoyment of active days and nights of rest, to the full use of my powers of body and mind; and as many invalids, still languishing in such illness as I have recovered from, are looking to me for guidance in the pursuit of health by the same means, I think it right not to delay giving a precise statement of my own mesmeric experience, and of my observation of some different manifestations in the instance of another patient in the same house. A further reason against delay is, that it would be a pity to omit the record of some of the fresh feelings and immature ideas which attend an early experience of mesmeric influence, and which it may be an aid and comfort to novices to recognise from my record. And again, as there is no saying

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in regard to a subject so obscure, what is trivial and what is not, the fullest detail is likely to be the wisest; and the earlier the narrative the fuller, while better knowledge will teach us hereafter what are the non-essentials that may be dismissed.

"On Saturday, June 22nd, Mr. Spencer Hall, and my medical friend came, as arranged, at my worst hour of the day, between the expiration of one opiate and the taking of another. By an accident the gentlemen were rather in a hurry,—a circumstance unfavourable to a first experiment. But result enough was obtained to encourage a further trial, though it was of a nature entirely unanticipated by me. I had no other idea than that I should either drop asleep or feel nothing. I did not drop asleep, and I did feel something very strange. Various passes were tried by Mr. Hall, the first that appeared effectual, and the most so for some time after, were passes over the head, made from behind—passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine. A very short time after these were tried, and twenty minutes from the beginning of the *séance*, I became sensible of an extraordinary appearance, most unexpected, and wholly unlike anything I had ever conceived of. Something seemed to diffuse itself through the atmosphere—not like smoke, nor steam, nor haze—but most like a clear twilight, closing in from the windows and down from the ceiling, and in which one object after another melted away, till scarcely anything was left visible before my wide-open eyes. First, the outlines of all objects were blurred; then a bust, standing on a pedestal in a strong light, melted quite away; then the opposite bust; then the table with its gay cover, then the floor, and the ceiling, till one small picture, high up in the opposite wall, only remained visible—like a patch of phosphoric light. I feared to move my eyes, lest the singular appearance should vanish; and I cried out, 'O! deepen it! deepen it!' supposing this the precursor of the sleep. It could not be deepened, however; and when I glanced aside from the luminous point, I found that I need not fear the return of objects to their ordinary appearance while the passes were continued. The busts re-appeared, ghost-like, in the dim atmosphere, like faint shadows except at their outlines, and the parts in the highest relief, burned with the same phosphoric light. The features of one, an Isis with bent head, seemed to be illuminated by a fire on the floor, though this bust has its back to the windows. Wherever I glanced, all outlines were dressed in this beautiful light; and so they have been at every *séance*, without exception, to this day; though the appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off opiates entirely This appearance continued during the remaining twenty minutes before the gentlemen were obliged to leave me. The other effects produced were, first, heat, oppression and sickness, and, for a few hours after, disordered stomach; followed in the course of the evening, by a feeling of lightness and relief, in which I thought I could hardly be mistaken.

"On occasions of a perfectly new experience, however, scepticism and self-distrust are very strong. I was aware of this before-hand, and also, of course, of the common sneer—that mesmeric effects are "all imagination." When the singular appearances presented themselves, I thought to myself,—'Now, shall I ever believe that this was all fancy? When it is gone, and when people laugh, shall I ever doubt having seen what is now as distinct to my waking eyes as the rolling waves of yonder sea, or the faces round my sofa?' I did a little doubt it in the course of the evening: I had some misgivings even so soon as that; and yet more the next morning, when it appeared like a dream.

"Great was the comfort, therefore, of recognising the appearances on the second afternoon. 'Now,' thought I, 'can I doubt again?' I did, more faintly; but, before a week was over, I was certain of the fidelity of my own senses in regard to this, and more.

"There was no other agreeable experience on this second afternoon. Mr. Hall was exhausted and unwell, from having mesmerised many patients; and I was more oppressed and disordered than on the preceding day, and the disorder continued for a longer time: but again, towards night, I felt refreshed and relieved. How much of my ease was to be attributed to mesmerism, and how much to my accustomed opiate, there was no saying, in the then uncertain state of my mind.

"The next day, however, left no doubt. Mr. Hall was prevented by illness from coming ever, too late to let me know. Unwilling to take my opiate while in expectation of his arrival, and too wretched to do without some resource, I rang for my maid, and asked whether she had any objection to attempt what she saw Mr. Hall to do the day before. With the greatest alacrity she complied. Within one minute the twilight and phosphoric lights appeared; and in two or three more, a delicious sensation of ease spread through me—a cool comfort, before which all pains and distress gave way, oozing out, as if it were, at the soles of my feet. During that hour, and almost the whole evening, I could no more help exclaiming with pleasure than a person in torture crying out with pain. I became hungry, and ate with relish, for the first time

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for five years. There was no heat, oppression or sickness, during the *séance*, nor any disorder afterwards. During the whole evening, instead of the lazy hot ease of opiates, under which pain is felt to lie in wait, I experienced something of the indescribable sensation of health, which I had quite lost and forgotten. I walked about my rooms, and was gay and talkative. Something of this relief remained till the next morning; and then there was no reaction. I was no worse than usual; and, perhaps, rather better.

"Nothing is to me more unquestionable and more striking about this influence than the absence of all reaction. Its highest exhilaration is followed, not by depression or exhaustion, but by a further renovation. From the first hour to the present, I have never fallen back a single step.

When Mr. Hall saw how congenial was the influence of this new mesmerist, he advised our going on by ourselves, which we did till the sixth of September. I owe much to Mr. Hall for his disinterested zeal and kindness. He did for me all he could; and it was much to make a beginning, and put us in the way of proceeding.

"I next procured, for guidance, 'Deleze's Instruction Pratique sur le Magnétisme Animal.' Out of this I directed my maid; and for some weeks we went on pretty well. Finding my appetite and digestion sufficiently improved, I left off tonics, and also the medicine which I had taken for two years and four months, in obedience to my doctor's hope of affecting the disease—though the eminent physician who saw me before that time declared that he had 'tried it in an infinite number of such cases, and never knew it avail.' I never felt the want of these medicines, nor others which I afterwards discontinued. From the first week in August, I took no medicines but opiates; and these I was gradually reducing. These particulars are mentioned to show how early in the experiment mesmerism became my sole reliance.

"On four days, scattered through six weeks, our *séance* was prevented by visitors or other accidents. On these four days the old distress and pain recurred; but never on the days when I was mesmerised.

"From the middle of August (after I had discontinued all medicines but opiates), the departure of the worst pains and oppressions of my disease made me suspect that the complaint itself—the incurable, hopeless disease of so many years—was reached; and now I first began to glance towards the thought of recovery. In two or three weeks more, it became certain that I was not deceived; and the radical amendment has since gone on, without intermission."

These are the grand features of this surprising case. Many striking facts connected with it we may find room for in another notice.

LIFE IN SYRIA.

The following graphic picture, from Warburton's "Cross and Crescent," give a lively idea of Syrian usages.

AFTER DINNER.

"I went to dine at some distance from Beyrout, with a British officer of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in her country. After an hour's gallop over the rocky promontory on which Beyrout is situated, through lanes of cactus and gardens, alternating with sandy tracts, and groups of pine-trees, I arrived at a picturesque cottage, commanding a noble view of the Lebanon. I was sitting on the divan, with my courteous host, smoking our chibouques, and talking about England, when his bride entered, dressed in her beautiful Arabian costume, and still more beautiful smiles. I no longer wondered that he had abandoned his career, fame, fortune, everything in such a cause. After a dinner dressed and served in Arab style, we adjourned to take our pipe and coffee on the house-top, where we passed a most pleasant hour. The sun was setting in great glory on the sea, bathing the Lebanon in a flood of golden light, like that of Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' On each side of the peninsula on which we stood, two fine bays swept away gracefully to the right and left, till the eye reached Tripoli on the north, and Tyre on the south. What a wide range of associations did every glance flung over that sacred region give birth to! But the beautiful present absorbed the past, and we had then no thought but what fell upon the eye or ear. The soft evening hour had brought out each Syrian family to their house-tops, and the gardens round were thickly inhabited. From every terraced roof rose the faint clouds of the chibouque; blue, red, and purple dresses glittered on every group that was gathered round us, with the veil unfolded, some of the matrons, or the black tresses of the maidens sparkling with golden coins. And the music of merry voices was heard from far and near, with sometimes a strain of song, or the tinkle of a guitar; and the sea made its own solemn music on the distant shore, and the whole scene was one of perfect harmony, and peace, and beauty."

WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS.

"The following morning at daybreak I was awakened by singing voices, which sounded strangely through those solemn cloisters. On descending into the open space into the front of the convent, I found

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a bridal party assembled, and, there being some difficulty on the part of the priests, the villagers were amusing themselves with a dance during the delay. Now, a dance at sunrise is rather a singular occurrence; but it was not less so than the solemn and measured step of the dancers, which David might have imitated without any appearance of levity. Michal would scarcely have smiled at this choral band, that appeared like a procession, swayed about, and slowly undulating to a hymn-like music. All the performers were women; the men, including the bridegroom, decorously sat apart, smoking their pipes with an air of most gentlemanly indifference. The poor little bride (who was only twelve years old) stood all the while envelopped in a sort of tent, that moved with her like a May-bush on a chimney-sweep. This singular envelopement, which exactly resembled a huge kaleidoscope covered with pink silk, permitted us no glimpse of its fair occupant, who was surrounded by a group of staid matrons. The dance went on, meantime, with perseverance, if not with spirit. Wreathing their arms round one another, they advanced and retreated in two parties, keeping time to their own choral voices; then, forming in a circle, they danced round and round without a smile. Their gay and various drapery floated in picturesque masses of purple or crimson folds, as they moved along; their dark tresses fell in showers behind them, or were looped up in golden ornaments or coloured beads; their voices were passing sweet, and the music that they made semed to me tender, though very wild. While this was going on, the fathers of the expectant couple were bargaining with their priests about the marriage. The dispute was carried on with the usual violent gesticulations, and arose from the priests having raised their price, as I understood. The villagers had brought one dollar, the usual sum demanded for the business; but the minister required four. The conference at length broke up angrily. I grieve to say its issue was unfavourable, and I saw the bridal procession move on with regret. I would willingly have furnished the necessary expenses, but I confess I grudged them to the ill-favoured, harsh-spoken friar, who probably, after all, acted only from necessity. As I had had some conversation with the elders of the party, I made an offering towards the dowry of the kaleidoscope, and inquired whither they were going with the bride. 'To the Santon,' they replied, 'who will do the business quite as well, and only charge half-a-dollar.' When I returned to the convent, I found the priest still standing at the door of the Latin convent, and ventured to inquire whether this would not afford a dangerous precedent. 'Not so,' he said; 'before a child is born, they'll come here to be married properly; for they are respectable people, and would not have a *Moslem* child for twice the money.'"

HOSPITALITY NOT COMPATIBLE WITH MURDER.

"In 1804, Osman Bardissy was the most influential of the Mameluke Beys, and virtually governed Egypt. Mehemet Ali, then rising into power, succeeded in embroiling this powerful old chief with Elfy Bey, another of the Mamelukes. The latter escaped to England, where he was favourably received, and promised assistance by our government against Osman, who was in the French interests. At this time a Sheikh of Bedouin stood high in Osman's confidence, and brought him inteligence that Elfy had landed at Alexandria. 'Go, then,' said the old Bey, 'surprise his boat, and slay him on his way up the river; his spoil shall be your reward.' The Sheikh lay in wait upon the banks of the Delta, and slew all the companions of the rival Bey: Elfy himself escaped in the darkness, and made his way to an Arab encampment before sunrise. Going straight to the Sheikh's tent, which is known by a spear standing in front of it, he entered, and hastily devoured some bread that he found there. The Sheikh was absent, but his wife exclaimed on seeing the fugitive, 'I know you, Elfy Bey, and my husband's life, perhaps at this moment, depends upon his taking yours. Rest now and refresh yourself, then take the best horse you can find, and fly. The moment you are out of our horizon, the tribe will be in pursuit of you.' The Bey escaped to the Thebaid, and the disappointed Sheikh presented himself to his employer. Osman passionately demanded of him if it was true that his wife had saved the life of his deadliest enemy, when in her power. 'Most true, praised be Allah!' replied the Sheikh, drawing himself proudly up, and presenting a jewel-hilted dagger to the old Bey; 'this weapon,' he continued, 'was your gift to me in the hour of your favour; had I met Elfy Bey, it should have freed you from your enemy. Had my wife betrayed the hospitality of the tent, it should have drank her blood; and now, you may use it against myself,' he added, as he flung it at the Mameluke's feet. The reverence for hospitality is one of the wild virtues that has survived from the days of the patriarchs, and it is singularly contrasted, yet interwoven, with other and apparently opposite tendencies. The Arab will rob you, if he is able; he will even murder you, if it suits his purpose; but, once under the shelter of his tribe's black tents, or having eaten of his salt by the way-side, you have as much

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safety in his company as his heart's blood can purchase for you. The Bedouins are extortionate to strangers, dishonest to each other, and reckless of human life. On the other hand, they are faithful to their trust, brave after their fashion, temperate, and patient of hardship and privation beyond belief. Their sense of right and wrong are not founded on the Decalogue, as may be well imagined, yet from such principles as they profess they rarely swerve. Though they will freely risk their lives to steal, they will not contravene the wild rule of the desert. If a wayfarer cannot sink and dies beneath its burthen, the owner draws a circle round the animal in the sand, and follows the caravan. No Arab will presume to touch that lading, however tempting. Dr. Robinson mentions that he saw a tent hanging from a tree near Mount Sinai, which his Arabs said had then been there a twelvemonth, and never would be touched until its owner returned in search of it.

THE WARDROBE COURT, RICHMOND, AND THE INTERIOR OF HAM HOUSE, PETERSHAM.

ENTRANCE TO THE WARDROBE COURT.

At page 329 will be found a review of Brayley's "History of Surrey;" and we here present the readers of the *Mirror* with a third pictorial subject from that interesting work—the Entrance Gateway to the Wardrobe Court of the old Palace of Shene, or Richmond. This gateway is situated near the theatre. On rebuilding Shene Palace, after its destruction by fire, in 1499, king Henry VII issued his royal command that it should in future be called Richmond: "and his arms and supporters, sculptured in stone, still remain over the main arch of the gateway. The inner portion, which is of red brick, is connected with the adjoining houses; but in that on the left only, which is a large embattled mansion (occupied, under a lease from the crown, by Henry Cornfoot, Esq.) is any considerable portion of the Wardrobe buildings to be now traced. Here is a narrow staircase (of a sexangular form outwardly), leading to the upper chamber of the gateway; to which some notoriety has recently been attached, in consequence of an absurd story of its having been the room where the countess of Nottingham, when on her death-bed, revealed to her royal mistress the treachery of which she had been guilty in regard to the earl of Essex's ring. Whether there be, or be not, any truth in the main incident (of which Hume, though not without mistake, has made such pathetic use, in his account of the last days of Elizabeth), this was certainly not the place of the countess of Nottingham's decease. That event took place at Arundel House, London, on the 25th February, 1600, as appears from the register of Chelsea parish, where she was buried, three days afterwards." Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond Palace, in March, 1603. On the Green, near the gateway here represented, and almost fronting the theatre, was formerly the ivy-clad stump of a noble elm, which is said to have been planted by Elizabeth, and was much venerated. Its remains were lately removed.

The interior arrangements of Ham House* —its antique furniture, fine pictures, select library, and valuable *bijouterie*—are replete

* For a view of Ham House, Petersham, see page 353; and for one of Mordon Church see page 301.

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with interest. Of these we shall endeavour to give a condensed view, from Mr. Brayley's more copious description in the "History of Surrey."

Some of the apartments are lined with tapestry and rich hangings, and are nearly in the state that they were left in by the countess of Dysart, who made great alterations here, and re-furnished the house at a vast expense in the reign of Charles II. The Stuart arms form the backs of several of the fire-places; and the inlaid floors and tables still bear the cypher of the countess. In the entrance hall are full-length portraits of Louisa, late countess of Dysart, copied by Hoppner, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; Charlotte, countess of Dysart, natural daughter of the Hon. Sir Edward Walpole, K.B., and wife of Lionel, the fourth earl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Jane Savage, marchioness of Winchester, who so gallantly defended Basing House, in the cause of Charles I; James Stuart, duke of Richmond and Lennox (son of Charles II, by Louise de Querouaille), by Vandyke; Lionel, third earl of Dysart, and his countess, the lady Gower Cartaret, the parents of the late countess, in their coronation robes; lady Huntingtower, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, &c.

In a small chapel adjoining is a folio prayer-book, presented by Charles II, the royal arms, with other ornaments, wrought upon the covers in gold and silver filagree.

From the hall a spacious staircase, with curiously carved balustrades, communicates with the upper apartments. In the hall gallery is a finely executed bust, in bronze, of the lady Catherine Murray, mother of the duchess of Lauderdale; with portraits of the dukes of Lauderdale and Hamilton, by Cornelius Jansen; Frances, lady Worseley, by Kneller: Sir Lionel Tollemache, Elizabeth, his wife, and the lady Maynard, sister of the latter; General Tollemache, who was mortally wounded in the attack on Brest harbour, in 1694; and the duke and duchess of Lauderdale, by Sir Peter Lely.

In the picture closet, the coved ceiling of which was painted by Verrio, are numerous miniatures, cabinet pictures, and articles of *vertû*. Amongst the miniatures are two of queen Elizabeth—one, when young; the other at an advanced age. In the latter she is represented with all that elaborateness of dress, embroidery, and pearls, for which she had so remarkable a fondness. Here is a miniature of Elizabeth's favourite, the earl of Leicester; and also one of Mary, queen of Scots, by Catharine da Costa. The richly jewelled collar and badge of the order of the Thistle, which was worn by Lionel, third earl of Dysart, is placed on a table that belonged to the lady Catherine Bruce, whose portrait, admirably executed by Hoskins, in 1638, is preserved here in an ebony case.

In a little glazed cabinet are miniatures of Charles XII, of Sweden; Mary D'Este, the second wife of James II; and Louis XIV, when a child, on enamel, by Petitot. Here, too, is a small lock of hair of the decapitated earl of Essex, which is attached to an ear-ring, originally worn by the duchess of Somerset, the earl's daughter.

In the tapestry room are copies of four of Raphael's cartoons. The queen's audience chamber is also hung with tapestry, resembling that of the Gobelin manufacture, the subjects of which are from Watteau. This room is also called the Cabal chamber, from the meetings which were held here by the ministers of Charles II, whose initials form that word. In the China closet, is a small, but very curious, portrait of James I, with two heads by Titian and Correggio; the interior of a chemist's laboratory, by Wyck, &c. The prayer-book of the celebrated lady Rachel Russell is kept in one of the drawing-rooms.

In the suite of apartments called the duchess of Lauderdale's, almost everything remains as when tenanted by that lady, of whose beauty, talents, and high political interest, Burnet has drawn a most vivid picture. Here are some of the choicest productions of Jansen, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Cuyp, Wouwermans, Vandervelde, Wyck, Steinwyck, &c. In a small room adjoining the bed-chamber, is the arm-chair in which the duchess was accustomed to sit, her writiting-desk, walking-canes, and various other articles. Over the mantel-piece in the bed-chamber is a lovely portrait of this lady when countess of Dysart, by Vandyke. The coverlet and pillows are richly embroidered with devices in gold and silver. In the dressing-room is a portrait of Charles I on horseback; a fine battle-piece, called the siege of Vienna, and other paintings. In the dining-room is a finely coloured piece, by Hondekoeter, representing fighting cocks, and a pheasant worried by fowls in a poultry yard. Amongst the ancient furniture of the north drawing-room is a cabinet of carved ivory and cedar. The chimney-piece is of white marble, ornamented with genii, sculptured in full relief; and on the hearth is a pair of remarkable bronze andirons, or dogs, admirably wrought.

On the western side, crossing the house, is a gallery upwards of eighty feet in length, hung with portraits, mostly by Vandyke and Sir Peter Lely.

The old library, which Dibdin, the bibliographer, terms "a wonderful book paradise," is singularly rich in the early black-letter productions of the English

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press; embracing, amongst others, no fewer than fourteen of Caxton's choicest publications. Here are also many documents and original letters, which, at some future day, will probably furnish the historian and biographer with much important information as to the political affairs of the reigns of Charles II and his successor James.

Altogether, we are acquainted with few of the mansions of the nobility which are more deserving of a visit than Ham House.

The Wandering Jew.

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER II.—THE SISTERS.

The Bacchanalian Queen and her sister were, a few moments after their meeting, seated in a private apartment at the sign of the Sucking Calf.

"Now," said Cephyse, "that we are alone, and you are no longer afraid, let me again embrace you." As she folded the Mayeux in her arms, the mantle of the latter dropped from her shoulders, leaving her miserable garments exposed to the view of Cephyse, who could not refrain from exclaiming, in a tone of deep commiseration, "Oh! to see you thus! pardon, pardon, my dear sister!" Unable to give further utterance to her grief, she burst into tears.

"What's the matter, my good Cephyse," said the Mayeux, gently disengaging herself from the embrace of her sister; "why do you ask my pardon?"

"Why!" replied Cephyse, blushing. "Is it right in me to dress in this finery, and to waste so much in idle folly, while you are thus miserably clad, and perhaps dying of want? for I never saw you look so pale and so careworn before."

"Oh, my dear sister!" said the Mayeux, "I am not ill, and was up rather late last night, which accounts for my being pale. But pray do not weep, for I cannot bear to see you so cast down."

The Bacchanalian Queen only a few minutes before was the idol of a giddy multitude, and now she was receiving consolation from her poor sister. An incident occurred that rendered this contrast still more remarkable. Suddenly, shouts of joy, mixed with cries of "Long live the Bacchanalian Queen," proceeded from an adjoining apartment.

Cephyse covered her face with her hands, and seemed overcome with shame. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "how you must despise me!"

The Mayeux, always kind and indulgent, endeavoured to console her, and raise her in her own esteem, by representing to her that she was convinced that nothing but extreme misery could have induced her to lead the life that she did.

Cephyse, becoming more composed, said, "I am about to renew the proposal that you have so often rejected. Jacques has still some money left. Allow me to give you the assistance which your appearance assures me you require."

"Thank you, my dear sister, but I do not need aid, for I find my earnings quite sufficient."

"You refuse me, then," said Cephyse sorrowfully. "Well! I understand your scruples. You could, however, accept the aid of Jacques, which I pray you will do, or I shall think that you despise me."

"Let not my refusal afflict you," replied the Mayeux; "only reflect, and you will understand why I refuse you."

"You are right," said the Bacchanalian Queen, bitterly. "You could not accept the aid of my lover. I was wrong in asking you to do so."

"You know, my dear Cephyse, that I did not intend to wound your feelings."

"Oh! believe me," said Cephyse, "gay and thoughtless though I am, I have, at times, even in the midst of my greatest follies, moments of reflexion; but, fortunately, they are of rare occurrence."

"What do you think of at such moments?" inquired the Mayeux.

"I think of the life I lead. Then I form the resolution of asking Jacques for money to keep me for a year, and to go back to you to resume, by degrees, the life of toil, to which I was for some time accustomed."

"Ah! my dear sister, why do you not follow it? How happy you would make me."

The conversation of the sisters was again interrupted by loud cries of "The Bacchanalian Queen—the Bacchanalian Queen."

"My court," said Cephyse, resuming her former gaiety, "is growing rather impatient."

"Oh," cried the Mayeux, "they are coming here; do you not hear their footsteps? Let me go away, I beseech you."

Cephyse ran to the door, and saw in the corridor a deputation, headed by Nini-Moulin, Rose Pompon, and Couche-tout-Nu, who apprised her that her court was anxiously waiting her arrival. Having desired Couche-tout-Nu to enter, she graciously informed the deputation that she would be with them in ten minutes, after which they retired in high glee, shouting, "Long live the Bacchanalian Queen."

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When Cephyse had closed the door, she said,

"This is my sister, Jacques."

"I am happy to see her," said the latter, shaking the Mayeux cordially by the hand; "besides she will be able to tell me something of my old companion Agricola, whom I have not seen for a long time."

"Alas! sir," said the Mayeux, "misfortunes have befallen both him and his family; he is in prison.

"In prison!" exclaimed Jacques, "what is he there for."

"A trifling political offence; and, unfortunately, the person on whom he relied to put in bail to the amount of five hundred francs is—"

"Hold," said Jacques, pulling out his purse, and presenting it to the Mayeux, "take this; it contains twenty-five or thirty napoleons, which I could not employ better than in relieving a comrade in distress."

The Mayeux hesitated a few minutes, but at length she took it, for she thought that that money, which could restore Agricola to his friends, would, if she did not take it, soon be dissipated in folly and extravagance.

The sisters then embraced each other, faithfully promising to meet again in a short time. The Mayeux, conducted by Jacques, departed privately; and although she was desirous of instantly placing in Dagobert's possession the means of his son's release, she directed her steps to the pavilion lately occupied by Adrienne Cardoville.

When the Mayeux was leaving the sign of the Sucking Calf, three men, who were standing at the door in close consultation, asked a fourth one, who joined them, if he had seen Couche-tout-Nu, and, on being answered in the affirmative, one of them, after telling the others to wait for him, went in search of their chief officer.

When the Bacchanalian Queen, accompanied by Couche-tout-Nu, entered the banqueting room, she was greeted with deafening acclamations of, "Long live the Queen."

CHAPTER III.—THE MORNING REVEL.

The Bacchanalian Queen was now presiding at the repast, called the morning revel, which was generously given by Couche-tout-Nu to the companions of his pleasures.

All was life and gaiety around the Bacchanalian Queen, yet her features, though extremely animated, were, at times, darkened by a shade of sadness, which was caused by the remembrance of the interview she had just had with the Mayeux. Jacques gazed on her with looks of passionate admiration, for he was attached to her by stronger ties than those which usually bind such ephemeral engagements.

Nini-Moulin, divested of his casque, displayed a bald head, which a purple hue, resembling that of his face, was gradually overspreading.

Rose Pompon, knowing that this was a symptom of intoxication, pointed it out to the company, saying, "Beware, the wine tide is rising rapidly."

"Yes," added the Bacchanalian Queen; "Nini, take care, for when it passes over your head, drowning will ensue."

Nini-Moulin, who was beginning to feel the effects of the rosy beverage, exclaimed, "Oh! do not interrupt my meditations."

"Silence!" cried Rose Pompon, "Nini-Moulin is meditating."

"Yes," he replied gravely, "I am meditating on wine—wine, respecting which the divine Bossuet (he always quoted Bossuet when he was intoxicated), who was a connoisseur, said, 'In thee there is courage, strength, wit, and joy.' As to my meditations, I was solving the question whether the nuptial wine of Canaan was red or white. Sometimes I interrogate the red wine, sometimes the white, and at others both of them together."

"That," said Couche-tout-Nu, "is going to the bottom of the question."

"Yes," added the Bacchanalian Queen, "and to the bottom of the bottles, also."

"I have," continued Nini-Moulin, "by means of great experience, and deep research, made a grand discovery, namely, that the nuptial wine was not red; and, if I should arrive at the conviction that it was neither red nor white—"

Here he was interrupted by loud peals of laughter. When silence was restored, he rose, saying, "With the permission of her majesty and court, I propose a toast, which interests me much, and which has some slight analogical resemblance to the famed carrot of Philemon. I am under the conviction that this toast will prove lucky to me."

"Out with it!" shouted a number of voices.

"Well, I propose success to my marriage!".

These words created shouts of laughter which, on subsiding, the Bacchanalian Queen rose, with a glass in her hand, saying, "Here's to the health of the future Madame Nini-Moulin."

"Oh, queen!" cried Moulin, "your bounty touches me so sensibly, that I will open to you the recesses of my heart, where you may see the name of my betrothed, which is Madame, Widow, Honorée-Modeste-Messaline, Angèle de la St. Colombe. She is sixty years of age, and has more napoleons a year than she has hairs in her grey moustaches, or wrinkles in her wither-

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ed face; her *embonpoint* is so definite and so imposing, that one of her gowns would make an admirable tent for this, our society of *bons vivans*. I trust I will be able to present her to you next Shrove Tuesday, garbed as a shepherdess, who has just devoured her flock. They were trying to convert her for the sake of her lands, but I managed to divert her for the sake of her cash; and that, my faith, she liked better."

Peals of laughter burst forth on all sides.

"Now, my worthy queen," he added, "to thy glorious health, thou goddess of mirth and jollity; and to thine, also, the partner of her glee—to thy health, Couche-tout-Nu, close imitator of thy old father Adam, for his mode must have been even as thine."

"Bravo! bravo!"

"You will excuse me for calling you Couche-tout-Nu," said Nini-Moulin, "for I know you only by that name."

"Oh," replied Couche-tout-Nu, "my name is Jacques Rennepont."

"Rennepont!" exclaimed Dumoulin, who, notwithstanding the state he was in, appeared to be much surprised at the mention of this name. "Rennepont, Rennepont," continued he, musingly, "the Counts of Rennepont were also Dukes of Cardoville."

"Well," said Jacques, "what has that to do with me. Do you imagine that I, a poor workman, belong to such a family?"

"What was your father?" inquired Dumoulin.

"He belonged to a worthy profession—an honourable rag merchant, Sir, who spoke Greek and Latin, excelled in mathematics, and had been a great traveller."

"In that case," said Dumoulin, whom surprise had sobered a little, "it is possible that he was of the family of the Counts of Rennepont."

"At twelve years old," continued Jacques, "I was apprenticed to M. Tripeaud, a rascal of the first standing, who ill-treated all his men, and worked us late and early to aggrandise his own fortune. Two years afterwards my father died, leaving me, for my inheritance, a pallisse, a chair, a table, some papers written in English, and a bronze medal of about the value of tenpence. My father had never spoken to me about the papers, so I laid them aside, thinking they were of no use; but not long ago I was offered the loan of a large sum of money on them."

"Ah?" said Dumoulin, "by some one who knew they were in your possession."

"Yes," said Jacques; "a man asked me to let him look at the papers, which I readily did, and after he had read them through he said it was a great risk, but that, if I liked he would lend me ten thousand francs on them. Such a sum was a fortune to me, so I instantly accepted the offer, and after having signed a letter, which was, he told me, a piece of formality, I received the money, and you now see that I am spending it like a prince."

At the close of Jacques' narration the waiter entered, went up to him, whispered in his ear, then both went out together.

The waiter returned, approached the queen with amazement in his looks, said something to her, at which she became suddenly pale, shrieked, started up, and ran to the door.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PARTING.

The Bacchanalian Queen followed the waiter to the bottom of the stairs, then to the street door, where, to her surprise, she saw Couche-tout-Nu in a *fiacre*, with a man stationed by the side of the horses.

"I will give you a quarter of an hour, my brave fellow," said the man on seeing Cephyse. "It is all that I can do for you."

"What's the matter, what do they want with you," said Cephyse, bounding into the carriage.

"I am arrested for debt," he replied, with a downcast look.

"Arrested!" cried Cephyse, in horror and astonishment.

"Yes—for that bill of exchange which the broker made me sign, saying that it was only for the sake of formality. Ah, villain that he is!"

"But he only advanced you money on property that he had of yours."

"Yes, but I have now nothing. He would not give me the last five thousand francs because I had not paid the bill of exchange."

"Let us run to his house, and supplicate him to give you your liberty. It was he who first offered to lend you the money. He will pity both you and me."

"Pity; a broker possess pity. O Cephyse, Cephyse."

"And what's to be done; he promised you a great deal."

"Yes; and you see how he keeps his promises; I signed a bill without knowing what I was doing. The time has expired, and it comes in form against me. The officers have told me that remonstrance will be fruitless."

"They cannot keep you long in prison? Can they, Jacques?" demanded Cephyse, with an anxious look.

"Five years, if I cannot pay; and that's certain enough, for where can I find the money."

"O bitter, bitter misfortune?" cried Cephyse, hiding her face in her hands.

"Listen!" said Jacques, with much emotion, "since it is so, there is now only one thing that grieves me. O, Cephyse, Ce-

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physe, what will become of you in my absence. In prison I shall be fed and clothed, but who will feed and clothe you, Cephyse. The idea of parting with you thus, friendless and without money—for we have now spent all we had—rends my heart, and the thought of your becoming another's drives me mad. O Cephyse, I never knew till now how much I loved you."

Cephyse gazed at her lover, and, throwing her arms round his neck, said, "I another lover. No, no, Jacques, this poor heart tells me at this moment how much I love you, and, since my love is returned, I will show myself worthy of your love."

"But how can you subsist, Cephyse. How can you live."

"Well, ask yourself how my honest sister lives, and that will answer your question. I will go and live with her, will share her labours, and we will be able, at all events, to earn as much as will sustain life. I will never go out except it be to prison to see you, Jacques. The broker will soon discover that you cannot pay him the £400, and will therefore set you at liberty; and you will then work, Jacques, like me; for we shall both have acquired that habit, and we will live poor, but honestly and quietly. We have had enough of amusement the last six months, and, believe me, I will profit by the lesson. Now, my good Jacques, if you love me, you will be no longer uneasy, for I would die rather than be unfaithful to you."

"Kiss me," said Jacques, with humid eyes, "you give me strength and courage, and bring me to a true sense of my present position. Yes, Cephyse, we shall accustom ourselves to work; for I, who have been, as it were, drunk for the last six months, see now what would have become of us, had a stop not been put to our career."

Here a man knocked at the carriage door, saying, "My good fellow, you have only five minutes more. Do make haste."

"Then, Cephyse, let us have courage and hope."

"Do not be uneasy, Jacques, I have both."

"You are not going back to the ball-room,"

"Oh, no, no;" said Cephyse, "I have now a horror for these amusements."

"All is paid in advance. I will send the waiter to tell the masqueraders that they need not expect us. How astonished they will be."

"I wish you would accompany me home, Jacques; that man will permit you, for you can't go to prison in that dress."

"True, he will not refuse, but I will not be able to say anything to you before him. Remember, then, what we have been speaking about, Cephyse. Go to your sister, and try to accustom yourself to hard labour; it may be painful enough, but do not hesitate, for how many poor girls have been lost by indecision, when situated as you are."

"I understand you," said Cephyse, blushing, "but I would prefer death a hundred times."

A few minutes afterwards the carriage was rolling rapidly towards the abode of Couche-tout-Nu.

One thing that regards the sister of the Mayeux we have partly stated, which cannot be too often repeated. How fatal the inorganisation of labour has proved, from which small salaries result; how many hundreds have, like Cephyse, suffered because their lot was almost unbearable; and in such a state of things are these poor girls not more to be pitied than censured? The organisation of labour is a subject of immense importance, which imperatively claims the attention of every philanthropist, be he] a journalist, a statesman, or the father of a family. The evil consequences are great, and are every day becoming more appalling.

Another deplorable result of the inorganisation of labour is the disgust with which workmen accomplish the task imposed upon them, arising out of the treatment which they receive at the hands of their employers, in conjunction with the smallness of wages, which barely secures for them a livelihood.

Is labour ever rendered attractive to them by varying their occupations, by giving them an honourable recompense, or by remunerating them in proportion to the benefits that they secure to their employers, or by holding out to them the hope of a safe retreat after they have spent a long life of labour? No, the country does not trouble itself about their wants or rights.

Nevertheless, how many mechanics are there who run as great danger as the soldier in their daily vocations, and who, from their practical knowledge and long and honourable career, render important services to their country. Should they escape from the bursting of boilers, or live to an old age, do they receive a recompense equal to that which the soldier receives for his courage, praiseworthy without doubt, but too often fruitless.

No, no; what does it matter to the country should the master be ungrateful, and the disabled workman die of hunger in some loathsome corner.

In those pompous displays of the works of art is there ever one of those useful workmen who have woven admirable silks, who have forged splendid arms, who have chased superb cups of gold and silver, and sculptured magnificent articles in ebony and ivory—is there ever one of those useful artists brought before the public, and re-

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warded for his handywork? No, no; in the workshop, or in the midst of his miserable and half-starved children, is the man who has helped to give to his country pride, riches, and honour.

A commercial man, who had the least knowledge of his functions and of his duty, ought he not to organise a system in which each workshop should elect a person, and that those elected, who would be, without doubt, intelligent men, should represent the working classes, and advocate their rights?

Would it not be ennobling to see the master, at the instigation of that committee, recompense a workman for his honesty, his industry, and for his ability in his trade or calling?

Then the injustice which bears workmen down would terminate; and the labouring classes, excited to virtue and to excellence in their profession, would, there is not a doubt, do all in their power to merit esteem, and gain the reward held out for their good conduct?

(To be continued).

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF DERBY.

Arms.—Ar., on a bend az., three bucks' heads or.
Crest.—On a chapeau, gu., turned up erm., an eagle, wings endorsed, or., feeding an infant in its nest, ppr., swaddled, az., banded of the first.
Supporters.—Dexter, a griffin; sinister, a buck, both or., and ducally collared and chained, az., the buck attired of the last.
Motto.—Sans changer. "Without changing."

From the time of Richard II this baronial family makes a figure in history, and the prominent part taken by lord Stanley at Bosworth renders the name familiar to every one. Antiquarians are agreed that the noble house of Derby is a branch of the old barons Audeley, of Audeley, in the county of Stafford. The immediate founder of the Stanleys, William de Audeleigh, who lived in the reign of king John, had from his cousin, Sir Adam de Audeleigh, the manor of Stanleigh, where he fixed his abode, and assumed the surname of Stanleigh, of Stanley. The great great grandson of this William obtained by his marriage with the eldest daughter of Sir Philip de Bamville, lord of Stourton, in Cheshire, the manor and bailywick of Wyrall Forest, and thereupon assumed the armorial bearings since used by his descendants in place of those borne by his ancestors, namely, three stag's heads on a bend. The second son of his grandson, Sir John Stanley, K.G., was, in 1385, lord-deputy of Ireland, and had a grant of the manor of Blake Castle, in that kingdom. In 1405, he had a commission, together with Roger Leke, to seize on the city of York and its liberties, and also upon the Isle of Man, on the forfeiture of Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland; and, in the following year, obtained a grant in fee of the said Isle, Castle and Pile, anciently called Holm Town, and all the isles adjacent, as also all the royalties, franchises, &c., to be holden of the king (Henry IV), his heirs and successors, by homage, and the service of two falcons, payable on the days of their coronation. On the accession of Henry V, he was made a knight of the Garter, and constituted lord-lieutenant of Ireland for six years, in which government he died in 1414. His grandson Thomas, second lord Stanley, who married Eleanor, daughter of Richard Nevil (the king maker), the "stout earl of Warwick;" and, secondly, Margaret, daughter and heir of John, duke of Somerset, widow of Edward Tudor, earl of Richmond, and mother of Henry, earl of Richmond. History records how far his lordship contributed to the victory of Bosworth, and also his placing the crown of Richard on the head of the victorious Richmond. In consideration of his eminent services, the new king advanced lord Stanley, October 27, 1485, to the dignity of earl of Derby, and constituted him one of the commissioners for executing the office of lord-high-steward of England, on the day of his coronation. In the March following, his lordship had a grant of the great office of Constable of England for life. He was succeeded (in 1504) by his grandson, whose son, the third earl, was lord-high-steward at the coronation of queen Mary, and chamberlain of Chester, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was succeeded by his son, the fourth earl, whose son, Ferdinando, fifth earl, was tampered with, by one Hesket, said to be an agent of the Jesuits, to assume the title of king, in right of his grandmother, and rejecting the proposition with indignation, is supposed to have been poisoned by the conspirators. His death occurred in 1559, when the earldom devolved upon his brother, William, sixth earl. His son, James, seventh earl, was distinguished by his devoted attachment to the royal cause during the Civil War, and falling into the hands of the enemy, after

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the battle of Worcester, was beheaded in 1651. His grandson, William George Richard, the ninth earl, dying without male issue, the honours devolved upon his brother James, tenth earl, who also dying without issue, the earldom reverted to Sir Edward Stanley, baronet, as eleventh earl, a descendant of George, lord Strange, son of Thomas, first earl of Derby. His lordship dying in February, 1776, was succeeded by his grandson, Edward, twelfth earl, lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Lancaster. His lordship married, secondly, May 1, 1797, Miss Farren, the celebrated actress, and, dying October 21, 1834, was succeeded by his son, Edward Smith Stanley, the present peer. He was born in 1775, and married, in 1798, Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. C. Hornby, who died in 1817. His lordship is lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of Lancashire, and one of the trustees of the British Museum, and K.G. The heir to the title, lord Stanley, was born in 1779.

Review.

Poems. By Frances Ann Butler, late Fanny Kemble.

Though these poems, originally published in an American edition, and extensively noticed, are now presented to the English reader, in a smaller and cheaper form, rendering them accessible to all lovers of poetry, a few words on their peculiar merit may still be looked upon as acceptable. They come before us with the recommendation of a name, known wherever the British drama has made its way, linked with its palmiest days, when the genius of a family held multitudes in thrall, and so led and formed the public mind, producing a new era in dramatic annals, that as its members one by one have retired from the stage they have elevated and redeemed, it has been only in proportion as succeeding artists have come up to the standard they left, that the public recognise their claims for consideration and respect. Mrs. Butler's merits as an actress are too well known to need comment. In the new walk she has entered, we find the same qualities, perhaps more fully developed, which made her *Julia* and *Juliet* such standing favourites—freedom and strength united with tenderness. As a poet she ranks high; the strong nervous tone of her writing, even when most feeling the burden of humanity, is, if we may use the phrase where such mournful truths are concerned, a *happy* relief from the rhyming lamentations of late years, where the morbid fancies of the writer are too often passed off on the undiscerning reader as part of the real suffering, which that heritage of genius, unsatisfied longings for the good and the beautiful, must bring to its possessor. There is a lesson which sooner or later genius ever learns, a lesson which it would be well if all sought to understand, that the end of sorrow is higher wisdom. It is clear that neither the gifted nor the less fortunate of their fellow-beings can escape suffering and grief; it is the lot of mortality, and must be borne. Genius, with her eagle glance, sees beyond the clouds; and it is her high prerogative to point out to others the road which her own labours have cleared through the mountain, whose glorious summit was hidden in mist. In the poems before us there is often, perhaps too often, a "still, small voice" wailing the change and uncertainty of human hopes, at times with passionate mournfulness, lamenting that life should hold so much of gloom, but there is also an evidence of the wisdom which sorrow brings, in the hopefulness that confronts the certainty of evil, with the looking for a belief in good, and the clearness of vision, which seeing life a weighty concern, makes of it "a sacred burthen." Thus, in the lines "Addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the academy at Lenox, Massachusetts," there is a gloomy picture of life, to the truth of which, however, most hearts will bear witness; its reverse is brighter, and shows the uses of such views, and the spirit in which they shall be received:

"Life is before ye—oh! if ye could look
Into the secret of that sealed book,
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye should sink down, and falter, 'Give us death.'
Could the dread Sphinx's lips but once disclose,
And utter but a whisper of the woes
Which must o'ertake ye, in your lifelong doom,
Well might ye cry, 'Our cradle be our tomb!'
Could ye foresee your spirits' broken wings,
Earth's brightest triumphs, what despised things:
Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame,
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,
Self-scorn, that pities not its own deep fall.
Fast gathering darkness, and fast waning light.
Oh! could ye see it all, ye might, ye might,
Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,
And die, but in beholding what is life.
Life is before ye—from the fated road
Ye cannot turn; then take ye up your load.
Not yours to tread, or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed!
What tho' the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,
The glory wane—oh! not of these is made
The awful life that to your trust is given,
Children of God! inheritors of Heaven!
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy,
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy;
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare,
A sacred burthen is this life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till till the goal ye win;
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day."

There are two very beautiful verses which, in an age when sentences like that of "cheat, or to be cheated" are to be re-

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cieved as truths, almost as maxims, or rules for conduct, cannot be too well known, and acted upon. It is a false doctrine which teaches distrust, and were it universally received, would aim a death-blow at the root of all virtue and truth.

FAITH.

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting friend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be elevated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."

We could point out many other poems in this collection giving Mrs. Butler, in her new character of poetess, a strong claim upon her old friend the public, but we must content ourselves with recommending the book to our readers, and trusting that before long we may have occasion to render a like service on behalf of another volume from the same hands.

The Gatherer.

The Spider and the Fly.—The eye of a politician is like that of an old lawyer, a sort of spider-eye. Few things resemble each other more in natur' than an old cunnin' 'torney and a spider. He weaves his web in a corner, with no light behind him to show the thread of his net, but in the shade like, and then he waits in the dark office to receive visitors. A buzzin,' burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumblin' head over heels into the net. "I beg your pardon," says fly, "I reely didn't see this net-work of yours; the weather is so foggy, and the streets so confounded dark—they ought to burn gas here all day. I am afraid I have done mischief." "Not at all," says spider, bowin' most gallus purlite, "I guess it's all my fault; I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out—but pray don't move, or you *may* do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then he ties one leg and then t'other, and furls up both his wings, and has him as fast as Gibraltar. "Now," says spider, "my good friend (a phrase a feller always uses when he's a-goin' to be tricky), I am afeard you have hurt yourself a considerable sum; I must bleed you." "Bleed me," says fly, "excuse, I am much obliged to you, I don't require it." "Oh, yes, you do, my dear friend," he says; and he gets ready for the operation. "If you dare to do that," says fly, "I'll knock you down, you scoundrel, and I'me a man that what I lay down I stand on." "You had better get up first, my good friend," says spider, a-laughing'. "You must be bled; you must pay damages;" and he bleeds him, and bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' come on, "Let me go, my good feller," says poor fly, "and I will pay liberally." "Pay," says spider; "you miserable wretch, you have nothin' left to pay with; take that," and he gives him the last dig, and fly is a gone coon—bled to death. *Sam Slick in England.*

The Artesian Well at Grenoble.—The great well sunk at such a vast expense, throws up, in spite of all efforts to diminish it, a stream of black mud and water, so thick that the reservoirs in the vicinity are overflowing, and the neighbourhood seems threatened with a deluge considerably worse than an invasion of the Styx.

St. Paul's, Malta.—A fine church, "The English Collegiate Church of St. Paul, in Malta," erected in that island, at the sole expense of Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, is completed, and has been recently consecrated—a ceremony which excited great curiosity among the Maltese, and interest among all classes, from the fact of its being the first English church which has been built in that part of the world. The church stands on a commanding site, overlooking the Quarantine Harbour, and has a spire two hundred feet in length, and three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The Lady of Fashion.—"*Lit.* Is she rich? —*Roe.* She is fair.—*Lit.* Possibly; a thing to be admired in a *danseuse* or a friend's wife; but in the matrimonial stocks, done on our Western 'change, the fairest hue we recognise is yellow.—*Roe.* Does virtue go for nothing?—*Lit.* Oh! no, character is indispensable to servant maids, but virtue as a word, is obsolete; we have, indeed, a French one like it, *vertu*, yes,—ladies of *vertu* might signify articles of rarity.—*Roe.* Does the lexicon of fashion then abjure the sense?—*Lit.* Certainly not, virtue signifies the strength in a bottle of salts.—*Roe.* And vice?—*Lit.* A—a fault in horses.—*Roe.* And religion?—*Lit.* A pew at St. George's."—*Old Heads and Young Hearts.*

Heathen Deities.—A valuable archæological treasure has been recently deposited in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville of Beaune,—a Gallo-Roman bas-relief, found some time ago in the excavation for the railroad, and representing the god Lunus, the three-headed Mercury, the god Pan, and the Gaulish Hercules.

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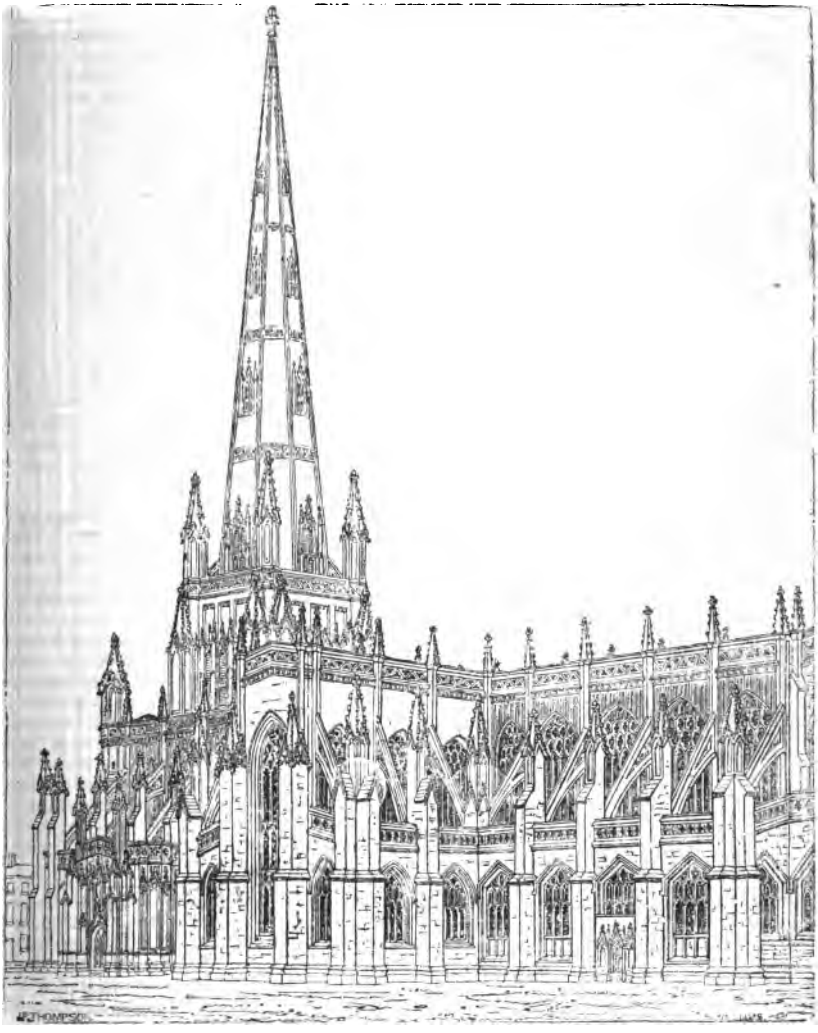

SOUTH-EAST VIEW.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY, REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

The talents and ill-directed energies of the son of the nephew of the sexton of the Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, have given that ancient edifice a celebrity which neither the piety of its founder, nor the talents of its architect, had earned for it be-

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fore the unfortunate youth, Thomas Chatterton, astonished the world. We here give an architectural representation of the venerable fabric, as proposed to be restored by Messrs. Britton and Hoskin. The general style of its architecture is considered to be replete with beauty.

Our first cut offers a view of it from the south-east, representing the tall and narrow south transept, with its aisles, windows, highly carved flying and attached buttresses, perforated, parapets and purfled pinnacles. The south porch of two stories, and newly designed staircase turret; the flying buttresses, the bold and finely proportioned octagonal pinnacles at the angles of the tower; and rising from among them the lofty and graceful spire. The existing

INTERIOR VIEW.

portion of the spire is not more than one fifth the whole height, or up to the first enriched band. If thus completed, it might challenge comparison with the spires of Strasburg, Lichfield, Norwich, and Salisbury.

Our second cut represents the interior, divested of pews, seats, and other furniture

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of a protestant church. If not equal to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and King's College, Cambridge, it will be found to surpass most of the cathedrals and large churches in our own and foreign countries in sculptured ornament. The finely moulded and shafted pillars will be noticed with the arches to the aisles, and the panelled walls above them, in the situation of the *triforium* of the large cathedrals. Over this trellised wall, is a series of clerestory windows of large dimensions, and of fine forms and proportions, with mullions and tracing. These, it is supposed, were originally filled with stained glass, casting a "dim religious light" over the whole. Connecting, and apparently tying together, the side walls, is a round vaulted ceiling, profusely adorned with intertwining moulded ribs, foliated tracery and rich bosses spreading over the whole. In the view presented by the engraving, we look through a beautiful aisle full of noble architectural effects. Were the painted glass replaced, the effect of the whole would indeed be sublime.

MISS MARTINEAU'S FURTHER EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF MESMERISM.

Besides her own case, Miss Martineau, in a second letter, brings forward that of a female at the age of nineteen. her landlady's niece, a person of intelligence and unblemished character, who has profited by mesmerism; and Miss Martineau, says of her, "I will add that no wonders of mesmerism could be greater than that a person of such character, age, and position should be able, for a long succession of weeks, to do and say things, every evening, unlike her ordinary sayings and doings, to tell things out of the scope of her ordinary knowledge, and to command her countenance and demeanour, so that no fear, no mirth, no anger, no doubt, should ever once make her move a muscle, or change colour, or swerve for one instant from the consistency of her assertions and denials on matters of fact or opinion. I am certain that it is not in human nature to keep up for seven weeks, without slip or trip, a series of deceptions so multifarious; and I should say so of a perfect stranger, as confidently as I say it of this girl, whom I know to be incapable of deceptian."

Her case she then describes in the following words. Some of the facts stated are startling in the extreme.

"My mesmerist and I were taken by surprise by the occurrence of this case. My friend's maid told her, on the 1st of October, that J. (our subject) had been suffering so much the day before, from pain in the head and inflamed eye, that she (the maid) had mesmerised her; that J. had gone off into the deep sleep in five minutes, and had slept for twenty minutes, when her aunt, in alarm, had desired that she should be awakened. J. found herself not only relieved from pain, but able to eat and sleep, and to set about her business the next day with a relish and vigour quite unusual. My friend saw at once what an opportunity might here offer for improving the girl's infirm health, and for obtaining light as to the state and management of my case, then advancing well, but still a subject of anxiety.

"J. had for six years been subject to frequent severe pain in the left temple, and perpetually recurring inflammation of the eyes, with much disorder besides. She is active and stirring in her habits, patient and cheerful in illness, and disposed to make the least, rather than the most, of her complaints. She had, during these six years, been under the care of several doctors, and was at one time a patient at the Eye Infirmary at Newcastle; and the severe treatment she has undergone is melancholy to think of, when most of it appears to have been almost or entirely in vain. She herself assigns, in the trance, a structural defect as the cause of her ailments, which will prevent their ever being entirely removed; but from the beginning of the mesmeric treatment, her health and looks have so greatly improved, that her acquaintances in the neighbourhood stop her to ask how it is that her appearance is so amended. There was in her case certainly no 'imagination to begin with,' for she was wholly ignorant of mesmerism.

"We immediately resolved that, if possible, there should be one case of which no one could honestly say that the sleeping and waking mind were mixed. Our object has been, thus far, completely attained—one harmless exception only having occurred. This was when, speaking of the nature and destiny of man, an idea which she 'had heard in church' intruded itself among some otherwise deceived, and troubled her by the admixture. On that occasion, she remarked afterwards, that she had been dreaming, and, she thought, talking of the soul and the day of judgment. This is the only instance of her retaining any trace of anything being said or done in the trance. Her surprise on two or three occasions at finding herself, on awaking, in a different chair from the one she went to sleep in, must show her that she has walked; but we have every evidence, from her reception of what we say to her, and from her ignorance of things of which she had previously informed us, that the time of her mesmeric sleep is afterwards an absolute blank to her. I asked her one

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evening lately, when she was in the deep sleep, what she would think of my publishing an account of her experience with my own—whether she should be vexed by it. She replied that she should like it very much; she hoped somebody would let her know of it, and show it to her—for though she remembered when asleep everything she had thought when asleep before, she could not keep any of it till she awoke. It was all regularly 'blown away.' But if it was printed she should know: and she should like that.

"To preserve this unconsciousness as long as possible, we have admitted no person whatever at our *séances*, from the first day till now, who could speak to her on the subject. We shut out our maids at once; and we two have been the constant witnesses, with a visitor now and then, to the number of about twelve in the whole.

"It is a memorable moment when one first hears the monosyllable, which tells that the true mesmeric trance has begun.—'Are you asleep?' 'YES.' It is crossing the threshold of a new region of observation of human nature. Then it goes on—'How long shall you sleep?' 'Half an hour.' 'Shall you wake of yourself, or shall I wake you?' 'I shall wake of myself.' And so she did to a second—no clock or watch being near, but the watch in my hand. For some weeks she could always see the time, and foretell her own waking; but of late, in manifesting some new capabilities, she has lost much of this.

Nothing can induce her to say a word on a matter she is not perfectly sure of. She solemnly shakes her head, saying, 'I won't guess—it won't do to guess.' And sometimes, appealingly, 'I would tell you if I could.' 'I'll try to see.' 'I'll do all I can,' &c. When sure of her point, nothing can move her from her declarations. Night after night, week after week, she sticks to her decisions, strangely enough sometimes, as it appears to us; but we are not aware of her ever yet having been mistaken on any point on which she has declared herself."

From what follows it would seem that superhuman intelligence is believed by Miss Martineau to be possessed by the mesmersied patient.

"It soon became evident that one of her strongest powers was the discernment of disease, its condition and remedies. She cleared up her own case first, prescribing for herself very fluently. It was curious to see, on her awaking, the deference and obedience with which she received from us the prescriptions with which she herself had just furnished us. They succeeded; and so did similar efforts on my behalf. I cannot here detail the wonderful accuracy with which she related, without any possible knowledge of my life ten and twenty years ago, the circumstances of the origin and progress of my ill-health, of the unavailing use of medical treatment for five years, and the operation of mesmerism upon it of late. One little fact will serve our present purpose better. Soon after she was first mesmerised, I was undergoing my final severance from opiates—a serious matter to one who had depended so long and so desperately upon them. As I have said, I got through the day pretty well; but the nights were intolerable, from pains to nervous irritations, which made it impossible to rest for two minutes together. After four such nights, I believe my mesmerist's fortitude and my own would have given way together, and we should have brought the laudanum bottle to light again, but for the bright idea, 'Let us ask J.' She said at once what my sufferings had been, and declared that I should sleep more and more by degrees, if I took—what was as contrary to her own ordinary ideas of what is right and rational as to mine—ale at dinner, and half a wine-glass full of brandy in water at night. I refused the prescription till reminded—'Remember, she has never been wrong.' I obeyed; the fact being kept secret between us two, in order to try, every evening, J's knowledge and opinion. She always spoke and advised, in a confident familiarity with incidents known only to us two, and carried me steadily through the struggle. I lost my miseries, and recovered my sleep, night by night, till, at the end of the week, I was quite well, without stimulant or sedative. Nothing can be more remote from J's ordinary knowledge and thought than the structure of the human body, and the remedies for disease; and, though I was well aware how common the exercise of this kind of fine sight is in somnambules—how it is used abroad as an auxiliary to medical treatment—I was not the less surprised by the readiness and peremptoriness with which a person, in J's position, declared, and gave directions about things which she is wholly ignorant of an hour after, and was during the whole of her life before.

"On Saturday, October 12, she had told us that she now 'saw the shades of things that she wanted to know, and that she should soon see clearer.' The next evening she went into a great rapture about the 'gleams' becoming brighter, so that she should soon see all she wished. The light came through the brain—not like sunlight, nor moonlight; 'No, there is no light on earth like this;' the knowledge she got 'comes astonishingly—amazingly—so pleasantly!' 'How is the mesmerising done which causes this?' 'By all the powers at once.' 'What powers?' 'The soul, and the mind, and the vital powers of the bo-

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dy.' Then, as we inquired—'The mind is not the same as the soul. All are required in mesmerising, but the mind most, though mesmerism is still something else.' 'Those three things exist in every human being (the soul, the mind, and the body), separate from one another; but the faculties belonging to them are not the same in everybody; some have more, some less. The body dies, and the mind dies with it; but the soul lives after it. The soul is independent and self-existent, and therefore lives for ever. It depends upon nothing.'

"Here I prompted the question, 'What, then, is its relation to God?' She hastily replied, 'He takes care of it, to re-unite it with the body at the day of judgment.' Here I was forcibly and painfully struck with the incompatibility of the former and latter saying, not (as I hope it is needless to explain) from any waiting on her lips for revelations on this class of subjects, but because it was painful to find her faculties working faultily. As I felt this disappointment come over me, an expression of trouble disturbed J's face, so ineffably happy always during her sleep. 'Stop,' said she 'I am not sure about that last. All I said before was true—the real *mesmeric* truth. But I can't make out about that last; I heard it when I was awake—I heard it in church—that all the particles of our bodies, however they may be scattered, will be gathered together at the day of judgment; but I am not sure.' And she became excited, saying 'that it bothered her,' what she knew and what she had heard being mixed up. Her mesmerist dispersed that set of ideas, and she was presently happy again, talking of 'the lights.' This was the occasion on which some traces remained in her waking state, and she told a fellow-servant that she had been dreaming and talking about the day of judgment.

"On the next occasion, she uttered what could not possibly be in the mind of any one of the four persons present. The anecdote is so inexplicable, that I should not give it but for my conviction that it is right to relate the most striking facts that come under my observation, positively declining to theorise.

"The next evening (Monday, October 14th,) J. did not come up as usual to our *séance*. There was affliction in the household. An aunt of J.'s, Mrs. A., a good woman I have long known, lives in a cottage at the bottom of our garden. Mrs. A.'s son, J.'s cousin, was one of the crew of a vessel which was this evening reported to have been wrecked near Hull. This was all that was known, except that the owner was gone to Hull to see about it. J. was about to walk to Shields with a companion to inquire, but the night was so tempestuous, and it was so evident that no news could be obtained, that she was persuaded not to go. But she was too much disturbed to think of being mesmerised. Next morning there was no news. All day there were flying reports,—that all hands were lost—that all were saved—but nothing like what afterwards proved to be the truth. In the afternoon (no tidings having arrived) we went for a long drive, and took J. with us. She was with us, in another direction, till tea-time; and then, on our return, there were still no tidings; but Mrs. A. was gone to Shields to inquire, and if letters had come, she would bring the news in the evening. J. went out on an errand, while we were at tea,—no person in the place having then any means of knowing about the wreck; and on her return, she came straight up to us for her *séance*. Two gentlemen were with us that evening, one from America, the other from the neighbourhood. I may say here, that we note down at the moment what J. says; and that on this evening there was the additional security of my American friend repeating to me, on the instant (on account of my deafness) every word as it fell.

"J. was presently asleep, and her mesmerist, knowing the advantage of introducing subjects on which the mind had previously been excited, and how the inspiration follows the course of the affections, asked, as soon as the sleep was deep enough, 'Can you tell us about the wreck?' J. tranquilly replied, "Oh! yes, they're all safe; but the ship is all to pieces.'

"'Were they saved in their boat?'

"'No, that's all to pieces.'

"'How then?'

"'A queer boat took them off; not their boat.'

"'Are you sure they are all safe?'

"'Yes; all that were on board: but there was a boy killed. But I don't think it is my cousin.'

"'At the time of the wreck?'

"'No, before the storm.'

"'How did it happen?'

"'By a fall.'

"'Down the hatchways, or how?'

"'No, he fell through the rigging, from the mast.'

"She presently observed, 'My aunt is below, telling them all about it, and I shall hear it when I go down.'

"My rooms being a selection from two houses, this 'below' meant two stories lower in the next house.

"She continued talking of other things for an hour longer, and before she awoke, the gentlemen were gone. After inquiring whether she was refreshed by her sleep, and whether she had dreamed, ('No,') we desired her to let us know if she had heard news of the wreck; and she promised, in all simplicity, that she would. In another

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quarter of an hour, up she came, all animation, to tell us that her cousin and all the crew were safe, her aunt having returned from Shields with the news. The wreck had occurred between Elsinore and Gottenberg, and the crew had been taken off by a fishing-boat, after two days spent on the wreck, their own boat having gone to pieces. She was turning away to leave the room, when she was asked,—

"'So all are saved—all who left the port?'

"'No, ma'am,' said she, 'all who were on board at the time: but they had had an accident before;—a boy fell from the mast, and was killed on the deck.'

"Besides having no doubt of the rectitude of the girl, we knew that she had not seen her aunt—the only person from whom tidings could have been obtained. But, to make all sure, I made an errand to the cottage the next morning, well knowing that the relieved mother would pour out her whole tale. My friend and I encouraged her; and she told us how she got the news, and when she brought it to Tynemouth,—just as we knew before. 'How glad they must have been to see you 'at ours'!' said I.

"'O yes, ma'am:' and she declared my landlady's delight.

"'And J.,' said I.

"'Ma'am, I did not see J.,' said she, simply and rapidly, in her eagerness to tell. Then, presently,—'They told me, ma'am, that J. was up stairs with you.'

"Two evenings afterwards, J. was asked, when in the sleep, whether she knew what she related to us by seeing her aunt telling the people below? to which she replied, 'No; I saw the place and the people themselves—like a vision.'

"Such was her own idea, whatever may be the conjectures of others.

"HARRIET MARTINEAU."

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER V.—FLORINE.

Before the Bacchanalian Queen and Couche-tout-Nu had taken leave of each other in affection, the Mayeux had arrived at the door of the Pavilion, in the Rue Babylone, at which she timidly knocked, and which was opened by Florine. She was no longer robed in the charming dress in which she first presented herself. A high-bodied black gown concealed her handsome form; and her dark hair was almost entirely hidden under a white cap, similar to that worn by nuns.

Florine, who had been placed by Rodin to serve as a spy upon the actions of Adrienne, was not completely perverted, for often did she experience the most bitter remorse when thinking of the infamous calling to which she was subjected; and, above all, to act dishonestly to a young lady who treated her with so much kindness and confidence.

At the sight of the Mayeux, whose countenance was haggard and pale, Florine drew back a few steps, but seeing that the poor girl seemed suffering from fatigue, she went up to her, and proffered her arm, saying, in an affectionate tone, "Come in, Mademoiselle; come in, and rest yourself an instant, for you are very pale, and seem overcome with fatigue."

Saying these words, Florine led the Mayeux into the vestibule, where there was a good fire. She was now the sole keeper of the Pavilion, for Georgette and Hebe were dismissed the day after Adrienne was put into the asylum.

"You will take something, Mademoiselle," said Florine, when the Mayeux was seated; "something warm will do you good."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle, but all that I require is a little repose, for I have walked a great deal. If you would allow me to remain here a short time."

"Remain as long as you please, Mademoiselle. I am alone in this house since the departure of my poor mistress." Here Florine blushed and sighed.

"How good you are, Mademoiselle; your solicitude makes me ashamed of myself; but I will be grateful for your attentions. However, let me tell you what brings me here again. Yesterday you informed me that a young man had been arrested here. I received a letter from him yesterday, in which he begged me to acquaint Mademoiselle de Cardoville that he had news to communicate of the utmost importance; that he was afraid to trust a letter, as the correspondence of prisoners is always perused."

"How! news for my mistress," said Florine, in surprise.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, "for at that time Agricola was ignorant of the misfortune that had happened to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. But is there none of her family to whom I can state that Agricola possesses information of great importance respecting that young lady."

"Oh!" cried Florine, struck by a sudden thought, "I remember when he was taken from his hiding place, he whispered to me

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these words—'Tell your generous mistress that her kindness will have its reward, and that my visit to this hiding place may prove a fortunate thing for her.' That was all he had time to say."

"Indeed," said the Mayeux. "His visit to that hiding-place is certainly connected with the news which he has to communicate."

"For a long time," said Florine, pensively, "that secret chamber has never been opened. Perhaps Agricola found something in it which will be of consequence to my mistress."

"If the letter had not been so urgent, I would not have come here; for, thanks to a comrade of Agricola, the good young man will be shortly released."

"Listen, Mademoiselle," said Florine, looking round the vestibule, as if afraid that the walls had ears, "I will give you an advice which will prove profitable to my poor mistress; but should this be known to the Princess de St. Dizier, it will prove fatal to me. Agricola must be silent to every one except to Mademoiselle Adrienne."

"But as he cannot see Mademoiselle Adrienne, must he not apply to her family?"

"No; on all accounts let him not mention a syllable to her family. Mademoiselle Adrienne may get better soon, then he will be able to tell her. But I trust that what I have told you will be kept a profound secret."

"Do not be uneasy on that account," said the Mayeux, in surprise, "I will not be ungrateful."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Florine, with an expression of joy, "I owe you a moment of true happiness, for perhaps I have rendered a service to my dear mistress without adding to the grief which already overwhelms me."

"You unhappy!" exclaimed the Mayeux.

"That astonishes you, Mademoiselle; but believe me, whatever your situation is, I would freely change with you."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I trust you will never experience the grief, the painful feeling of being denied work, especially when that work is the only means of your subsistence."

"And are you reduced to that," cried Florine, looking with anxiety at the Mayeux. "But stop; I think I can be of service to you in securing work."

"Is it possible, Mademoiselle, I never would have dared to ask this of you; but I told you all in confidence. Well, I must also inform you that this morning, on going to the shop, there was nothing to do, which deprives me of the four francs a week that sustained me."

"Four francs a week! Well, I can secure you two francs a day."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, and where?"

"In a religious institution, Mademoiselle, destined to procure work to unemployed females, who merit its good offices."

"But I have no recommendation, Mademoiselle."

"You suffer, you are honest, and laborious; these are sufficient recommendations. But they will ask if you are strict in religious matters."

"In that, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux, with firmness, "I think I can satisfy them."

"Well, the respectable matron of the convent of St. Marie, is sure to engage you. To-morrow, then, I shall call upon you, for it must not be known that you know anything of Agricola. Where do you live."

"At No. 3, Brise-Miche. Ask for the Mayeux."

"To-morrow, at twelve o'clock, at the Rue Brise-Miche."

CHAPTER VI.—THE MATRON ST. PERPETUÉ.

The convent of St. Marie, in which the daughters of Marshal Simon had been incarcerated, was a large building, situated in one of the most deserted spots of Paris.

The matron of the convent was a tall woman who had reached her fortieth year. For the interest of this Order the woman had evinced the greatest zeal, mixed with no ordinary degree of cunning.

Mother St. Perpetué was seated, the day previous to that when the descendants of Rennepont were to meet in the Rue Francis, before a desk, placed in the centre of a room, which was neatly furnished, and in which a fire was burning cheerily. In her hand was a letter, which she was perusing, when a knock was heard at the door. The servant a few minutes afterwards ushered a lady into the room, who said, on entering, "My dear mother, I have brought a young girl who has been strongly recommended to me."

"Well, my daughter, everything shall be done for her comfort."

"But I have not a moment to stay. I must go to his excellency about those orphans of whom we spoke so much yesterday."

"They are still separated according to your order, which separation has brought on a fever, and strange to say, they were attacked at the same hour, and have exactly the same symptoms."

"Indeed! But let me tell you the object of my visit," said the lady, who was no other than the Princess de St. Dizier. "The soldier who brought these girls to France has unexpectedly returned to Paris, and if he discover where they are, he is so desperate a character, that he is sure to do everything in his power to rescue the children. Therefore to-night the guard must be doubled."

"This night, my dear daughter, the

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guard shall be doubled. But let me inform you before you go that the marriage between the Baron de Brisville and Mademoiselle Boudecourt is not yet concluded. The young girl, whom I imagined so docile, and completely under my influence, now asks time to reflect."

"Reflect, indeed. She must be spurred; for, notwithstanding the Count's donation to the Order, he is going to place 100,000 francs in the hands of a member who knows well how to put them into use. Do not be uneasy, my dear mother. The means will be adopted to set aside all objections. Florine has brought a little humpbacked girl, whom she has strongly recommended. As she acted faithfully to us when serving my unfortunate niece, we must recompense her by gratifying her wishes."

"I think she may be useful to me—yes, I will make her so."

"Good morning, my mother. Remember the guard to-night."

No sooner had the Princess de St. Dizier left, than Florine entered the room.

"Did you meet the Princess?" demanded the matron.

"No, my mother," said Florine.

"The Princess," said the matron, imperiously, "takes you into her services. I asked her in your name. You shall go."

"Still, my mother, I asked you not——"

"I tell you that you shall accept the offer."

"I accept it," said the poor girl, looking upon the ground, "and on what conditions?"

"On the same conditions that you entered her niece's services."

Florine, shuddering, said, "And must I act as a spy upon the actions of my mistress?"

"You will take a note of all that transpires, of visits received, and those rendered; and you must try to find out the cause why two orphans were placed here, and ordered to be treated with the greatest severity."

"I will try, mother."

"Who is that deformed girl that you have brought with you?"

"A poor creature without resources. She is very intelligent, and has received an education far above her station in life. She is a good workwoman, and bears an excellent character."

"Deformed, intelligent, and a good workwoman," said the matron to herself; "she will excite no suspicion. I must see her;" then she added, imperatively, "tell this girl to come in, and go and wait for me in the outer room."

CHAPTER VII.—THE TEMPTATION.

When the Mayeux appeared before the matron she was pale and trembling. On being left by herself she had mechanically advanced towards a window that opened into the garden, at which she saw a young girl appear, who began to make signs to some one in the opposite dwelling. The Mayeux, trembled when she discovered the beauty of this girl, her large black eyes, her open and expressive countenance, surrounded by ringlets of hair, clear and shining like burnished gold. The thoughts of Mademoiselle de Cardoville shot across her mind, for she saw in this young woman all that Agricola had said of his fair protectress.

Adrienne de Cardoville, whom the reader will have recognized in this young girl, kissed her hand twice to the unseen object, pressed her hand to her heart, and disappeared.

Thinking of the important intelligence that Agricola had to communicate to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the Mayeux regretted that she had not attempted to attract her attention, for it seemed to her that if this young woman was insane, she appeared to be enjoying a lucid moment. The Mayeux was absorbed in these reflections when Florine returned, accompanied by one of the women of the convent.

When the Mayeux was ushered into the room, where the matron was, she looked pale and agitated.

"My dear daughter," said the Mother St. Perpetué, with an affectionate tone, "Florine has told me the situation in which you are placed. Is it true, then, that you can find nothing to do?"

"Alas! Madame, it is so."

"Call me your mother, my dear girl; it is a milder term, and it is in conformity with the rules of the house. How have you lived up to the present time."

"I have always lived honestly by the fruits of my labour," said the Mayeux, with simplicity.

"I believe you, my dear girl. Then listen. This institution, you must know, has a holy end in view. If it is our duty to secure good moral and respectable servants to masters, we ought also to know if the persons with whom they are employed are people of morality and respectable character."

"There is nothing more just, my mother."

"You see, my dear daughter, a servant of bad reputation may carry trouble into the bosom of a respectable family; and, on the other hand, the good, moral, servant may suffer from evil communication and bad example. So, to offer a mutual guarantee to virtuous servants and respectable masters, is the object of the institution. We at present have about one hundred young girls engaged, according to these conditions, in

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different families, and, for the interest of all, we ascertain each day their manner of procedure."

"Yes, my mother," said the Mayeux in astonishment.

"The house to which I purpose sending you is one of high reputation. Only it is said, but I do not believe it, that the daughter, Madame de Bremonts, who has come to reside a short time, is not over strict in religious matters; and that M. Hardy, a wealthy manufacturer, occasionally pays her a visit."

At the name of Agricola's master the Mayeux startled, and her face became red.

"I must tell you all," said the matron, who misconceived the emotion of the young girl. "I must tell you all, in order that you may be upon your guard. When in the house you will soon discover whether those reports are true or false; if unfortunately they prove true, you will come and tell me, and I shall secure another situation for you. It is understood that you will go to-morrow to Madame Bremont's."

The Mayeux remained silent a few minutes; then she said, with emotion, "Madame, I cannot reproach you for putting me to such a trial. You see that I am miserable, and that I have done nothing that can merit your confidence; but, believe me, poor though I am, I would never be guilty of committing such a contemptible act as that which you have proposed, in order, without doubt, to ascertain if I am worthy of your interest."

The matron had too much tact and experience not to discover the sincerity of the words of the Mayeux, and to profit by them. She smiled, and said, "Come, my child; come and embrace me. Now there is only one question more which I wish answered: How many times a month do you approach the holy altar?"

"Madame," said the Mayeux," I have not done so since my first communion, which is now eight years ago. To gain my livelihood I am obliged to work every day."

"Father of Mercy," cried the matron, in clasping her hands, "I am horror-struck my poor girl, and regret much that I cannot employ you in our holy cause; and more particularly, as I should have seen a person already worthy of interest, merit by her piety, the assistance of religious people. Adieu, my dear girl; go in peace, and may God have mercy upon you till you are altogether his."

Saying these words the matron rose and said, "Go up that passage, turn to the left, descend a few steps, and knock at the door, you will find Florine, who will take you hence."

No sooner had the Mayeux left, than the tears which she had suppressed, flowed copiously from her eyes. As she passed the window at which she had seen Mademoiselle de Cardoville, she looked upwards, and saw that young lady advancing towards the cloister that separated the two gardens. At the same moment to her astonishment, she also saw Rose Simon, pale and trembling, gazing at Adrienne, and stealing towards her.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MAYEUX AND MADEMOISELLE DE CARDOVILLE.

The Mayeux excited, attentive, and uneasy, was leaning against one of the convent windows, watching the movements of Madomoiselle de Cardoville and Rose Simon, whom she little expected to find there. Rose approached the railings which separated the garden of the convent from that belonging to Dr. Baleinier's asylum, and having spoken a few words to Adrienne, the features of the latter were suddenly filled with astonishment, indignation, and pity. At this moment a nun, who appeared anxiously looking for some one, approached, and seizing Rose by the arm, seemed to reproach her with great severity, and notwithstanding the warm remonstrances of Adrienne, hastily led her away. Rose, with her eyes filled with tears, looked several times towards Adrienne, who, after having expressed by significant gestures the interest she felt for her, turned quickly away, as if desirous of concealing her own tears. The Mayeux, who, during this affecting scene, was standing in the corridor situated on the first floor, thought of descending to the garden, with the view of speaking to the golden-haired girl, and of assuring herself that it was in reality Mademoiselle de Cardoville; and should she find her in one of her lucid moments, of informing her that Agricola had intelligence of the greatest importance to acquaint her with, but that he did not know how to convey it to her. Seeing that the sun was on the eve of setting, and fearing that Florine would soon be tired of waiting for her, she at once descended, approached the railings that separated the two gardens, and saw, at a little distance from her, Adrienne de Cardoville reclining on a rustic seat in the garden of Dr. Baleinier's asylum.

The firmness of Adrienne's character had received a shock on that terrible night on which the Doctor conducted her to his lunatic asylum, and, with diabolical cunning, almost succeeded in persuading her that her reason was unsettled. But the calm which naturally follows the most violent and painful emotions, aided by the reasoning of a strong and elevated mind, soon enabled her to detect the Doctor's duplicity; and she now discovered, when it

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was too late, that he was the blind instrument of the Princess de St. Dizier. From that time her demeanour became calm and dignified, and not a complaint nor a reproach escaped her lips. Reflection taught her that a person of her rank could not be kept long in confinement, under the plea of insanity, without giving rise to serious inquiry. This conviction restored to her mind its wonted firmness and energy. In the mean time she endeavoured, though in vain, to penetrate the cause of her imprisonment. She knew the Princess de St. Dizier too well to believe that she was actuated by no other motive than that of inflicting on her temporary pain. And in this she was right, for the Abbé d'Aigrigny and the Princess were persuaded that Adrienne was aware of what importance it was to her to be in the Rue St. Francis on the 13th of February, and they were sure that she was determined to avail herself of her rights. But they were mistaken. Adrienne, for want of some documents that were either lost or concealed, had not entirely penetrated this great family secret. Nobody could be less desirous of revenge than this generous young girl, but when the thought of what the Princess de St. Dizier and her abettors had made her suffer, she resolved to employ all the means in her power to bring them to punishment.

Adrienne, still under the painful impression caused by her interview with Rose Simon, was sitting without her bonnet, in the garden, with her forehead resting on her left hand, and her long, golden locks hanging in clusters on her fresh and beautiful face. In this graceful attitude her charming figure, exquisitely attired, was seen to great advantage. The Mayeux gazed on her with admiration, without one bitter thought of her own wretchedness and deformity; and she remarked, with great sagacity, how strange it was for a person, who was said to be afflicted with insanity, to dress with such propriety and elegance. She then advanced close to the railings that separated her from Adrienne, and called to her in a soft and timid voice. Adrienne raised her head, and, on perceiving the Mayeux, could not suppress a slight exclamation of fear and surprise. Indeed, the sudden appearance of the Mayeux, pale, deformed, and miserably clad, could not fail to excite in the mind of Adrienne, who was an admirer of grace and beauty, feelings of terror and repugnance. The Mayeux, not perceiving the impression she had produced, stood motionless, with her eyes fixed, and her hands clasped, gazing intently on the beauty of Adrienne; for never, even in her imagination, had she beheld such perfection. At length Adrienne arose, and asked the Mayeux what she wanted with her.

"Pardon me," replied the Mayeux, "I have come on the part of Agricola."

"Ah! Agricola Baudoin. And who are you?"

"I am his adopted sister, Mademoiselle."

Adrienne appeared to reflect for a moment, and then smiling, kindly said, "It was you that persuaded Agricola to come to me for bail, was it not?"

"Ah! you remember me then, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," replied Adrienne, "I never forget what is noble or generous. Agricola told me of your devotion to him; but what brings you here, and how did you recognise me."

"I was told that I might, perhaps, obtain work here, but I have not been successful; and I knew you by the description of which Agricola had given of you."

"Or rather, did you not recognise me by this?" said Adrienne, with a smile, as she took in her taper fingers one of her long, silken locks of gold.

"You must pardon Agricola, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux, while a faint smile illumined her wan face, "he is a poet, and, in describing to me the likeness of his protectress, he omitted none of her rare perfections."

During this conversation Adrienne and the Mayeux regarded each other with increasing surprise. The Mayeux was astonished at hearing Adrienne, who was said to be insane, talk in the manner she did; and Adrienne was surprised to hear the Mayeux, who was dressed like a mendicant, express herself in choice and appropriate language; a short pause ensued, at the end of which Adrienne said, "We are both astonished, and I think it would not be difficult to divine the cause. You find that I talk rather reasonably for a lunatic; and I find that the superiority of your language and manners forms so painful a contrast to the position you seem to be in, that I am sure my astonishment is greater than yours."

"Ah," cried the Mayeux, "I was deceived, yet I did not believe when I saw your beautiful form, and heard your soft voice, that so great an affliction could have befallen you. But why are you here, Mademoiselle."

"Poor girl," said Adrienne, quite moved by the affection evinced by the Mayeux; "and how is it that, with a generous heart and an elevated mind, you are unfortunate? However, take courage; I shall not always be here, and, believe me, I shall not readily forget your conduct in coming here to serve me. But let us first think of your adopted brother; he is in prison, is he not?"

"He is liberated by this time, Mademoiselle, thanks to the generosity of one of his comrades, who put in bail for him. When he was in prison he informed me he had

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something of great importance to disclose to you."

"To me, what can he have to tell me? He must wait, however, until I am free. Besides there are two of Marshal Simon's daughters forcibly detained here, whom he must strive to liberate as soon as possible."

"You know them, then, Mademoiselle?" said the Mayeux.

"Yes; Agricola, in informing me of their arrival in Paris, mentioned their ages, and told me of the striking resemblance there was between them; and as I was taking my customary walk the other day, I saw the faces of two girls, bathed in tears, present themselves from time to time at the casements of their respective cells. A secret presentiment told me they were the orphans of whom Agricola had spoken. I tried by signs to make them understand the deep interest which they had inspired in me, for I saw by the grief depicted on their pretty faces that they were prisoners like myself, and like me, too, the victims of some odious intrigue. But by your aid we will be able to baffle our enemies. The soldier who brought these orphans to France, Agricola's father I mean, he is still here, is he not?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Well, tell him that he must not have recourse to the slightest violence, for that would frustrate all our efforts. Give him this ring, and tell him to take it this evening to the Count de Mortbron, whom he will find at No. 7, Place Vendome. He will inform the Count of the condition of Marshal Simon's daughters, and also of mine; and I doubt not but that in a day or two we shall have our liberty restored to us; for the Count, who is a man of high authority and great experience, will instantly take measures to procure our release. But let me not detain you any longer, the time is precious; we shall soon meet again, I hope, and in better circumstances; until then, adieu."

When the Mayeux was leaving the convent, she heard one of the porters telling some one that the Superior had ordered the guards to be doubled that evening.

Before she had proceeded far on her way she was met by Rabat-joie and Dagobert, and at the same time she heard her name pronounced. When she turned round in the direction it came from, she saw Agricola running towards her in great haste.

(To be continued.)

Literary Reward.—The poet Campbell's pension of 184*l.* a-year has been bestowed upon Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler. The pension is payable out of the Scotch excise.

THE CASTLE AND TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

(From Goethe.)

"Pass we away now (says the translator, Sir E. L. Bulwer) from the Hartz to Heidelberg, in the company of our glorious poet. We all know the magnificent ruins of the Neckar, the feudal turrets which look down upon one of the sweetest spots that ever filled the soul of a weary man with yearning for a long repose. Many a year has gone by since the helmet of the warder was seen glancing on these lofty battlements, since the tramp of the steed was heard in the court-yard, and the banner floated proudly from the topmost turret; but fancy has a power to call them back, and the shattered stone is restored in an instant by the touch of that sublimest architect:—

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

There stands an ancient castle
On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruin'd wall and rafter
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons,
And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
Receives, nor more requires.

For burn'd are roof and rafter
And they hang begrimed and black;
And stair, and hall, and chapel,
Are turn'd to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
One day when the sun was bright,
I saw my love ascending
With me the rocky height;

From the hush and desolation
Sweet fancies did unfold,
And it seem'd as we were living
In the merry days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
For noble guests were spread,
And out from the prime of that glorious time
A youth a maiden led.

And standing in the chapel,
The good old priest did say,
"Will ye wed with one another?"
And we smiled and we answer'd "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
To the thrilling lays we sung,
And every note was doubled
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
We left the silence still,
And the setting sun look'd upward
On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
In the radiant light we shone—
It sank; and again the ruins
Stood desolate and lone!"

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ADVENTURES OF A DESERTER IN AFRICA.

There is nothing more striking in Mungo Park's journeyings than in those which have lately been published of a deserter from the French army in Algeria, in Mr. Fane's "Voice from Algeria." His whole story is full of interest.

The sufferer, though in the French army, was no Frenchman. He was by birth a German, but tempted by the glowing pictures presented to him of the ease and luxury to be enjoyed in Algiers, he enlisted at the age of twenty-two, and soon found himself in Africa. Then, instead of the fairy-land scenes in which he expected to revel, instead of houses, gold, and vineyards, he had the ground for his resting-place, and hard marches and hard fighting were followed by hard fare. After being half-drowned, half starved, and half-killed by the Arabs and the French officers, he, in common with many others, preferred taking refuge in the desert, to serving any longer in the French army. Krüger made up his mind to desert.

On the 28th March, 1834, he carried his design into effect. For some time he travelled by night to some place on which he hoped he might rest unobserved through the day. Thus he proceeded till his supply of food began to fail, when he ventured to approach a village. It was late, and the inhabitants had retired to rest, but the hundreds of dogs which they kept to give notice of wild beasts, raised such a din with their barking, that the deserter was obliged, faint and hungry as he was, to retreat. The night was dark and gloomy; the rain came down in torrents; the thunder pealed through the air; and the flashes of lightning were running along the ground in such a manner, that at some moments it appeared as if the whole neighbourhood had been doomed by heaven to destruction. Krüger had not gone a great distance from the village, when to all this was added a terrible roaring of wild beasts; and as he happened to be near a high tree he climbed up, and spent the whole night upon it. As the morning approached, the weather gradually cleared up, and in a short time there were hardly any traces left of the dreadful weather of the night. He now descended from the tree, fatigued and hungry, and lay down to refresh himself by sleep, from which he was awakened by a voice more terrible to him than the roaring of wild beasts; it was the voice of the greatest enemy of man—*I mean the voice of men!* He started up, and, to his great terror, beheld, at a short distance from him, two Arabs, well armed, coming towards him. Suddenly, one of them, on observing him, stopped short, and began to level his gun at him. Krüger cried aloud; on hearing his cries the Arab desisted, and approached him. Krüger, as may naturally be supposed, was greatly terrified, and expected that moment would be his last; but the Arabs had no bad intention: the French uniform which Krüger wore seemed to have frightened them, as they gave him afterwards to understand. They thought he resembled much more a wild animal than a human being. The Arabs were on their way to a market-place, which was about three miles off; they, therefore, asked Krüger to go with them. On the way, they gave him dates and bread to eat, and in every respect treated him very kindly.

The wild people into whose hands he had fallen, seem to have thought him as great a curiosity as we should consider a native of the moon. They closely examined him; they *smelt* his hair and clothes, and greatly wondered at hearing him speak a language which they could not understand. They, however, did not behave unkindly, for they brought him food, as much as for three days' consumption. What followed? Towards evening the Arabs took him into a house, where a kind of bed was prepared for him, consisting of a straw mat and a sheep-skin, on which Krüger looked as if it had been a bed of the finest down, having been exposed for some days to the severity of the weather, without proper food, and, besides, having undergone great fatigues. He, therefore, flattered himself with a comfortable night's rest. But the Arabs, curious, and ever fond to hear some extraordinary tales, regardless of their being true, soon introduced themselves; and though Krüger knew only a few words of Arabic, they requested him by signs and other means to entertain them. The *Agib*, or the wonderful man, as they called him, did his best; and though he thought he failed in the attempt, yet they seemed highly gratified. The house (if it may be called so) belonged to the chief, who also took, or seemed to take, a great interest in the stranger. This state of things was too good to last.

Whilst Krüger was thus entertaining his audience, there entered a tall and strong-looking Arab, who, after having had a short conversation with the chief, to which the people paid great attention, approached Krüger, and saluted him in the French language; which Krüger, almost fancying himself again amongst civilised people, returned with emotions of great joy. The Arab told him that he had been to the coast, and had intercourse with the French, whom, he said, he hated from the bottom of his heart. This gave poor Krüger great uneasiness, as it was useless to tell the Arabs that he was a Prussian, and had been enticed into the French service; this

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Arab took him for a Frenchman, and their enemy, and would listen to no explanations. The other Arabs were soon of their countryman's opinion; and though they knew nothing more of the French than what this Arab told them (as the conquests of the French on the coast had not reached them), they believed them to be the enemies of the Mohammedans, and, consequently, also theirs. Krüger had now to expect the treatment of an enemy. The Arab left him for a short time, and when he returned, he addressed him in these words: "I am very sorry to be the messenger of bad tidings; behold this new sword with which I am requested by the inhabitants of this village to sever thy head from thy body, and behold this new pot which is to contain it!" How Krüger must have felt at hearing these words, can much easier be imagined than described. He, however, gathered up all his strength and courage, and asked, whether this operation was to take place immediately; and if so, as all resistance was useless, begged his executioner to do his duty as quick as possible. But the Arab calmly told him to "sleep *quietly* that night, as he could delay his duty till the following morning." After he had said this he remained yet a few minutes with Krüger, expressing his sorrow for the fate that awaited him, and, driving the people out of the room, left the unfortunate man to himself.

The fugitive man, as men in a storm, or in any other extraordinary danger, or distress are wont to do, thought of his God. He prayed to the Creator of man, and was comforted.

Early on the following morning many of the village people collected in his room till about six a.m., when they led him to the market-place; and the mob, greater than the preceding day, pressed upon him in such a manner that he could hardly make his way. In this state he remained till ten a.m., expecting every moment to see his executioner; but, instead of him, an old dervish, a saint-priest, with a large stick in his hand, beating the people in every direction, pressed through the crowd till he approached Krüger. The old dervish took him by the hand, and brought him to a large tree, where he made him sit down, and taking the European cap off Krüger's head, he placed instead of it a turban. He then sent one of his men for clothes, and dressed him in the Mohammedan costume.

The pious Krüger had little difficulty in abandoning the christian religion, when he thought that by embracing the faith of Mahomet, he could find safety. He made a firmer resistance to some of the painful rites to which he was, in consequence, required to submit; but was compelled, reluctantly, to yield.

The French having captured Bugia, he was called upon by his Mohammedan friends to fight the battle of the lord with all their might. Their mode of fighting, or rather of persuading themselves that they have fought, is an odd sort of warfare. They approached the town and offered the French battle, which was promptly accepted; but when the engagement took place, and the Arabs saw some of their party dead and scattered in all directions, a panic broke out amongst them, and all fled towards the desert, cursing and swearing at the French, and at the priests who deceived them. "Where," said they to the priests, "is Sidy Ali, who promised, with his *great sword*, to fight the infidels? You have deceived us, and it is entirely your fault that so many of our brave warriors have fallen by the hands of the infidels. Their blood be upon your heads!"

But not to return altogether like *cowards*, one of the priests, an old man of about ninety years of age, took a large stick into his hands, blessed it, and pretended to load it as a gun; he then called the attention of the people, and with a loud shriek he did as if he fired it off towards Bugia, after which, clapping his hands for joy, he said to the people, "Now all the infidels are dead. Sidy Ali, the *lieutenant* of our prophet, has made an end of them; we may now, with gladness, return to our respective homes: they will no more disturb us. God has taken up our cause."

When this old man had finished his oration, the people seated themselves on the ground, partook of some food, and offered thanksgiving to God for the mercy shown them in destroying their enemies. This finished, a priest rose, read the Fatiha, blessed the Mohammedans, and cursed all infidels and unbelievers; after which they all separated, each party returning to their respective homes.

These are but a few of the scenes in which Krüger found himself mixed up. He was joined by another deserter, who made money by selling charms to protect the purchasers from cannon or musket shot. With this person he engaged to travel to the Atlas Mountains; but on their *route*, falling in with a party of Arabs to whom his companion was known, the latter was unceremoniously ordered to be beheaded; rudely dragged away for that purpose, and seen by Krüger no more.

He was allowed to go forward alone, and met with two other deserters (desertions appear to have been numerous) from the French. The Arabs put one of these to death for reviling their religion, and declaring himself a christian. This, however, had not the effect of making Krüger emulous of the honour of martyrdom; for, when after encountering many dangers, he

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at length found himself in comparative safety, within the limits of Tunis, he adhered to Mohammedanism. Here he became an officer in the cavalry of the Bey, and, says his biographer, "is at present so contented with his situation, that he is far from really wishing to return to the faith of his fathers. I have often spoken to him of his condition, and entreated him to return to that saviour whom he denied; but nothing could move him. He thought that he could mix a kind of christianity with Mohammedanism which would ensure his going to heaven. He has married a Turkish woman, and has for ever abandoned his country, his relations, and, what is more, his religion!"

ALARMING SINKING OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

The sinking of the bridge at Westminster, lately the subject of so much grave speculation, it will be seen, from the article we subjoin, is no novelty. It had commenced nearly a century ago. *The Westminster Journal*, of September 12, 1747, contains a long article on the subject, having a political and moral tendency, which opens thus:—

A LUCUBRATION ON THE SINKING OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

The foundation of God, saith St. Paul, Standeth: but how weak is that of man, we have an instance in Westminster Bridge, which particularly affects me as author of the *Westminster Journal*. The magnificent fabrick, the work of many years, the admiration of all beholders, is sinking under its own weight; sinking when compleated, and though the sinking pier has had several years to settle.

Westminster Bridge being a national work, we must look upon the accident as a public misfortune, though some private persons expected a benefit from it. The diversions at Vaux Hall I have not seen because Westminster Bridge was not finished. As many more people are of my mind, Mr. Tyers will be sufferer for a few years or two before we can visit his gardens without going by water.

Mr. Lee, at the bridge foot on the Surry side, will lose the benefit also of letting his customers walk over the bridge, while their dinners were preparing, and their horses regaling in his stables. But these are private misfortunes, and small, when compared with that, every man must feel, when he reflects on the failure of a foundation laid by the public.

I must confess, that since I have lived at Westminster, I am grown very much out of love with this word *sinking*. It was in Westminster that the church of St. John sunk, very visibly, to the surprise and terror of all the pious people in the parish. And it was at Westminster, about thirty years ago, that his late honour invented the *sinking fund*, I should have said *begot* it, because he called it his own child. Westminster, therefore, is a very bad place to lay foundations in. For it does not appear that they are the works in which heaven concurs, but merely the works of men.

It may be suspected that I am writing on behalf of the watermen, who have prayed that the bridge might sink ever since it was begun. Not a fortnight ago, as I was coming in a boat through one of the arches which rests on the sinking pier, the man who rowed me, with an air of triumph, showed me the defect, and I was glad when I was past the danger. King James I suspected London Bridge, which has stood above 120 years since, and had then stood above 350. But as to favouring the watermen's cause, none could be further from it than myself, who was always pleased with this stupendous work, which promised to be of equal use and magnificence.

How the foundations of a bridge could be laid, with certainty, when the river is not turned into another channel, I could not have thought, had I not been told of boring a great way down, to examine the soil; but this boring, it seems, is not an operation to be depended on. It is like the poring of a secret committee, which seldom looks far enough into the affairs it meets upon. We are never sure, it seems, of our bottom, and therefore must always build on precarious foundations. The whole earth, in the opinion of some philosophers, is but a kind of bridge, or crust to the great body of waters included in it; and while we lay a weight on the surface, to carry over an external vein, we are never sure that we shall not break a way into the center.

Can we draw a more natural inference from all this, than "That everything about Westminster is very subject to sinking, and that we should not have too much dependance on the most showy fabric there constructed?" Mr. Walpole, whom, with all his faults, we must allow to have been a man of sense and penetration, was undoubtedly conscious of this when he chose the epithet to his new fund. He told us, indeed, that the use of it was to sink the national debt; but so little the effect of it has been, that many apprehend it will at last help to sink the nation.

We may look upon this fund to be a bridge of more importance than that which has been these nine years carrying on with stone at Westminster. It was to afford us a passage out of the slough of despond, into the beautiful prospects in the land of hope; to carry us from real poverty, to

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much imaginary riches; and to transport our fancies with the immense advantages that were to accrue to us from what we had already expended. The annual charge of keeping up this bridge, is vastly more than has been laid out on the whole fabrick over the river. We have hitherto walked over it pretty contentedly, and the conservators of it daily swear that the structure is as sound as when it was first erected.—It may be so, and bad enough too, if it had not at first a solid foundation; for that is the main matter.

As I doubt not but the misfortune in the new stone bridge, will occasion a most strict examination of the several parts of it, in which some means of information may be struck out, that were not thought of before the cassines were sunk; so I could wish that a scrutiny, before it is too late, was made into our great money bridge, to see that all is safe and substantial at the bottom of it. The original projector might deceive others or himself, and the fallacy not be discovered for want of enquiry; the building might look well, too, for 30 years, though extremely tottering; as Westminster Bridge, we perceive, did not appear to be in danger, till time had worn out all apprehensions of any.

If abundance of people were to walk over Westminster Bridge, and therefore many lives might be at once in danger; how many more do at once trust for support on this bridge of the funds, who must all drop at once, if the foundations of it should sink! Let us look therefore to the piers of it, by way of caution, till it shall be thought proper to examine them strictly by authority.

THE GRAVE OF CHATTERTON.

Mark yonder humble cemetery, where
The ashes of the wealthy do not share.
A dreary space, but only those that kn
The chilling penury they bade adieu,
And equal to the buried great ones rest,
While the grass waves above each peaceful breast.
But there is one whose dust reposes here,
To sympathy and fond remembrance dear.
The "sleepless boy" here takes his endless sleep,
While Genius o'er his grave for aye doth weep—
Her gifted son, lost Chatterton, the young,
Sad wearer of the wreath which never hung,
O'er the wrapt minstrel's brow without the breath,
Of pois'nous envy, withering as death.
He was not sinless, no, but wayward youth.
Might almost expiate the step from truth.
But there's a spirit in th' unpitying world,
Plunging still deeper those who are once hurl'd,
By guilt or sorrow, from the envied height
On which they stood like pinnacles of light.
And thus with him, his "*friends*" were adverse when
He needed most the sympathies of men.
Of those who in the smiles of fortune spoke
The flatt'ring promises her frowning broke.
It was not thus when erring Savage found
The world a thorny wilderness around.
The virtuous Johnson pitied nor forsook
One still his friend despite the cold world's look.
But Chatterton found none with gentle hand
To lead the spirit moulded to command.
He, left to penury, and shame, and pride,
Unlike his verse the hapless poet died.
Was there no spot his mortal part to rest,
But here by poverty's gaunt footsteps press'd?
This has been ask'd, but sure unmeaning sound
Such queries have—the poor repose around.
And there are mould'ring in this silent spot,
Those that sincerity nor friends forgot,
Who had not, tho' their garments were not whole,
The dress of pride, cov'ring a pauper's soul.
Thus Chatterton, though lost and sleeping here,
To fame and memory thou still art dear.

L. M. S.

Reviews.

Pawsey's Ladies' Repository for 1845.

This is among the most elegant, as it is assuredly among the most useful, of the fashionable publications of the season. There is a novelty as well as richness in its decoration. They at once catch the eye, which feels no disappointment as it passes over its well-edited pages, and revels in all the agreeable varieties of history, anecdote, poetry, and playfulness.

The Historic Gallery, or Portraits and Paintings, with lives of the most Celebrated Men in every age and country. Willoughby.

Of this new and interesting work three parts are now before us. The arrangement is rather startling, when we see side by side Charlemagne, in his iron crown, and Benjamin Franklin, in his hairy cap: when we find Cato with Madame Clairan, and Cicero with Oliver Goldsmith. The Gallery, however, when complete, will be eminently interesting; its embellishments numerous and beautiful, and its cheapness, its intrinsic value considered, surpassing everything extant. We shall notice it more at large in a future number.

The Gatherer.

Iron Ships.—To encourage native industry it is proposed to build iron ships on a larger scale than heretofore. It has been calculated that a ship of wood costing 72,000*l.*, would require 48,000*l.* for wood and 12,000*l*, for labour; one of iron, of the same cost, would require 67,000*l.* for labour, and 5,000*l.* for iron, all procured, and work executed, in this country.

The Shirt Tree of America.—In the forest of Oronook there is a tree which often attains the height of fifty feet. The natives make shirts of the bark of this tree, which requires only to be stripped off, and to be deprived of its red and fibrous parts. The shirt is thus formed without

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seam. The head is thrust through one end, and lateral holes are cut to admit the arms.

The Candlesticks on Protestant Altars.

Each *chandelle et grand chandelier*
The orthodox offends,
But most expressive types appear,
Which some instruction lends
Of those who placed them, who in word
Remind of light but none afford.

L. M. S.

A "Fair" Pun.—I remember (says Lord Eldon) I was coming away from the queen's drawing-room in my full dress as king's counsel (Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, was with me), and we came into the room where the milliners were collected to see the fashions. Said I, "Why, Villiers, I think that all the prettiest women are here." One of the girls, and a most amazingly beautiful creature she was, stood up, and said to another, "I am sure that gentleman is a 'Judge.'"

Friends of Liberty.—The high-minded philanthropists of the United States have taken a singular way of showing their devoted love of liberty, by going, as settlers, to Texas, where slavery is abolished, taking with them negroes under the title of "*apprentices bound for* 99 *years.*"

Funerals of Mexican Children.—In Mexico the prevailing feeling is that the infant, when baptised, cannot die too soon. The death of young children is celebrated as an occasion of joyfulness, because the souls of the deceased innocents are supposed to be transported, at once, to heaven without passing through purgatory. Gaily dressed and decorated with flowers, with uncovered face and the hands folded as in prayer, the little corpse is set out, for a while, as a spectacle; then, without a coffin, but attended with music and flights of rockets, it is borne, sometimes by the mother herself, to the grave. After the burial-ceremony, friends and relatives meet at the bouse of the bereaved parents for the fandango, and there play, sing, dance, drink, and rejoie over the introduction of the little one into the society of angels.

General Yermoloff, the distinguished Russian artillery officer, has recently died at St. Petersburg. He held a high post in the Russian army, and had a seat in the council of the empire, and was aide-de-camp to the emperor. It was that eminent general to whom was entrusted the preparation of the plan of the celebrated battle of Borodino, he being at that time chief of the staff. General Paskiewitsch has succeeded to the deceased general's command.

The late Sir Peregrine Maitland.—The friends of this gentleman, formerly commander-in-chief of the forces in South India, being desirous of testifying their respect for his character and principles, and for his disinterested zeal in the cause of christian truth in the East, have raised a fund for the institution of a prize in one of the English universities, and for the establishment of two native scholarships at Bishop Corrie's Grammar School at Madras—such prize and scholarship to be associated with the name of Sir Peregrine Maitland. In pursuance of this design, the sum of £1000 is offered to the University of Cambridge for the purpose of instituting a prize, to be called "Sir Peregrine Maitland's Prize," for an English essay on some subject connected with the propagation of the Gospel. It is suggested that the prize should be given once in every three years, and should consist of the accruing interest of the principal sum during the preceding three years; and, in addition to the said gift of £1000, it is proposed to give a further sum of £100 for the first prize. The candidates are to be Bachelors of Arts.

Price of Tea in China.—The quantity annually imported from China to England is as follows:—

	Cost on board in China	Averaging per lb.		Yields to revenue
lb.	£	s.	d.	£
20,000,000	750,000	0	9	2,187,000
16,000,000	800,000	1	0	1,750,000
5,000,000	312,500	1	3	546,875
5,000,000	375,000	1	6	546,875
4,000,000	400,000	2	0	437,500
50,000,000	2,637,500			5,468,250

Thus it will be seen, the highest price of tea there, is 2s., the lowest 9d.

Blessing Cattle.—As in Italy, so it is the custom in Mexico, to have an annual consecration of all domestic animals. On St. Anthony's day, the horses, mules, oxen, asses, dogs, &c., are led to the doors of certain churches, where, for a trifling consideration, they are sprinkled with holy water and receive the church's benediction.

Church Bells.—The *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* informs the clergy that they can substitute cast-steel bars for the ordinary church bells with considerable advantage, as regards both tone and cheapness. Any clergyman can procure for thirty shillings a bar of cast steel producing a better tone than the ordinary small church bells, which cost from £4 to £6.

On the Reception of the New Opera being described to be "a Blaze of Triumph."

A blaze of triumph Drury's bills announce,
So now among the play-folk this the phrase is,
Alluding to the manager's grand bounce,
That "Bunn and Balfe are getting on like blazes!"

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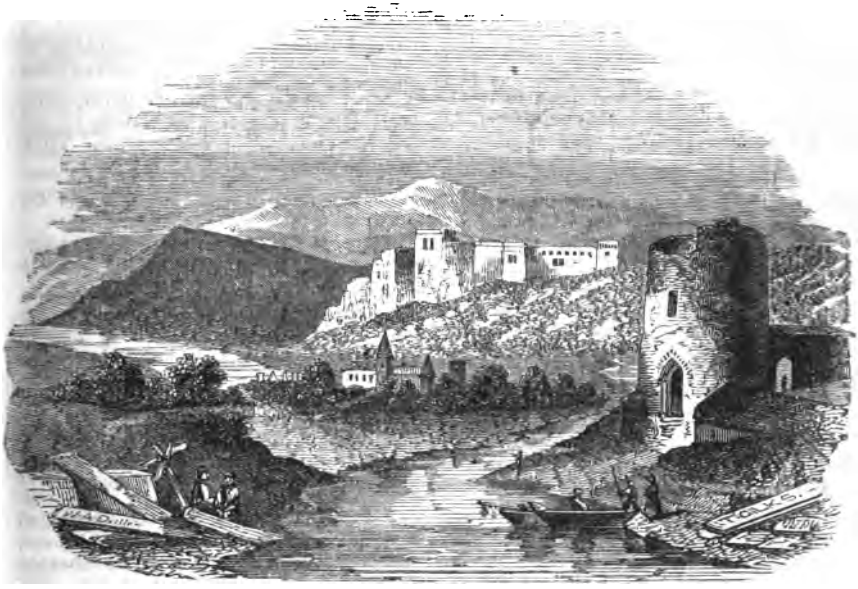
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 24.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.



GIVET.

GIVET.

This smiling little town, on the banks of the Meuse, is one of those which Victor Hugo, in his notes on "The Rhine," delighted to honour. A ridge of rocks meets the eye of the approaching traveller, on the summit of which he beholds the fort of Charlemagne.

He finds in it a house of entertainment, with a name, the magnificence of which rather wildly contrasts with the moderate accommodation the sons of luxury find within. The *auberge* of the *Golden Mount* presents but indifferent fare to those who have the golden means of commanding the pleasures of life. Comfort, however, may be realised where delicacies can be dispensed with. The keen genial air serves to render common-place viands welcome; and the stranger, if he find his lodging not embellished with all that lordly "means and appliances" obtain elsewhere, may still rejoice in homely cleanliness, and have no real cause for complaint.

Its vicinity is pleasant. Little Givet, on the other side of the river, well deserves a visit. Its church is an oddity, a sort of architectural joke. The writer already mentioned says, in erecting it, the builder took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate. In the plate he established a sugar loaf, surmounted by a bottle with a spike thrust into its neck, and caused the whole to be surmounted by a weathercock! He adds, "When I viewed it, night, which helps to screen the follies of man (and sometimes favours or invites them) had begun to cast its sable mantle over this whimsical creation. Smoke was hovering above the roofs of the houses; at my left, low murmurs were heard through the agitated elms, while, on my right, an ancient tower was reflected in the fair bosom of the Meuse. Beyond, at the foot of the rock, crowned with the fort of Charlemont, was seen a white line, which I supposed to mark an edifice of vast

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importanee, but which eventually proved to be only the outline of an uninhabited country house. The rocks, however, in gloomy grandeur, frowned over the towers, steeples, and houses, and hid the horizon from my gaze. In the remote distance, a clear sky was illumined with a half moon, which figured so much of purity, brightness, and heaven, that I imagined God had exposed part of his nuptial ring to testify his wedded affection to man."

The image, though pretty, is hardly such as would have occurred to an English observer. To give the eternal author of the universe our little orb for a wife, and to make the moon his wedding ring, was to stretch imagination to that point where the sublime loses itself in absurdity.

"Great wits to madmen nearly are allied,
But thin partitions do the parts divide."

Without adopting such a rhapsody, the river, the venerable ruins which adorn it, and the cheerful abodes of contented humble beings, lend Givet a captivating aspect, which the most apathetic may admire, and the enthusiastic enjoy.

On visiting the ancient tower, a curious inscription, two hundred years old, was fouud, or rather part of one, which, being ingeniously completed, embodies a solemn truth—"What man begins for himself, God finishes for others." This appeared to have been indented on one of the stones of the fort in the year 1643.

ANATOMICAL EPITAPH ON AN INVALID.

The following was written for himself by the Rev. William Goldwin, fellow of Eton College, and vicar of St. Nicholas, Bristol, who died in June, 1747:—

"Here lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit,
Here lies an heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragick scene,
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;
Here lies the skin per scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red.
Here lies the man from top to toe,
That fabrick fram'd for pain and woe;
He catch'd a cold, but colder Death
Compress'd his lungs and stopt his breath;
The organs could no longer go,
Because the bellows ceased to blow.

MORE WONDERS OF MESMERISM.

Miss Martineau continues her letters on the subject of mesmeric influences. We know "that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction;" and we have no wish to treat the statements of a lady with disrespect, but really some of the facts she relates are so overpowering that we can hardly look at them with gravity. She has not yet finished, and possibly in the sequel she will disclose, something that may reconcile to the reason of ordinary minds, things which at present would seem to qualify a believer for an apartment in that noble edifice which graces St. George's Fields.

The third letter of Miss Martineau opens with some cautions against tasking too severely the mesmeric somnambule. They may go on well with

"A delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly—not played with too much."

Continuing the story of Miss J., her landlady's niece, she writes,—

"The first desire of every witness is to make out what the power of the mesmerist is, and how it acts. J. seems to wish to discover these points; and she also struggles to convey what she knows upon them. She frequently uses the act of mesmerising another person, as soon as the sleep becomes deep; and if not deep enough to please her, she mesmerises herself—using manipulations which she can never have witnessed. Being asked about the nature of the best mesmeric efforts, she replied that every power of body and mind is used, more or less, in the operation; but that the main thing is to desire strongly the effect to be produced. The patient should do the same.

"'People may be cured who do not believe in the influence; but much more easily if they do.'

"'What is the influence?'

"'It is something which the mesmeriser throws from him; but I cannot say what.'

"And this was all that evening: for she observed (truly) 'It is a few minutes past the half hour; but I'll just sleep a few minutes longer.'

"'Shall I wake you then?'

"'No, thank you; I'll wake myself.' And she woke up accordingly, in four minutes more. Another evening, 'Do the minds of the mesmerist and the patient become one?'

"'Sometimes, but not often.'

"'Is it then that they taste, feel, &c., the same things at the same moment?'

"'Yes.'

"'Will our minds become one?'

"'I think not.'

"'What are your chief powers?'

"'I like to look up, and see spiritus

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things. I can see diseases; and I like to see visions.'

"When asked repeatedly whether she could read with her eyes shut, see things behind her, &c., she has always replied that she does not like that sort of thing, and will not do it; she likes 'higher things.' When asked how she sees them—

"'I see them, not like dreams in common sleep, but things out of other worlds; not the things themselves, but impressions of them—they come through my brain.'

"'Mesmerism composes the mind, and separates it from the common things of every day.'

"'Will it hurt your mesmerist.'

"'It is good for her. It exercises some powers of body and mind, which would otherwise lie dormant. It gives her mind occupation, and leads her to search into things.'

"'Can the mind hear otherwise than by the ear.'

"'Not naturally; but a deaf person can hear the mesmerist, when in the sleep; not anybody else, however.'

"How is it you can see without your eyes?'

"'Ah! that is a curious thing. I have not found it out yet.' Again, when she said her time was up, but she would sleep ten minutes longer,

"'Shall I leave you, and mesmerise Miss M.?'

"'No: I should jump about and follow you. I feel so queer when you go away! The influence goes all away. It does so when you talk with another.'

"'What is the influence?' &c., &c., as before.

"'I have seen a many places since I was mesmerised; but they all go away when I wake. They are like a vision, not a common dream.'

"'How do you see these? Does the influence separate soul and body?'

"'No; it sets the body to rest; exalts and elevates the thinking powers.'"

In what she next says of the contracted vocabulary, it is not easy to imagine what cause Miss Martineau can have for lamentation; at best it is difficult to conceive how that superhuman intelligence, which grasps such wonderful ideas, can be foiled in any degree by lack of words to express them. Miss J. herself seems to evidence against the fact:—

"When marking, from her attitude and expression of countenance, the eagerness of her mind, and vividness of her feelings, and when listening to the lively or solemn tones of her voice, I have often longed that she had a more copious vocabulary. Much has probably been lost under the words 'queer,' 'beautiful,' 'something,' 'a thing,' &c., which would have been clearly conveyed by an educated person. Yet some of her terms have surprised us, from their unsuitableness to her ordinary language; and particularly her understanding and use of some few, now almost appropriated by mesmerism. On one of the earliest days of her sleep, before we had learned her mesmeric powers and habits, she was asked one evening, after a good deal of questioning,

"'Does it tire you to be asked questions?'

"'No.'

"'Will it spoil your lucidity?'

"'No.'—Whereat I made a dumb sign to ask her what 'lucidity' meant.

"'Brightness,' she instantly answered.

"In the course of the day, her mesmerist asked her carelessly, as if for present convenience, if she could tell her the meaning of the word 'lucidity.'

"J. looked surprised, and said, 'I am sure, ma'am, I don't know. I don't think I ever heard the word.'

"When asleep the next day, she was again asked,

"'Does it hurt your lucidity to be asked many questions?'

"'When not very deep in sleep it does.'

"'What is lucidity.'

"'Brightness, clearness, light shining through. I told you that yesterday.'

"'Have you looked for the word since?'

"'No; and I shall not know it when I am awake.'

"Though usually disdaining to try to read with the eyes shut, &c., she has twice written when desired (complaining, when her eyes were fast shut, and her chair was almost in the dark, that she could not see well, meaning that there was too much light), and once she drew a church and a ship, about as well as she might have done it with open eyes. She drew the ship in separate parts, saying that she would put them together afterwards. In this latter case, her eyes were bandaged, as she complained it was so light she could not see; and then she complained that the pencil given her would not mark, and tried to pull out the lead further, not being satisfied till her strokes were distinct.

"They only time, I think, that she has spoken of her own accord was one evening when she burst into a long story of a woman who lived in Tynemouth two hundred years ago, who made 'cataplasms' for the feet of a lame monk, and cured him; for which act he requited her by denouncing her as a witch, and getting her ducked in the sea, and otherwise ill-used.

"'Now,' said she to her mesmerist, 'this is the way they would have treated you then; and maybe burnt you; but they know better now.'"

The following statements are sufficiently

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perplexing to those who wish to be serious:—

"Another incident is note-worthy in this connexion. A gentleman who was here one evening, who was invited in all good faith, on his declaration that he had read all that had been written on mesmerism, knew all about it, and was philosophically curious to witness the phenomena. He is the only witness we have had who has abused the privilege. I was rather surprised to see how, being put in communication with J., he wrenched her arm, and employed usage which would have been cruelly rough in her ordinary state; but I supposed it was because he 'knew all about it,' and found that she was insensible to his rudeness; and her insensibility was so obvious, that I hardly regretted it. At length, however, it became clear that his sole idea was (that which is the sole idea of so many who cannot conceive of what they cannot explain) of detecting shamming; and, in pursuance of this aim, this gentleman, who 'knew all about it,' violated the first rule of mesmeric practice, by suddenly and violently seizing the sleeper's arm, without the intervention of the mesmerist. J. was convulsed and writhed in her chair. At that moment, and while supposing himself *en rapport* with her, he shouted out to me that the house was on fire. Happily, this brutal assault on her nerves failed entirely. There was certainly nothing congenial in the *rapport*. She made no attempt to rise from her seat, and said nothing—clearly heard nothing; and when asked what had frightened her, said something cold had got hold of her. Cold indeed! and very hard too!

"One singular evidence of *rapport* between J. and her mesmerist I have witnessed under such unexceptionable circumstances as to be absolutely sure of it. When J. was dancing, and taking this room for a ball-room, she took her mesmerist for her partner, allowed herself to be conducted to a seat, &c., assuming a ball-room air, which was amusing enough in one with her eyes sealed up, as motionless as if they were never again to open. Being offered refreshment, she chose some mesmerised water, a glass of which was on the table, prepared for me. It seemed to exhilarate her, and she expressed great relish of the 'refreshment.' It struck us that we would try, another evening, whether her mesmerist's will could affect her sense of taste. In her absence, we agreed that the water should be silently willed to be sherry the next night. To make the experiment as clear as possible, the water was first offered to her, and a little of it drank as water. Then the rest was, while still in her hands, silently willed to be sherry; she drank it off—half a tumbler full—declared it very good; but, presently, that it made her tipsy. What was it? 'Wine—white wine.' And she became exceedingly merry and voluble, but refused to rise from the chair, or dance any more, or go down stairs, for she could not walk steady, and should fall and spoil her face, and moreover frighten them all below. I afterwards asked her mesmerist to let it be porter the next night. J. knew nothing of porter, it seems, but called her refreshment 'a nasty sort of beer.' Of late she has ceased to know and tell the time—'can't see the clock-face,' as she declares. The greatest aptitude at present seems to be for being affected by metals, and for the singular muscular rigidity producible in the mesmeric sleep.

"When her arms or hands are locked in this rigidity, no force used by any gentleman, who has seen the case, can separate them; and in her waking state she has certainly no such muscular force as could resist what has been ineffectually used in her sleeping state. The rigid limbs then appear like logs of wood, which might be broken, but not bent; but a breath from her mesmerist, on what is called by some phrenologists, the muscular organ, causes the muscles to relax, the fingers to unclose, and the limbs to fall into the attitude of sleep. During these changes, the placid sleeping face seems not to belong to the owner of the distorted and rigid limbs, till these last slide into their natural positions, and restore the apparent harmony.

"Not less curious is it to see her inextricable gripe of the steel snuffers, or the poker, detached by a silent touch of the steel with gold. When no force can wrench or draw the snuffers from her grasp, a gold pencil-case or a sovereign stealthily made to touch the point of the snuffers, causes the fingers to unclasp and the hands to fall. We have often put a gold watch into her hands, and, when the gripe is firm, her mesmerist winds the gold chain round something of steel. In a minute or less occurs the relaxation of the fingers, and the watch is dropped into the hand held beneath. While grasping these metals she sometimes complains that they have burnt her."

For the present, wishing to abstain from comment, we cannot but direct attention to the sherry and porter experiment. After reading them who will venture to outrage the feelings of a poor catholic on the subject of transubstantiation. We seem to approach the miracle at Canaan.

Mr. Dickens is to publish, about Christmas, a *brochure* similar to the Carol of last year, called the "Chimes that rung the old year out and the new year in."

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THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CHESTERFIELD.

Arms.—Quarterly erm, and gu.
Crest.—A tower az., a demi-lion issuant from the battlements, or, ducally crowned, gu., holding between the pair a grenade, fired, ppr.
Supporters.—Dexter, a wolf, or, ducally crowned, gu.; sinister, a talbot erm.
Motto.—A Deo et Rege. "*From God and the King.*"

This family is supposed to derive its name from the town of Stanhope, in the bishopric of Durham, of which they might be owners, as it is certain their residence was in those parts before they came into Nottinghamshire. Sir Richard Stanhope (living in the times of Henry III and Edward I) had large possessions in the north, and received the honour of knighthood. His son and heir, Sir Richard Stanhope, had, in consideration of his services against the Scots, in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Edward III, a grant of the third part of the village and fisheries of Paxton, in Northumberland, with the appurtenances. His grandson, Sir Edward Stanhope, received the honour of knighthood, upon the field of battle, from Henry VII, for his distinguished conduct against the Cornish Rebels, under lord Audley. His grandson, Sir Michael Stanhope, was an eminent person in the reign of Henry VIII, and obtained a grant of the house and site of the monastery of Shelford, in Notts, by patent, in the twenty-ninth year of that monarch's reign, under Edw. VI. Sir Michael was chief gentleman of the privy chamber, and represented the county of Nottingham in parliament; but subsequently sharing in the ruin of his brother-in-law, the duke of Somerset, he was found guilty of conspiring the death of Dudley, duke of Northumberland, a privy councillor, and beheaded with Sir Thomas Arundel, on Tower Hill, February 25, 1552. His great-great-grandson, Sir Philip Stanhope, was elevated to the peerage, November 7, 1616, as baron Stanhope, of Shelford, in the County of Northampton, and advanced to the earldom of Chesterfield, August 4, 1628. His lordship supported firmly the royal cause during the Civil Wars. His house, at Shelford, was a garrison for the king, under the government of his son Philip, who lost his life in the defence thereof, when the rebels took it by storm, October 27, 1645, and burnt it to the ground. His lordship was succeeded by his grandson, Philip, second earl, whose grandson, Philip Dormer, the fourth earl, was the celebrated lord Chesterfield. His lordship received his first instruction from private tutors, under the direction of his grandmother, the marchioness of Halifax; and, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In the spring of 1714, he left the University to make the tour of Europe, unaccompanied by a governor. During the first year of the reign of George I, he was returned to parliament, for the borough of St. Germains, and became a distinguished speaker in the House of Commons. The death of his father, 1726, removed his lordship to the Upper House, where he maintained his celebrity as an orator. In 1728 he was appointed ambassador to the count of Holland; and, in 1730, was elected a knight of the garter, and made lord-steward of the household. In 1744, his lordship was admitted to the cabinet; and in the following year appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The earl was not less distinguished as a wit than as a politician; and he held no ordinary rank in the republic of letters. He married Melisina de Schulemburg, natural daughter of George I. His lordship dying without issue, March 24, 1773, the line of Henry, lord Stanhope, eldest surviving son of the first earl, ceased, when the honours reverted to the descendant of the earl's only other surviving son (the honourable Arthur Stanhope, of Mansfield, Woodhouse, county of Nottingham), Philip Stanhope, fifth earl, installed a knight of the garter, and appointed master of the horse. His lordship died in 1815, and was succeeded by his son George Augustus Frederick, present earl, who was born May 23, 1805; married November, 1830, the honourable Ann Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Cecil Weld, first lord Forester.

A Costly Tomb.—The most stupendous mausoleum in India was erected by the emperor Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, as a mausoleum for his wife. On his death he was buried by her side; and their tombs still remain. Tavernier saw this building commenced and finished; and tells us that it occupied twenty thousand men for twenty-two years. The mausoleum itself, and all the buildings that appertain to it, cost 3,17,48026, three crore, seventeen lacks, forty-eight thousand and twenty-six rupees, or 3,174,802 pounds sterling.

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The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

—

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

—

CHAPTER IX.—THE MEETING.

The Mayeux was astonished at the sight of Dagobert and Agricola. On recovering from her surprise, she told them she had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon, and Adrienne de Cardoville, were detained. Then addressing Agricola, she said, "I am happy to inform you that Adrienne is not insane."

"My children!" cried Dagobert, "have you then seen them?"

"I saw them only a few minutes ago. They seemed sad and disconsolate, but I had no opportunity of speaking to them."

"Oh!" cried Dagobert, pressing his hand to his breast, "I never thought my poor old heart could beat so wildly. Come, let me embrace you, my dear girl, and then we will immediately go to see the poor children."

Rabat-joie had, by this time, taken his stand at the door of the convent, where he was evincing, by divers manifestations of joy, an eager desire to obtain admittance.

"Ah!" said Dagobert, on observing the dog, "the children are there; are they not?"

"Yes," replied the Mayeux.

"I was sure of it," cried the soldier, running as fast as he could towards the dog.

"Agricola," said the Mayeux, "prevent your father from knocking at the door, for that would ruin all."

The young man reached his father as he was lifting the knocker, and laying hold of his arm, said, "Stop! the Mayeux says if you knock you will spoil all."

"Do not stand before the door," said the Mayeux, on coming up, "for if we are seen it would give rise to suspicion."

"Suspicion!" cried the veteran, "what suspicion!"

"Oh! stop not here, I entreat you," replied the Mayeux with so much earnestness, that Agricola said to his father, "The Mayeux has, I am sure, her reasons for her request, therefore let us leave this place, and listen to what she has to say."

"May the devil take me, if I understand a word of all this," replied the soldier. "The children are here—I only want to bring them away, which I could accomplish in less than ten minutes."

"It is more difficult than you imagine," said Agricola, as he almost dragged his father away.

Rabat-joie appeared quite surprised when they turned from the convent; he, however, kept his stand, and barked twice or thrice, as a sort of protest against their humiliating retreat, but, at the call of Dagobert, he very reluctantly quitted his post.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, the wind was blowing fiercely, and thick black clouds were flitting across the sky.

"Now," said Dagobert, as they turned into rather a retired path, "let us have an explanation, for I will proceed no further."

"Well," replied the Mayeux, "you know that the house in which the daughters of Marshal Simon are detained is a convent."

"That matters not. I will search for them there or anywhere else."

"But, sir, they will not be given up."

"Not given up? We shall soon see," said Dagobert, as he was about to start off in the direction of the convent.

"Let us hear the Mayeux first," said Agricola, again laying hold of his father by the arm.

"I'll hear nothing. What! the children are close at hand, and I am told I cannot have them? but you shall see that I will, and that, too, without much delay."

"Listen to me, I beseech you," said the Mayeux; "there are other means that do not require violence. Here is a ring that I received from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the lady that would have aided Agricola, had she not been prevented by being herself placed in confinement. She desired me to give you this ring, and tell you to take it to the Count de Mortbron, who is a friend of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and a man of great influence and experience. He lives in the Place Vendôme, No. 7. When you give him the ring, he will know that you have been sent by Adrienne, and, as soon as you have told him of the situation in which she and the daughters of Marshal Simon are placed, he will, without a moment's delay, adopt the measures necessary to procure their release; so that by to-morrow or the next day—"

"To-morrow or the next day!" interrupted Dagobert, "it must be to-day. Thank you, my dear Mayeux, but you can keep the ring, for I must look after my own affairs."

"Father," said Agricola, "remember this is a convent."

"Well, what of that? I see you are a novice; I understand all about convents. In Spain I have been in hundreds of them; you will see. I have only to knock; a girl opens the door, and asks me what I want. I pass on without reply; and once in the convent I call aloud for my children; they hear me and answer me, and if I find they

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are locked up, I lay hold of the first thing that falls in my way, and break open the door."

"And this violence," said Agricola, "will be the signal for your arrest; and then what will become of your poor children."

Dagobert had too much good sense not to perceive the force of his son's observation, and yet he was almost frantic when he reflected that if the orphans were not at liberty on the following day they could not appear in the Rue St. Francis. "Ah!" said he, endeavouring to become more calm, "you do not understand the cause of my sorrow. Well, if I do not take them to-morrow to the Rue St. Francis, I shall have betrayed their mother's dying wish."

"Were you to take them to No. 3, Rue St. Francis?" cried Agricola.

"Yes; but who told you the number?"

"It is inscribed on a bronze medal, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Dagobert, with increasing surprise; "but how did you learn this?"

"Let me reflect a moment, father; I think I know all. You told me, my dear Mayeux, that Adrienne was not insane, and that she believed that the daughters of Marshal Simon and herself were the victims of some odious intrigue. Well, she has the same interest in appearing in the Rue St. Francis to-morrow, as they have—"

"Explain yourself," cried Dagobert, impatiently.

"You know," said Agricola, "that when you came to see me in prison, I told you I had a sacred duty to perform as soon as I was liberated. Well, the moment I regained my liberty I went to Adrienne's residence, in the Rue de Babylone, where I was informed that she had been seized with a sudden fit of madness, and had been taken to Dr. Baleinier's asylum. You will easily conceive how afflicted I was at this intelligence. Having obtained the Doctor's address I went to his residence, but he was not at home. I was told, however, I should find him about five o'clock, at the asylum, whither I was proceeding when I met you."

"But where did you see the medal?" interrupted Dagobert.

"The day I went to Adrienne's residence, to ask her to become surety for me, I was followed thither by an officer. Adrienne, hearing from one of her servants that some one was waiting outside to arrest me, conducted me to a secret chamber in her pavilion, where, having nothing else to do, I began to look about me, and as I was examining the door of my apartment, I saw a brass button, the use of which I could not comprehend. At length I pressed it with considerable force, when a secret drawer started out from the wainscot, just over the door, and a bronze medal, with a chain attached to it, fell on the floor: on stooping to pick it up, I saw a sealed packet, on the outside of which was written, in large letters—'For Mademoiselle de Cardoville. She must read these papers the moment they are given to her.' It was signed, 'R. C., Paris, 12th of November, 1830.'"

"Had the seal of the packet not been broken?" inquired the Mayeux.

"No," replied Agricola.

"Then it is evident," added she, "that Adrienne has never seen these papers, and knows nothing of them."

"No doubt of it," replied Agricola. "I then," continued he, "restored the packet and medal to their place of concealment, with the intention of informing Mademoiselle de Cardoville of my discovery, but a few minutes afterwards I was arrested and taken to prison, without having an opportunity of speaking to her."

"But how," said Dagobert, "are we to account for the resemblance of the medal which you saw to the one belonging to the daughters of Marshal Simon?"

"Nothing more easy, father. I remember now that Adrienne told me the orphans were related to her."

"What! Rose and Blanche!" cried Dagobert.

"Undoubtedly," said the Mayeux; "for she told me the same thing an hour or two ago."

"Well," replied Dagobert, with a look of deep anguish, "you now understand that I must have my children immediately, for their dying mother told me, a single day's delay might be fatal to their expectations. Yes, I must have them, even if I should have to set fire to the convent."

Agricola urged his father to abstain from all kind of violence until he had seen the Count de Mortbron, to which he at length reluctantly consented.

"You will see," said Agricola, "that the law is a protection to honest people."

"So much the better," replied the soldier; "for, otherwise, honest people would be obliged to protect themselves."

Dagobert having consented to proceed at once to the Count de Mortbron's, while Agricola went to inform the magistrate that had taken down Dagobert's deposition, that they had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon were detained, they separated, with a promise to meet again as soon as possible in the Rue Brise-Miche.

CHAPTER X.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

It was eight in the evening. The rain poured down in torrents, and the door and windows of Madame Baudoin's apartment

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in the Rue Brise-Miche were shaken by violent gusts of wind. The disorder and confusion that now reigned in this modest abode, which usually was so neat and orderly, were evidence of the sad events that had lately befallen its inmates, whose lives had hitherto been passed in peaceful obscurity. By the feeble light of a candle, the Mayeux, overcome with the fatigue she had undergone, was sitting asleep on a chair, waiting for the return of Dagobert and Agricola. Not long after, the soldier, accompanied by Rabat-joie, entered the apartment. The Mayeux awoke in surprise, and seeing it was Dagobert, she asked him if he had brought good news. She received no answer, for the soldier was so absorbed in thought that he did not perceive her. After musing for a considerable time, he muttered to himself, "*It must be—it must be;*" and then casting his eyes round as if in search of something, he saw lying beside the stove, an iron bar, about two feet long. He took it up, examined it attentively, balanced it in his hand, and then laid it down with an air of satisfaction. The Mayeux, surprised at the silence of Dagobert, stood watching his movements with anxious curiosity, which was soon succeeded by fear, when she saw him open his knapsack, take out a pair of pistols, and carefully try the locks.

"Oh, sir!" cried she, "what are you going to do?"

The soldier looked at her as if he had just discovered she was in the room, and said, "Good evening, my dear girl. Do you know what time it is?"

"It has just struck eight, sir."

"Only eight," said Dagobert, as he placed the pistols beside the iron bar.

After looking round the apartment for a few minutes, he approached the bed, took one of the sheets off, measured it, and turning to the Mayeux, asked her for a pair of scissors.

"Scissors, sir!" said she, quite amazed.

"Yes," replied Dagobert, in a tone that convinced her he was in earnest.

When she had given him the scissors he cut the sheet into four lengths, and tying them together, made a rope of about twenty feet long. He then put it, together with the iron bar, in a sack.

"Now," said he, "I must have a strong iron hook."

"You will wait for Agricola?" said the Mayeux, in a state of great alarm.

"Yes, if he comes before ten o'clock."

"You are, then, quite decided."

"Quite; and yet, if I were simple enough to believe in omens."

"Sometimes, sir, omens do not deceive us," said the Mayeux, with a view of turning him from his dangerous enterprise. "But," continued she, "what omen have you had?"

"I will tell you. As I was passing through the streets a short time ago, I saw on a large red bill the representation of an enormous black panther, in the act of devouring a white horse. At this sight, my dear Mayeux, my blood was all on fire, for I had an old favourite white horse, that was killed by a black panther. Well, on reading this bill, I found that it announced that one Morok, a beast tamer, who had just arrived from Germany, would exhibit his collection of wild animals, among which there was a very large black panther from the island of Java. Now, this was the very animal that killed my old white horse. And," continued he, while his features became dark and gloomy, "it was this same Morok that caused my children and me to be imprisoned at Leipsic."

"This is indeed an evil omen," said the Mayeux.

"Aye, for this wretch, if I should chance to meet him"

At this moment, Agricola entered.

"Ah!" said Dagobert, "I am glad you have arrived. Come, furnish me with an iron hook."

"Have you," said Agricola "seen the Count de Mortbron?"

"No, he left Paris three days ago, to go to Lorraine; that is my good news," said he, bitterly, "now, let us hear yours."

"I went," said Agricola, "to the magistrate that received your deposition; he heard very patiently what I had to say, and when I concluded, told me, 'he was very sorry, but that he could not, on such slender information, violate the privacy of a convent.'"

"I thought so," said Dagobert, "the law can render us no assistance; now, we must try and help ourselves."

A new incident here occurred that added to the affliction of this painful scene.

CHAPTER XI.—THE DISCOVERY.

Scarcely had Agricola seated himself, than Madame Baudoin, pale and trembling, appeared at the threshold of her own door. Entering unobserved by Dagobert, Agricola, or the Mayeux, who were all absorbed in reflection, she advanced a few steps into the room, fell upon her knees, clasped her hands, and said, in a feeble voice, "My poor, my good husband, pardon me."

At these words the three inmates started to their feet in astonishment; Agricola was instantly at his mother's side, as were immediately afterwards Dagobert and the Mayeux.

"Rise, rise, my good mother," said Agricola, affectionately.

"No, my child," she replied, "I will not

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rise till your father pardons me. I have done him much wrong. Unfortunately, I did not know I was doing so till the evil was committed; but now I know all."

"Pardon you, my poor wife?" said Dagobert, with emotion, "did I ever accuse you except in a moment of frenzy? No, no; I accused only vile and unprincipled priests; and I was right. You are here now, that's one comfort; it is the relief of one bitter pang. Come, my dear wife, and sit by the fire; how cold you are!"

The blacksmith ran to the bed, drew off the counterpane, rolled it round his mother's feet and knees; then taking her thin and sallow hands in his, he began to rub them, and to warm them with his breath.

Nothing could be more touching than this picture. To see Agricola, whose energetic and robust countenance was imprinted with an expression of admirable tenderness, while he was engaged in delicate attentions towards his pale and trembling mother.

Dagobert, attentive like his son, ran for a bolster, and placed it behind her head.

"You actually spoil me," said the poor woman, trying to smile; then, disengaging her hands, and taking hold of Dagobert's arm, she added, her eyes filled with tears, "Ah, my dear husband, I bitterly repented all when in prison. Poor Gabriel, who is closely confined, and had been forbidden to see me, opened my eyes to my weakness, and showed me how wrong I had acted towards you."

"Ah, my dear mother, you did right to follow the counsel of Gabriel, for he is indeed an angel, pure and devoted; the type of a true and good priest."

"Ah, my poor wife," said Dagobert, "would that you never had had any other confessor than Gabriel."

"Alas, it would have been fortunate if our conversation had taken place before, for what I told him respecting the Abbé Dubois awoke his suspicions. He asked me many questions on things of which he had never before spoken; and, on our telling our secrets, we made sad, sad discoveries respecting those whom we had always thought good and holy, and who had caused us to deceive each other unknowingly."

"How was that?"

"He was told as a secret wishes and instructions, which were stated to be mine; and I, on the other hand, was told his. He avowed to me that he never wished to be a priest, and I was told that that was his only desire, and that our spiritual welfare, depended upon my gratifying his wishes. Then what could I do; thinking that it was his wish, I consented."

"This is horrible," said Agricola; "it is an infamous act, that reflects a stigma on those who committed it."

"Well," continued Madame Baudoin, "when I told Gabriel what I had done, at the instigation of the Abbé Dubois, with the daughters of Marshal Simon, he blamed me, told me that I ought to have consulted you; then he censured, in severe language, the conduct of the Abbé. Poor Gabriel would have accompanied me—for I assure you, my dear husband, that I was afraid to come home alone—but, unfortunately, he could not, as he had received strict orders not to leave the seminary. He—"

Dagobert, who seemed much agitated at the recital, interrupted his wife, and said: "One word, Françoise—for in the midst of so many dark and diabolical deeds the memory fails one. The day that the children disappeared, I think you told me that when you found Gabriel he had a medal round his neck, and upon him a portfolio filled with papers written in a foreign language, and that you gave them to your confessor."

"Yes, my husband."

"And did Gabriel never speak to you of this medal?"

"No."

Agricola listened attentively, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Gabriel then has the same interest as the daughters of Marshal Simon and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in being at the Rue St. Francis to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Dagobert; "and now do you remember what he said on my arrival, that he would require our assistance in a circumstance of the gravest nature."

"Yes, father," said Agricola.

"He is kept a prisoner; and he has told your mother that he had cause for being dissatisfied with his superiors. Now I understand all. He is, like Rose and Blanche, like Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and, perhaps, like ourselves, the victim of wicked and designing priests. Now that I know their dark and perfidious deeds, I—but no, no," he added, in agitation, "we must be strong, indeed, to cope with them; I had no idea of their power."

"You are right, my father," said Agricola, "for those who are wicked and hypocritical can do more evil than the upright and holy, such as Gabriel, can do good. There is not a more implacable enemy than a bad priest."

"Yes; the very idea of my poor children being in their hands frightens me; but we must not abandon them without a struggle. No, no; no weakness; still I must avow that, since your mother has exposed their diabolical acts I feel weaker and less resolute."

A silence ensued, which was broken by the Mayeux, who entered, bringing with her additional fuel, which she had borrowed from the good Father Loriot.

"Here's a letter, Monsieur Dagobert,

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said the Mayeux, "which the dyer gave me for you."

"Open it, my son," said Dagobert, "and see what it is. I am too confused to read it."

Agricola took the letter, and read as follows:—

"At sea, Dec. 25, 1831.

"I embrace the opportunity afforded me by the meeting of a vessel that is going direct to Europe, to write, my old comrade, a few lines in haste, which will inform you that I will probably be at Havre before my last letters from India reach Paris, where you ought to be at present with my wife and child. Read this note, I cannot finish. The vessel is going off. One word in haste: forget not the 13th of February. The future prospects of my wife and child depend upon you. Adieu, my old and faithful friend. "SIMON."

"Agricola, Agricola, your father," cried the Mayeux.

As soon as Agricola had read a few words of the letter, which related to the circumstance that so much harassed the old soldier, Dagobert became deathly pale, staggered, and would have fallen had not his son caught him in his arms. This weakness, however, was only momentary, for passing his hand across his forehead, he raised himself to his full height, his eyes sparkled, his countenance assumed an expression of resolution, and he cried out, with savage exultation—"No, no; I shall never be a traitor, nor shall I ever prove a coward. The black robe no longer frightens me, and, before day-break, Rose and Blanche will be delivered."

(*To be continued*).

KOHLHAAS, THE HORSE DEALER.

In their fictions the Germans always accomplish things that astonish the English. We dare venture to say the idea of making a dealer of horseflesh the hero of a tale would have occurred to no writer in this country. The incidents in the history of such a character are no doubt remarkable enough, but the meanness of the truths with which it is associated in England would effectually have saved it from *hero-ism* in a work of fiction.

We find, however, in the Foreign Library, a very curious historical story of the time of Luther, and propose submitting an epitome of it to our readers.

On the banks of the Hafel, about the middle of the sixteenth century, lived Michael Kohlhaas, a farmer and horse dealer. He reached his thirteenth year with the character of a good citizen. At that period a gentleman, one Squire Wenzel von Tronka, succeeded to the possession of a stately castle and estate by the Elbe, on which he had chosen to erect a toll-bar, at which one day Michael and his horses were stopped, and a *groschen* demanded for passing. After some hesitation and parley, Kohlhaas paid it; but no sooner had he passed than he met with another interruption, the castellan demanding his passport; and the worthy horse-dealer required an interview with the squire himself, and found him in his hall, with some boon companions. They all rise professedly to look at his horses, and after seeing them, talk about their price, but do not purchase. Michael prepares to depart, is stopped on the pretence of the passport, nor is he suffered to go without leaving in pledge two of his horses, to which some of the party had taken a fancy. Arriving at Dresden shortly afterwards, and applying at the secretary's office, Kohlhaas finds that "the story about the passport is a mere fable," and receives a certificate to that effect. He conceives that what had happened was only "the thin squire's jest." At last he finds that both his horses and his man have been exceedingly ill-used in his absence. Instead of his sleek, well-fed blacks, they presented a picture of animal misery. They had been used as draught cattle in the fields, and nearly starved. A quarrel ensued, and Kohlhaas refused to take them back. His servant, moreover, showed that he had been grievously and wantonly injured defending his master's property. Kohlhaas sends him to bed that he may get well of his wounds, and makes up his determination to have justice, in which he is fully corroborated by his wife, Lisbeth, and accordingly sets out for Dresden, to bring his complaint before the proper tribunal. Failing there, he, afterwards, by the advice and assistance of the town governor, lays his case before the elector of Brandenburg; but gains a rebuke as "a vexatious litigant." His horses, meanwhile, are still employed by the squire in field labour. Distressed and irritated he seeks revenge. His wife Lisbeth suggests a petition to the sovereign himself. She presses it on too boldly, and is repelled with a lance. The blow proves fatal; she dies; and Kohlhaas, more eager for vengeance than ever, now drew up a decree, in which, by virtue of his own will, he condemned the Squire Wenzel von Tronka, within three days after the sight thereof, to bring back to Kohlhaasenbrück the horses which he had taken, and which he had spoiled by field-work, and to feed them in person in his stables until they were restored to their good condition. This paper he conveyed by a messenger on horseback, whom he instructed to return to Kohlhaasenbrück immediately after he had delivered it. The three days passed, and no horses having been delivered, he

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called Herse his man, informed him of the notice he had given to the squire concerning the feeding, and asked him which of two things he would do: whether he would go with him to the Tronkenburg, and fetch the squire, or whether, when he was brought, he would hold the whip over him, in case he should prove lazy in obeying the decree in the Kohlhaasenbrück stables. Herse shouted out, "Let us begin to-day, master," and, flinging his cap into the air, swore that he would have a thong twisted into ten knots to teach the art of currying. Kohlhaas sold his house, sent his children in a vehicle over the border, called, in addition to Herse, the rest of his servants, seven in number, and all as true as steel, at the approach of night, armed themselves, mounted, and set off for the Tronkenburg.

Kohlhaas commenced the work of vengeance, burning down the castle, slaying the castellan and the bailiff with their wives and children, and seeking everywhere for the squire, who, however, found shelter in the convent of Erlabrunn: whereupon Kohlhass called upon the whole country to give no assistance to Squire Von Tronka, with whom he was engaged in lawful war, and bound every inhabitant, not excepting his friends and relations, to deliver up the aforesaid squire under the penalty of life and limb, and conflagration of all that might be called property.

A declaration to this effect he distributed through the country. To his servant, Waldmann, he gave a copy with the special charge that it was to be put into the hands of the Lady Antonia, at Erlabrunn. He afterwards gained over some of the Tronkenburg servants, who were discontented with the squire, and tempted by the prospect of booty, wished to enter his service. These he armed after the fashion of infantry with daggers and cross-bars, teaching them to sit behind the servants on horseback. After having turned into money all that the troops had raked together, and divided the cash among them, he rested from his sad occupation for some hours, under the gate of the castle.

He continued to pursue a course of incendiarism. His band increased—he sought his victim everywhere—and his power became fearful. His daring was great; his successes many.

Luther, deeming him to be fearfully misled, sought to recall him to duty. He caused a placard, worded as follows, to be set up in all the towns and villages of the electorate: "Kohlhaas—thou who pretendest that thou art deputed to wield the sword of justice, what art thou doing, presumptuous one, in the madness of thy blind passion, thou art filled with injustice from the crown of thy head to the sole of thy foot? Because thy sovereign, whose subject thou art, hath refused thee justice, dost thou arise in, godless man, the cause of worldly good, with fire and sword, and break in, like the wolf of the desert, upon the peaceful community that he protecteth. Thou who misleadest mankind by a declaration full of untruth and craftiness, dost thou believe, sinner that thou art, the same pretext will avail thee before God on that day when the recesses of every heart shall be revealed? How canst thou say that justice has been denied—thou, whose savage heart, excited by an evil spirit of self-revenge, entirely gave up the trouble of seeking it after the failure of thy first trivial endeavours? Is a bench of beadles and tipstaffs, who intercept letters, or keep to themselves the knowledge they should communicate, the power that ruleth? Must I tell thee, impious man, that thy ruler knoweth nothing of thy affair? What do I say? Why, that the sovereign against whom thou rebellest doth not even know thy name, and that when thou appearest before the throne of God, thinking to accuse him, he with a serene countenance will say: 'Lord, to this man did I do no wrong, for his existence is strange unto my soul.' Know that the sword that thou bearest is the sword of robbery and murder; thou art a rebel, and no warrior of the just God. Thine end upon earth is the wheel and the gallows, and thine end hereafter is that condemnation which threateneth the work of evil and impiety."

This produced an interview between him and Luther, in consequence of which the latter prevailed on the elector to grant an amnesty; and, then, Kohlhaas dismissed his band, gave up his property to the state, and repaired to Dresden to renew his suit, in the legal form. Justice, however, halted, and ultimately an improper use was made of a provisional guard set upon his person. Kohlhaas being declared a prisoner, the amnesty was broken. A popular prejudice had gained ground against him, arising from a singular yet natural accident. A knacker had by order brought the horses in question to Döbblen, but in a condition so hopeless, that Squire Wenzel himself failed to recognise them. Kohlhaas was called upon to identify them, which he did.

The chamberlain had no sooner heard what Kohlhaas said, than he approached the knacker with a hurried step, that made the plume of his helmet shake, and flung him a purse full of gold; and while the man, with the purse in his hand, was staring at his money, and was combing back his hair with a leaden comb, he ordered his servant to detach the horses, and lead them home. The servant, who, at his master's call, had left a circle of friends and relatives in the crowd, went up to the horses in a large puddle, with a face somewhat

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crimson. Scarcely, however, had he touched the halter, than his cousin Master Himboldt, with the words "you shall not touch that carrion," seized his arm, and flung him from the cart. He added, picking his way over the puddle to the chamberlain, who stood dumb with astonishment, that he must get a knacker's boy to perform such an office for him. The chamberlain, who, foaming with rage, gazed for a moment at Himboldt, turned round, and called after the guard over the heads of the knights who were about him. As soon as, by the order of Baron von Wenk, an officer with some electoral troopers had made his appearance from the castle, he declared him, after briefly setting forth the shameful acts of rebellion which the burghers of the city ventured on, instantly to take the ringleader, Master Himboldt, into custody. Then seizing Himboldt by the collar, he accused him of flinging from the cart the servant who, by his orders, was unbinding the horses, and otherwise ill-using him. Master Himboldt, throwing off the chamberlain with a dexterous twist, said: "Gracious sir, telling a fellow of twenty what he ought to do, is not inciting him to rebellion. Ask him whether, against all usages and propriety, he will meddle with those horses that are tied up to the cart. If he will, after what I have told him, why be it so! For all that I care, he may flay them on the spot if he pleases." Upon this the chamberlain turned to the servant, and asked whether he had any objection to ful-

his commands; namely, to untie Kohlhaas's horses, and take them home. The lad timidly slinking among the burghers. answered that the horses must be made decent before he could do anything of the sort; whereupon the chamberlain darted after him, tore off his hat, which bore the badge of his house, trampled it under foot, drew his sword, and hunting the fellow about with furious strokes of the blade, which made him at once quit the spot and his service together. "Strike the ruffian to the ground!" shouted Master Himboldt, and while the burghers, indignant at the spectacle, combined together and forced away the guard, he knocked down the chamberlain from behind, tore off his mantle, collar, and helmet, twisted the sword out of his hand, and furiously flung it to a distance. In vain did Squire Wenzel, saving himself from the tumult, call on the knights to assist his cousin; before they could advance a step they were dispersed by the pressure of the people, so that the chamberlain, who had hurt his head by the fall, was exposed to all the fury of the mob. Nothing could have saved him but the appearance of a troop of soldiers who happened to be riding by, and whom the officer of the electoral troopers called to his assistance. This officer, after repelling the multitude, seized the enraged Himboldt, who was conducted to prison by some knights, while two friends picked up from the ground the unfortunate chamberlain all covered with blood, and took him home. Such was the unlucky termination of the really well-meant and honest attempt to repair the wrong which had been done to the horse-dealer. The knacker of Döbbeln, whose business was over, and who did not want to stop any longer, tied the horses to a lamp-post as soon as the people began to disperse, and there they stood all day without any one to care about them—a jest for the loiterers in the street. Indeed, for the want of all other attendance, the police was obliged to take them in hand, and towards night called upon the knacker of Dresden to keep them in the yard before the town till further directions. The occurrence, though the horse-dealer had nothing to do with it, awakened among the better and more temperate sort of people, a feeling which was highly unfavourable to his cause. The relation in which he stood to the state was considered quite insufferable; and both in private houses and in public places, the opinion was expressed that it would be better to do him a manifest injustice, and again annul the whole affair, than show him justice in such a small matter, merely to gratify his obstinacy, especially as such justice would only be the reward of his deeds of violence.

A member of Kohlhaas's late band took upon himself to get together some of his former companions. This made bad worse. Kohlhaas, believed to be connected with Nagelschmidt, the bandit, just mentioned, to which, after a time, he was not disinclined, the horse-dealer, was thrown into the city prison, heavily laden with chains, proceedings being commenced against him, on the ground of his letters of acceptance. He was finally condemned to have his flesh torn with hot pincers, and his body quartered and burned between the wheel and the gallows. The elector of Brandenburg interfered to claim him as his subject, and accordingly Kohlhaas was, with his five children, conveyed to Berlin. On the road, the *cortège* fell in with the elector of Saxony and his wife, the lady Heloise, at Herzberg; who, with their hunting party, were feasting in the open air. An interview which the royal party have with the accused, blends with the narrative the mysterious interest of an unexplained secret, connected with a little leaden case, suspended from Michael's neck with a silken thread, and given to him under peculiar circumstances by a gipsy woman. This talisman so affects the elector, that he suffers a fit of apoplexy. On recovering, he

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shows great anxiety to get possession of the apparently worthless slip of paper, and employs a page to follow Kohlhaas, with an offer of life and liberty as the price of it, but this Michael stubbornly refuses. The legal proceedings against himself, and those against the squire, meanwhile, progress simultaneously. The former the elector of Saxony seeks to stay, that he may have time to get hold of the important document; failing in which, he falls into a new illness; for the paper contains a prophecy concerning the fortunes of his house, which the gipsy had written at his own request, but, out of apparent caprice, had given to Kohlhaas. On hearing this account, the chamberlain of the elector undertakes the business in which the page had failed. He finds at Berlin an old rag-woman, answering to the same description well enough, to suggest the idea of his palming her off on Kohlhaas for the gipsy herself, that she, by stratagem, may get from him the paper. She is, indeed, the same identical woman; nay, Kohlhaas "remarked a singular likeness between her and his deceased wife Lisbeth."

The story concludes, as was not uncommon in the time of Cervantes, without explaining this mysterious business. It thus proceeds:—

At last the portentous Monday arrived, on which he was to atone to the world for his too hasty attempt to procure justice, and still the city was in general commotion not being able to give up the hope that some decree would yet come to save him. Accompanied by a strong guard, and with his two boys in his arms—a favour he had expressly asked at the bar of the tribunal—he was stepping from the gate of his prison, led by Jacob Freysing, when, through the midst of a mournful throng of acquaintance who shook hands with him and bade him farewell, the castellan of the electoral castle pressed forward to him with a disturbed countenance, and gave him a note which he said he had received from an old woman. Kohlhaas, while he looked upon the man with astonishment, opened the note, the seal of which, impressed on a wafer, reminded him of the well-known gipsy. Who can describe his astonishment when he read as follows:—

"Kohlhaas—The elector of Saxony is in Berlin. He is gone before thee to the place of execution; and thou mayest know him, if, indeed, it concerns thee, by a hat with blue and white feathers. I need not tell thee the purpose for which he comes. As soon as thou art buried, he will dig up the case, and have the paper opened which it contains.

"Thy Elizabeth."

Kohlhaas, turning to the castellan in the greatest astonishment, asked him if he knew the wonderful woman who had given him the note. The castellan began to answer: "Kohlhaas, the woman ——" but he stopped short in the middle of his speech; and Kohlhaas, being carried along by the train, which proceeded at this moment, could not hear what the man, who seemed to tremble in every limb, was saying to him. When he came to the place of execution, he found the elector of Brandenburg on horseback there, with his train, among whom was the chancellor Heinrich von Geusau, in the midst of an immense concourse of people. To the right of the elector stood the imperial advocate, Franz Müller, with a copy of the sentence in his hand, while on his left, with the decree of the Dresden Court chamber, was his own advocate, the jurist Anton Zäuner. In the midst of the half-open circle formed by the people, was a herald with a bundle of things and the two horses, now sleek and in good condition, beating the ground with their hoofs. For the chancellor Henry had carried every point of the suit, which in the name of his master, he had commenced at Dresden against Squire Wenzel von Tronka; and consequently the horses, after they had been restored to honour by the ceremony of waving a flag over their heads, had been taken out of the hands of the flayer, and, having been fattened by the squire's men, had been handed over to the advocate in the Dresden market, in the presence of a commission appointed for that purpose. Therefore, the elector, when Kohlhaas, attended by the guard, ascended the court to him, said: "Now, Kohlhaas, this is the day on which you have justice. Here I give you back all which you were forced to lose at the Tronkenburg, your horses, handkerchief, money, linen, and the expenses for medical attendance on your man, Herse, who fell at Mülberg. Are you content with me?" Kohlhaas, while with open, sparkling eyes, he read over the decree which was put into his hands, at a hint from the chancellor, put down the two children whom he carried, and when he found in it an article, by which Squire Wenzel was condemned to be imprisoned for two years, quite overcome by his feelings, he threw himself down before the elector, with his hands crossed on his breast. Joyfully assuring the chancellor, as he arose, and laying his hands on his bosom, that his highest wish on earth was fulfilled, he went up to the horses, examined them, and patted their fat cheeks, cheerfully telling the chancellor, as he returned to him, that he made a present of them to his two sons, Henry and Leopold. The chancellor, Henry von Geusau, bending down to him from his horse with a friendly aspect, promised him, in the name of

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the elector, that his last bequest should be held sacred, and requested him to dispose of the other things in the bundle according to his pleasure. Upon this Kohlhaas called out of the mob Herse's old mother, whom he perceived in the square, and giving her the things, said, "Here, mother, this belongs to you," adding, at the same time, the sum which was in the bundle, to pay damages, as a comfort for her old days. The elector then cried, "Now, Kohlhaas, the horse-dealer, thou to whom satisfaction has been accorded, prepare and give satisfaction thyself for the breach of the public peace." Kohlhaas, taking off his hat, and throwing it down, said, that he was ready, and giving the children, after he had once more lifted them up and pressed them to his heart, to the farmer of Kohlhaashenbrück, he stepped up to the block, while the farmer, silently weeping, led the children from the place. He then took the handkerchief from his neck, and opened his doublet, when taking a cursory glance at the circle of people, he perceived, at a short distance from himself, between two knights, who nearly concealed him, the well-known man with blue and white plumes. Kohlhaas, bringing himself close to him by a sudden step, which astonished the surrounding guard, took the case from his breast. Taking the paper out, he opened it, read it, and fixing his eye upon the man with the plume, who began to entertain hopes, put it into his mouth and swallowed it. At this sight the man with the blue and white feathers fell down in convulsions. Kohlhaas, while the man's astonished attendants stooped down and raised him from the ground, turned to the scaffold, where his head fell beneath the axe of the executioner. Thus ends the history of Kohlhaas. The corpse was put into a coffin, amid the general lamentations of the people. While the bearers were raising it to bury it decently in the suburban churchyard, the elector called to him the sons of the deceased, and dubbed them knights, declaring to the chancellor, that they should be brought up in his school of pages. The elector of Saxony, wounded in mind and body, soon returned to Dresden, and the rest concerning him must be sought in history. As for Kohlhaas, some of his descendants, brave, joyous people, were living in Mecklenburg in the last century.

The prize for the English essay, "On the abuse of Political Theories," given by Trinity College, Cambridge, has been adjudged to the honourable William Frederick Campbell, eldest son of Lord Campbell and Lady Stratheden.

IMPORTANCE OF GRAMMAR.

In the introduction to an old Oxford Latin Grammar, it is elegantly said that "Grammar is the sacrist that bears the key of knowledge, by whom alone admittance can be had to the temple of the muses and treasures of the arts." Bishop Lowth, the father of English Grammar, styles it "the basis on which all literature ought to rest." Is it because difficulties present themselves that *these* assurances have no weight, that grammar is so little sought after and so seldom acquired? Let it be remembered, that he who shrinks from difficulties in a necessary pursuit, is wanting in vigour and manliness. In our day the difficulties attending the study of grammar are so few as not to be worth enumeration. Sidney, in his Defence of Poesy, indeed, tells us that "it was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue." But this was only true when our language was in its infancy, and our learned men wrote in Latin, and constructed English grammars for Latin scholars. No one of any pretensions to sense and industry can complain of inability to acquire grammar. When Theon asked of Epicurus—"Who can hope to rival Zeno?" "You!" answered the sage. "Why should you not? you have innocence—you have sensibility—you have enthusiasm—you have ambition. With what better promise could Zeno begin his career? Courage, my son. Without confidence Homer had never written his Illiad—no, nor would Zeno now be worshipped in his portico."

No subject possesses greater facilities for study than grammar. If Lavater, Blumenbach, and Gall beheld their sciences in every face and frame and head, the grammarian is not less surrounded by the materials of his art, for in privacy sentences issue from himself, and in public they fall on his ear.

No department of knowledge is like grammar. A person may conceal his ignorance of any other art—but every time he speaks, he publishes his ignorance of this. Other arts may be practised occasionally, but the art of speaking must be practised continually. Is it not strange that what all must do hourly, few care to do correctly? There can be no greater imputation on the intelligence of any man, than that he should talk from the cradle to the tomb, and never talk well.

What is more mortifying than to see persons with laudable pretensions, men of fine forms and sonorous voices, incapable of constructing half a dozen sentences grammatically. It is humiliating to reflect that they, for whom nature has done so much,

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should do so little for themselves. They resemble the fabled apples of Pandæmonium—tempting and fair to the sight, but bitter ashes on the taste. How severe is the reproach of Shelley, in the following passage in his letters from Rome:—"I have seen women here of the highest beauty; their brows and lips, and the moulding of the face modelled with sculptural exactness, and the dark luxuriance of their hair floating over their fine complexions—and their lips—'you must hear the common-places which escape from them before they cease to be dangerous.'"

To acquire grammar, resolution is all that is wanted. Not that vacillating thing made in one hour and forgotten the next, but a resolution possessing a little persistency, a determination that *cannot* make excuses, and that *will not* see difficulties. There is no art or science can baffle this. The Rev. Mr. Gillepsie, of America, in his "Lectures to Young Men, on the Formation of Character," says very forcibly, "*I can't do it*" never did anything—'*I'll try*' has worked wonders—and '*I will do it*' has performed prodigies."

The acquisition of grammar is indispensable, and ought to be the first of all undertakings. It is a glorious advantage, and introduces its possessor to the noblest of all republics—the republic of literature.

He who has not energy for the acquirement of grammar ought to suspect himself. It is a question of choice between present application and lasting incapacity—between the industry of a few weeks and the blunders of a whole life.—*Holyoakes' Practical Grammar.*

The Gatherer.

The Grand Opera at Paris.—A company of capitalists in Paris, has proposed to the French Government, a plan for the erection, at its cost, of a definitive hall for the Grand Opera, in the fine locality of the *Champs Elysées.* They require, that the minister shall give up to them the present theatre as an indemnity—and this they propose to pull down for the purpose of building on its site eight or ten hotels, which will, they say, be worth 20,000,000fr.

General Monk and his Wife.—The restorer of Charles II, afterwards duke of Albemarle, had a low-bred shrew of a wife. With such a duchess, in the midst of his prosperity, he could not have been very happy. Speaking of the termagant, Anne Clerges, Pepys wrote, "The duke has sorry company—dirty dishes, bad meat, and a nasty wife at table."

Show you have a Heart.—In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another, of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by our interest in his toy; the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too); the labourer cheered upon his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect; and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give!—*Tupper.*

On the Subscription to Mr. Rowland Hill, to requite him for the Penny Postage Scheme, reaching Ten Thousand Pounds.

For being useful to mankind,
That Hill would lose men were afraid,
But, fortunately, now we find
That he will be at last *post-paid.*

Ten thousand pounds chagrin must cure,
From those who owe themselves his debtors,
Would that a like reward were sure
For all deserving *men of letters.*

The Lawyer and the Baker.—An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what *you* may say to your foreman, but it's not the way *I* make my bread."

Proof of the Value of Christianity.—The late Dr. Mason once said to an infidel who was scoffing at christianity because of the misconduct of its professors—"Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the path of morality?" The infidel admitted that he did not. "Then don't you see (said Dr. Mason), that by expecting the professors of christianity to be holy you admit it to be a holy religion. and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power."

Effects of Light and Darkness on Solutions.—If a solution of mineral chameleon be made in the dark it does not undergo any change for many hours—whilst a similar solution will, if exposed to sunshine, precipitate heavily almost immediately.

"*The Dance of Death.*"—The other day, in Hull, it was annonnced that the "Grand United Funeral Society" would celebrate its anniversary with a ball!

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Law of Marriage.—The Rev. J. Daniel, incumbent of East Ardsley, has sent to the *Wakefield Journal* the following decision of the registrar-general, conveyed to him recently, in answer to a reference which he felt it his duty to make:—"A clergyman is not legally bound to marry parties under the authority of the superintendent registrar's certificate, unless one of them be resident within his parish."

Modern Improvement.—According to Mr. Chadwick, the allowance of substantial food per week stands in the following proportion:—The transported thief, 320 ounces; the thief convicted, 239; the suspected thief, 181; the soldier, 161; the able-bodied pauper, 151; the independent labourer, 122.

The Process of Fertilising Land.—By analysing the ashes of plants, we learn what we must add or replace, in order to restore the original fertility of the soil. Africa and Peru supply us with the mineral elements of bread and flesh in the shape of guano; and chemical works now produce the other mineral substances which are indispensable to turnips and potatoes.—*Liebig.*

Sermons not to be Hurried.—The Bishop of Exeter has, on a recent occasion, pronounced against extempory preaching. Deans of former times wrote their sermons over and over again. Mr. Homer says:—"The editor of Massillon's Lent Sermons, regards it as a prodigy that he finished a discourse in so short a time as ten or twelve days. This eminent preacher sometimes rewrote a single sermon fifteen or even twenty times. A distinguished scholar in our own land rewrote the most useful of his sermons, thirteen or fourteen times, and laboured in connexion with a literary friend two whole days on as many sentences. A living divine, who has been called the prince of our pulpit orators, spent a fortnight on a single discourse, which has already accomplisced more good than four thousand sermons which were written by another of our pastors, at at the rate of two a week. On the blank leaf of one of Dr. Griffin's manuscripts, it appeared that his discourse had been preached ninety times. Thus it had been touched and re-touched, reviewed and re-written, till so far as the author's power availed, it was perfected."

Remedy for Burns.—At an inquest held lately, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, said, the best application to burns was pure flour. He wrote a book twenty years ago descriptive of its efficacy. As soon as the incrustation which the flour formed fell off, the wounds also disappeared. In fact, it acted like a charm.

Henry VIII was the first king of England who received the title of majesty. Before his reign the sovereigns were usually addressed "my liege," and "your grace." The latter epithet was originally conferred on Henry IV. "Excellent grace," was given to Henry VI; "most high and mighty prince," to Edward IV; "highness," to Henry VII; which last expression, and sometimes "grace," was used to Henry VIII. About the end of this reign all titles were absorbed by that of "majesty," by which Francis I addressed him at their interview in 1520. James I. coupled to this title the present "sacred," or "most excellent majesty."

How to make a Plum-Pudding.—Mrs. Bunbury, in her rides in the Pyrenees, with a lady who gave her the following information, at this season of the year, the subject of the composition of the English plum-pudding:—"'You have [illegible] call *plomb puddin*; and do you know they make that? Ah! I know all that.' They take a great cauldron, and put it on the fire the first thing in the morning, into that they pour a great quantity of *eau de vie*, and then take a vast piece of fat of the beef, the pure fat, and put that also; and they thicken it with flour—and—what else do you put in your *plomb puddin*, madame?' 'Eggs,' I replied, with much verity. 'Ah! yes, an enormous number of eggs, they put to all that, and [illegible]—what else, madame, do you put in your *plomb puddin*?' 'Fruit.' 'Ah! certainly, fruit of all kinds; they chop them too, *all kinds*, and put them into the cauldron, and they stir all up well together, and let it from morning to evening, and then put it out into a great basin.

Enormous Increase.—The produce of a single potatoe has been dug up at Scarborough, near Scarborough, consisting of one hundred and thirty-four potatoes, of all size, the largest weighed 3lbs. 4oz., a dozen of the next best weighed 2lbs. The weight of the whole was four pounds; fourteen pounds to the [illegible]

Foreign Wheat.—It is stated that the maximum duty of 20s. per quarter will be monthly, upon 20,000 quarters of foreign wheat, by importers.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mary's" stanzas are smooth, but [illegible] innocent of meaning that we decline publishing them.

The letter of "Fitz Hardy" we have not seen.

"J. B.'s" hints will not be neglected.

"K's" approbation affords us pleasure. Important changes will soon be announced.

The charades of "Henry" are too frivolous.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 25.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844. [Vol. 2, 1844.

GAY'S MONUMENT.

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MONUMENT OF GAY.

The life of the poet Gay has so often been written, that it need not be here repeated. His tomb in Westminster Abbey, of which a representation is given herewith, is a costly pile, far surpassing those designed to perpetuate many a greater name. It is not a little singular that he owes this distinction to the aristocracy whom his satire had so often assailed. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury bore the expense of its erection.

Few rest within those venerable walls, of whom more is recorded to their praise "in lasting stone." The well known epitaph, written by his friend, Pope, gives him credit for almost all the virtues which could adorn humanity.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child,
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation on a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great.
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours; not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good may say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies Gay.'"

This would be enough to satisfy most lovers of posthumous commendation, but even this is far surpassed by its prose accompaniment.

"Here lye the ashes of Mr. John Gay,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man.
Independency
In low circumstance of fortune,
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age.
And that equal serenity of mind,
Which conscious greatness alone can give,
Through the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to every elegant art.
Refined in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own.
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His works continue to inspire
What his example taught.
Contempt of folly, however adorned,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgraced."

It is curious to find all this refinement ascribed to the writer of "The Beggar's Opera;" and "The Beggar's Opera," be it remembered, not as it is now performed, for modern delicacy has taken liberties with which it is likely Gay would have considered greatly deteriorated his play. That celebrated production, which, by the bye, when first offered to Drury-lane Theatre was rejected, whatever its merits, assuredly did not carry the town by storm, from the exquisite refinement which it evinced; and it may further be remarked, that the "independency" so largely eulogised did not prevent the poet from striving most assiduously for court favour. It is more than probable that his independence was the offspring of failure in this respect. His general merit, however, as an author, —his ballads and his captivating and instructive fables, gave him a claim to be ranked among those who have added at once to the renown and utility of British Literature.

How to forge Bank of England Notes.—A young friend of mine, who has recently returned from London, assured me that he had discovered a simple method of making a permanent engraving on a metallic plate, of Daguerreotype likeness or sketch. On making the discovery (the nature of which he explained to me), being then in London, his application for a patent in England was enrolled, after which he was compelled to specify in six months, or lose his right to the discovery. When the time was nearly expired, he was seized with an hæmorrhage of the lungs, which prevented his specifying; whereupon a Frenchman stepped in, and secured a patent for a similar process. He showed me a finely-engraved letter seal, copied by this process from an original engraving, made by a first-rate artist in London. He says that, by this singular discovery he copied several Bank of England notes upon metallic plates, by merely reflecting the light from them to the plates, as is done in taking miniatures, and by a simple chemical process converted them into permanent engraved plates, and then proceeded to take impressions from them, which exhibited a striking and remarkably exact likeness to the originals, even showing the waved lines in the paper. He tells me he entertains no doubt but the process is known in France, and that the 100*l.* counterfeit notes offered at the Bank of England were executed by it. So exact were the counterfeits, that the Bank actually paid some of them, and only accidentally discovered the second or third note by a genuine note of the same number, letter, and date, being offered at the same time. My friend thinks that when the plate is once thus accurately formed, it might be made more perfect if necessary, by receiving slight touches from a skilful engraver. He thinks there is not a bank bill in existence but what can, by skilful management, be so perfectly counterfeited, as to defy the detection of the bank which issued it. He supposes there can be but one probable mode of prevention, and that is, to have the bill crossed or printed transversely, with a variety of strong colours.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

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LIFE OF MESMER—HIS EARLY LOVE EXPERIMENTS.

After the astonishing statements lately furnished by Miss Martineau of the effects of mesmerism, as she has given us breathing time—not by ceasing to write on the subject, but by declining to bring forward further proofs, and applying herself merely to arguing on the claims the science has to attention—some notices of the author of the system may not be unacceptable.

Dr. Anthony Mesmer was a native of Austria, and studied in the university of Vienna. He was poor, and the hypothesis which he ventured to start of an electric, or, as he afterwards called it, a magnetic fluid, got him the name of a quack. At Paris, however, he met with better treatment. The establishment of a mesmerian school gave him wealth and celebrity.

A romantic story is told of his progress in the science. He was enamoured of a lady of rank, and, on his return to Vienna, he sought her, where he had expected to find her, in the Prater, in vain. Incensed at his failure, he stamped with vexation, when (we abridge from the *Court Journal*), suddenly turning through one of the thick clusters of trees which adorn the Prater, he beheld a young female seated on the grass. She was very pretty, but pale, and evidently suffering under the languor consequent on protracted illness. Mesmer fixed his eyes earnestly upon her. The young lady modestly cast down hers, but continued to sit motionless as a statue.

Advancing, and gently taking her hand, he said—"You seem to be ill?" "I am," she replied, in a faint tone of voice. "I am a doctor," resumed Mesmer, "and if you are disposed to follow my directions, I think I might assist your recovery; whilst you, in your turn, may render me a very great service." "How?" inquired the young woman, with an expression of astonishment. "Merely by remaining seated where you are, and looking steadfastly in my face." The girl timidly raised her eyes, and fixed them on the countenance of Mesmer, who stood gazing at her with a look which seemed to absorb her inmost thoughts and feelings. He then passed his hands repeatedly over her forehead, her face, and her arms, first with a gentle undulating motion, and afterwards with a rapid jerking movement. The eyes of the patient closed and opened again several times, as if struggling against the subduing force of the fascination. She seemed to suffer from the influence of mental anguish, for she sighed deeply, and tears rolled down her cheeks. But this sadness was merely transient; a bright smile presently lighted up her features, her head fell back, and she sank into a gentle slumber. It was magnetic sleep!—the sleep of somnambulism!

But this was not enough for Mesmer, to whom magnetism was a valuable phenomenon only as far as it tended to excite and produce in the magnetised subjects other phenomena and still greater prodigies—viz., clairvoyance, spiritual vision, and ecstasy.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired Mesmer, addressing his subject.

"I am thinking," answered she, hesitatingly, "of the anxiety you suffered this evening."

"You know, then, that I was looking for something on the Prater?"

"I know that you were looking for some person."

"Can you tell me were he is at this moment."

"I can tell were she is."

"Well, then, where is she?"

"Stay .... no .... no .... I cannot .. .. I do not see quite clearly."

"Look again .... look near you, and look far away .... very far away, perhaps .... Endeavour to see .... for I much wish to know where the lady is."

"Ah!" exclaimed the somnambula, "now I see her! She is in the Imperial Theatre."

A prolonged murmur of surprise, mingled with expressions of incredulity and admiration, was heard among the crowd of promenaders who had by this time gathered round Mesmer, but of whose presence he had been unconscious, so intently were his thoughts occupied with the experiment.

The magnetiser awakened his subject, and hurried away to the Imperial Theatre, where he passed the remainder of the evening, his eyes being turned from the stage, and directed towards the box where was seated the lady of his thoughts.

A short time after this scene, which chance rendered in some degree public, a messenger knocked at Dr. Mesmer's door, and requested his immediate attendance on a young lady, who was dangerously ill, and who entertained the conviction that he alone could cure her. He immediately hastened to the patient, in whom he recognised the young female he had magnetised on the Prater.

She had been given over by the physician who had previously attended her. She appeared to be in the last stage of illness, and her sorrowing relatives were looking for her death. Nevertheless, Mesmer felt an inward confidence that he should save her.

He every day submitted the patient to the magnetic influence, and while so doing he wrought miracles, at which he was himself astounded. Whilst in the mesmeric sleep, the patient afforded the most extraordinary evidences of mental vision, accurate clairvoyance, and lucid ecstasy.

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Along with these prodigies, an improvement, scarcely less miraculous, was wrought in the patient's health. Her feeble frame acquired strength, her languid spirits became buoyant. Before, she was merely pretty, she had now grown strikingly beautiful.

This rapid and unlooked-for recovery was a twofold triumph to Mesmer. To have saved the life of a young and beautiful woman was naturally gratifying to the feelings of the man, whilst the phenomena disclosed during the magnetic treatment were not less deeply interesting to the physician, who aspired to found a new school of medical science. He felt grateful to the patient, who had been instrumental, though unconsciously, in converting to his theories many of those who had previously avowed unbelief or scepticism. By degrees gratitude ripened into a more tender feeling, and at length Mesmer began to discover that the presence of Margaret tended to banish the remembrance of the high-born dame, who once held his heart captive.

About this time he was agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter, announcing to him the probable return to Germany of an uncle, who had realised a handsome fortune in colonial speculations. This uncle had no heir, and there seemed little reason to doubt that his return to Europe would be the means of raising his nephew from poverty to affluence, or at least to independance. He rejoiced at this circumstance, chiefly because it would enable him to confer some adequate reward on Margaret, who, like himself, was poor. Nevertheless, he carefully concealed from her knowledge the hopes raised by the letter he had received from abroad.

At the appointed hour he went to pay the daily visit to his patient, who still continued under mesmeric treatment. As soon as sleep was produced, the phenomenon of clairvoyance presented itself.

"Oh! how delightful I am," exclaimed the somnambula, in her magnetic ecstacy; "your relation, you know who I mean—your rich uncle has left Surinam, and is returning to Europe!"

"My uncle returning?—who told you so?"

"Nobody! But I see him now. He has just embarked on board the Stathouder. The weather is fine—the wind favourable. How the sails fill! What a glorious sea! What a brilliant sky! The vessel glides over the waves like a bird—like an arrow!"

Suddenly Margaret paused. Her brow was contracted by a movement of surprise and grief. A cloud of inquietude seemed to overspread her countenance. She looked anxiously forward, and stooped down as if to see more distinctly; then seizing Mesmer's hand, she murmured—"What a terrible change! A storm has gathered. Hark, how the thunder rolls! Oh! what a conflagration—what flames! There is not in the sea, water enough to quench them!—Stay! the fire is sinking beneath the waves—it is no longer visible! But where is the ship? It has vanished. Nothing is discernible but sky and water."

A few weeks after this mesmeric vision, intelligence was received at the Hague, announcing the loss of the Dutch brig, Stathouder, which was struck by lightning, and had foundered.

Mesmer's attachment to Margaret was becoming daily more and more confirmed. He regarded her as a triumphant evidence of the truth of his theories and his science. No consideration on earth could have induced him to separate from her. In his eyes she was a magical creation of his genius; and in restoring her to life and health, he had endowed her with beauty and intelligence. Thus Mesmer heard, not without a severe pang of regret, that it was the intention of Margaret's parents to quit Vienna, and to retire to their native village, some leagues distant. Margaret was, of course, to accompany them; but she had said nothing of this intended removal to Mesmer. "This is strange," thought he; "there must be some secret which she wishes to conceal from me—I must endeavour to discover it."

He guessed rightly; there was, indeed, a secret, and in one of her mesmeric trances Margaret disclosed it in the following manner:—

"When do you propose to depart?" said Mesmer, addressing the somnambula.

"Whenever I feel that I have sufficient courage to go."

"Will it then require much courage to depart?"

"More than you will require in parting from me."

"How so?"

"Where you remain, you will love some one; where I am going I shall love no one."

"But, then, on the other hand, Margaret, every one who knows you will love you! What would you say, supposing I were to go and live in the village to which you are about to remove?"

"Alas! that might prevent me from going thither."

"Then you think our separation indispensable! Why so?"

"Because our eternal union is impossible!"

"And if your absence should render me unhappy?"

"Then I will return."

"Will you stay if I declare that I love you?" Whilst he was uttering these words

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Margaret awoke, and found Mesmer on his knees at her feet, passionately gazing on her, and holding her hand in his.

Shortly afterwards they were united. Madame Mesmer accompanied her husband in his visits to various parts of Europe. She died whilst they were travelling in Switzerland, in the year 1806, and was interred in the churchyard of Franenfeld, in the canton of Thurgau. To that place Mesmer himself retired in his latter days; and died there in 1815. His ashes repose in the same grave with those of his beloved wife; and a humble monument marks that grave.

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS "CHIMES."

The organisation of labour has engaged the attention of more than one mind. The rights and wrongs, the virtues and vices of the poor, have been pourtrayed in vivid and powerful colours by many of the writers of the present day, but to none is the poor man more indebted than to "Boz." He it was who struck out a path peculiar to himself; he it was who first drew those admirable portraits of the poor—called lower orders—which have rendered his name so truly dear to every lover of his country.

He now comes forward with a new book to heighten the hilarity of Christmas, which, doubtless, will be hailed with as much *gusto* by the expectant lovers of fun and sentiment, as, at this season of the year, his by-gone hero, old Joey Grimaldi, used to be looked for by the dealers in the former commodity alone.

Criticism is out of the question in regard to a work like this. We must not hint that it is abrupt, or that the slovenly speech of his characters is carelessly or affectedly given into by the narrator of their sayings and doings. It is Mr. Dickens who writes; his object we know to be a kindly one; and, in such a case, with a less meritorious author, we should be prepared to

> "Take the good the Gods provide us,"

without stretching our eager desires beyond what has been prepared for us. We hasten, then, not to examine but to quote—not to give an opinion of its merits, but some of the merits themselves. The briskness of the style, the playfulness of the fancy, will be recognised of the old favourite, and if there are rather some hard knocks at the alderman's door, who is resolved to "put down suicide," by showing no toleration to shoeless boys and starving young mothers, the worthy knight, at whom the satire is aimed, it must be generally admitted, has been rather too audible on the success of some his attacks on the desponding.

The hero, or chief personage—more lonely than the German horsedealer we had lately to notice—lingering about a London church, like Quasimodo, in *Notre Dame*, is thus introduced with the Chimes. Of the latter we read they were

"Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor'-Wester—aye, 'all to fits,' as Toby Veck said."

This Tony Veck, alias Trotty, is a poor, simple, kind-hearted ticket porter, with whom and the Chimes a sympathetic affection exists—they were his companions, his comforters. In truth not so, for an only daughter, Meg, is his hope in his old age. She brings him his dinner—unexpected to him, for often had he reflected that nothing was "more regular in its coming round than dinner time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner"—and a pleasing scene ensues. Her betrothed, a stalwart blacksmith, soon follows her, and they ask the old man's permission to be married on New Year's Day, "the best and happiest day in the whole year." They are interrupted in their day dreams by the appearance of three gentlemen, one of whom, Alderman Cute, enters into a discussion with his companions upon the right method of dealing with the poorer classes. He is determined to "put them down"—marriage, suicide, everything. He sees Meg and Richard together, and preachs to them upon the folly and evil of marriage; and his companion, Filer, regrets, with a groan, "their ignorance of the first principles of political economy." A letter is given by Alderman Cute to Trotty to convey to Sir Joseph Bowley, M.P., who is a specimen of the paternal friend of the poor—the man of fixed principles and regular habits, who clears up his accounts on the last day of the old year. His paternity to the poor consists in this:—

"What man can do, *I* do. I do my duty as the Poor Man's Friend and Father; and I endeavour to educate his mind, by inculcating on all occasions the one great moral lesson which that class requires. That is, entire dependence on myself. They have no business whatever with—with them-

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selves. If wicked and designing persons persons tell them otherwise, and they become impatient and discontented, and are guilty of insubordinate conduct and black-hearted ingratitude; which is undoubtedly the case; I am their Friend and Father still. It is so ordained. It is in the nature of things."

One Will Fern, a country labourer, has offended this magnate, and Alderman Cute has written to him, saying, that he will "put him down." This Trotty learns; and on his return home, he accidentally rushes against a man, who inquires the way to the Alderman's house. Instinctively Trotty surmises that this stranger is Fern. He tells him not to go, and, eventually, offers him a home, although a mean one. Powerful is this sketch of the kindness of the poor to the poor. Fern and his niece Filian are in bed, and Trotty sits down by the fire, and listens to the Chimes. He then falls asleep, and, in his dream, is transported to the belfry of the Old Church, where he is introduced to the goblins of the Chimes:—

"He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the Bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above him, in the air; clambering from him, by the ropes below; looking down upon him, from the massive iron-girded beams; peeping in upon him, through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles, as the water ripples give place to a huge stone that suddenly comes plashing in among them. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old, he saw them kind, he saw them cruel, he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, and heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, and heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless and all violently active. Stone, and brick, and slate, and tile, became transparent to him as to them. He saw them *in* the houses, busy at the sleepers' beds. He saw them soothing people in their dreams? he saw them beating them with knotted whips; he saw them yelling in their ears; he saw them playing softly music on their pillows; he saw them cheering some with songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; he saw them flashing awful faces on the troubled rest of others from enchanted mirrors which they carried in their hands."

When the chimes cease to play, the goblins of the bells become indistinct, and melt into air. Then the Great Bell speaks, in deep and solemn tones, and inquires, "Who is this visitor?" and demands of him whether man has not done them wrong:—

"The voice of Time cries to Man, Advance! time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there, in the period when Time and He began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence, have come and gone: millions uncountable have suffered, lived, and died; to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead; and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever, for its momentary check."

The various scenes of his daughter's life pass in review before Trotty, till his good soul is harrowed at the sight. Misery, misery, seems to be the lot of the poor man. Work, work, work! At a grand banquet, to which the peasantry are invited, given by Sir Joseph Bowley in honour of his lady's birthday—New Year's Day—Will Fern appears, and speaks the sentiments of his class in forcible language:—

"I dragged on somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, you gentlemen that sits at sessions, when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'he's suspicious. I has my doubts about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!' From that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or let's alone—all one—it goes against him ... See how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and jail's the only home he's got..... Do I say this to serve MY cause! Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not

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all the lords and ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a going wrong, and don't put Jail, Jail, Jail, afore us every where we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the labourer then, that he won't take, as ready and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put the rightful spirit in him first; for whether he's a wreck and ruin, such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: 'Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; nor thy God my God.'"

Last scene of all is where Meg's husband dies, and she is driven into the wide world to seek a home for self and child. She wanders and wanders, and is on the verge of committing suicide, when Trotty awakes, and finds it was but a dream.

Then the bells peal forth, and begin to ring cheerily for the New Year. Now begins the merry making. Richard and Meg, despite Alderman Cute's warning, determine to marry; and Will Fern finds in a good-hearted general dealer, one Mrs. Chickenstalker, his niece's relative, of whom he was in search. Thus ends the "Goblin Story of Some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in."

Although only a story, a deep moral lesson may be learnt. Its point is truth. Attention of late has been roused to the condition of the labouring classes, and men's minds are becoming alive to the conviction that their fellow creatures should not be worked like machines, merely and solely at the call of capital, to increase that which is already great, but that labour should have its limits, and that the suffering poor should be encouraged on their weary pilgrimage, and not be regarded, as heretofore, with indifference and contempt.

SHAKESPEARE IN SCOTLAND.

It has for some time been a question of interest in the literary world, whether or not Shakespeare ever visited Scotland. Mr. Knight maintains the affirmative; and to a new edition of the works of our great poet, he has added the evidence on which he founds this belief. His argument is plausible, and the facts, some of which the lovers of the drama will devour with avidity, on which it depends, must, we think, make it appear that Shakespeare really visited "the land o' cakes."

The question, Did Shakespeare ever visit Scotland? was first raised, in 1767, by William Guthrie, in his "General History of Scotland," A. D., 1509. The king, to prove how thoroughly he was now emancipated from the tutelage of his clergy, desired Elizabeth to send him this year a company of English comedians. She complied, and James gave them a license to act in his capital and in his court. I have great reason to think that the immortal Shakespeare was of the number. Guthrie, a very loose and inaccurate compiler, gives no authority for his statement; but it is evidently founded upon the following passage in Archbishop Spottiswood's "History of the Church of Scotland," which the writer says was "penned at the command of king James VI, who bid the author write the truth and spare not."—"In the end of the year (1599) happened some new jars betwixt the king and the ministers of Edinburgh: because of a company of English comedians, whom the king had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behaviour; and, in their sessions, made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays, under pain of the church censures. The king, taking this to be a discharge of his licence, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annul their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies; which they promised and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offence of the ministers." This account by Spottiswood is abundantly confirmed by the following curious entries in the accounts of the lord-high-treasurer and the acts of the privy council:—

Extracts from the Accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland.

"October, 1599.—Item delyverit to his heines selff to be gevin to the Inglis Commeidianis xiij crownes of the sone a iij*l.* vj*s.* viij*d.* the pece xliij*l.* vj*s.* viij*d.*

"November, 1599.—Item, be his Majesteis directioun gevin to Sir George Elphingstoun to be delyverit to Inglis commedianis to by tymber for the preparatioun of ane hous to thair pastyme xl*l.*

"Item, to William Forsyth messinger passand to the mercat croce of Edinburgh chairging the eldaris and deaconis of the haill four sessionis of Edinburgh to annull

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thair act maid for the discharge of certain Inglis commedianis xs. viij*d.*

"Item, to the said William passand with utheris letteris to the said mercat croce and thair efter sound of trumpet notifying his Majesties pleasure to all his liejis that the saidis Commedianis mycht use thair playis in Edinburgh xxjs. iiij*d.*

"December, 1599.—Item, lykewayis delyverit be his hienes directioun to Sir George Elphingstoun of Blythiswood Knytch to be distributit amang certane Inglis Commedianis iijc. xxxiij*l.* vj*s.* viij*d.*"

We find, both from the registers of the privy council, and the office books of the treasurers of the chamber, that the lord chamberlain's servants performed before queen Elizabeth on St. Stephen's day at night, the 26th of December, 1599. The last magnificent payment of the king of Scotland to the English company was made, in all likelihood, at their departure for England. The fortieth volume of the registers of the town council of Aberdeen contains the following entries:—

"Nono Octobris, 1601. Ordinance to the dean of gild. The samen day the prouest bailleis and counsall ordanis the svme of threttie tua merkis to be gevin to the kingis serwandes presently in this burcht. . quha playes comedeis and staige playes be reasoun they ar recommendit be his majesties speciall letter and hes played sum of their comedies in this burcht and ordanis the said svme to be payit to tham be the dean of gild quhilk salbe allowit in his comptis.

"22 Octr 1601.—The quhilk day Sir Francis Hospitall of Haulszie Knycht Frenschman being recommendit be his majistie to his prouest bailleis and counsall of this broch tto be favorablie interteneit with the gentilmen his majesties seruands efter specifeit quha war direct to this burcht be his majestie to accumpanie the said Frenshman being ane nobillman of France cumming only to this burcht to sie the towne and cuntrie the said Frenshman with the knightis and gentillmen folowing wer all ressuait and admittit burgesses of gild of this burcht quha gawe thair aithis in common form folowis the names of thame that war admittit burgesses

Sir Francis Hospitall of halzie knycht
Sir Claud Hamiltoun of Schawfeild knycht
Sir John Grahame of orkill knycht
Sir John Ramsay of Ester Baronie knycht
James Hay James Auchterlony Robert Ker James Schaw Thomas Foster James Gleghorne Dauid Drmmond Seruitors io his Majestie.
Monsieur de Scheyne Monsieur la Bar Seruitours to the said Sir Francis
James Law
James Hamiltoun seruitour to the said Sir Claud
Archibald Sym Trumpeter
Laurence Fletcher comediane to his majestie
Mr Dauid Wod
Johne Bronderstainis."

These documents present something more than the facts, that a company of players, especially recommended by the king, were paid a gratuity from the corporation of Aberdeen for their performances in that town, one of them subsequently receiving the freedom of the borough. The provost, baillies, and council ordain that thirty-two marks should be given to the king's servants then in that borough, who played comedies and stage-plays. The circumstance that they are recommended by the king's special letter is not so important as the description of them as the king's servants. Thirteen days after the entry of the 9th of October, at which first period these servants of the king had played some of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his majesty, is admitted a burgess of guild of the borough of Aberdeen—the greatest honour which the corporation could bestow. He is admitted to this honour in company with a nobleman of France visiting Aberdeen for the gratification of his curiosity, and recommended by the king to be favourably entertained; as well as with three men of rank, and others, who were directed by his Majesty to accompany "the said Frenchman." All the party are described in the document as knights and gentlemen. We have to inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his majesty? Assuredly the king had not in his service a company of Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed a company of English comedians to play at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of theatrical exhibitions, he had not the means of gratifying his taste, except through the visit of English comedians. Scotland had no drama. "Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his majesty," was undoubtedly an Englishman; and "the king's servants presently in this borough who play comedies and stage-plays" were as certainly English players. There are not many facts known by which we can trace the history of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not mentioned amongst "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," which list is given in the first folio of Shakespeare; but he undoubtedly belonged to Shakespeare's company. The patent of James I, dated at Westminster on the nineteenth of May, 1603, in favour of the players acting at the Globe, is headed, "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare aliis;" and it licenses and authorises the performances of "Laurence Fletcher, Wil-

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liam Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connexion, in 1603, of Fletcher and Shakespeare cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. The patent of James I of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as "our servants." It does not appoint them the king's servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the king in Scotland, and subsisted when the same king ascended the English throne? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgess of gild, of the borough of Aberdeen, as comedian to his majesty, in company with other persons who were servitors to his majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the king's servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The king's servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the king's servant who is first in the patent of 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other king's servants. William Shakespeare is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the patent. Seven of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI, of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I, of England. Can we doubt that the king's servants who played comedies and stage-plays in 1601, were, taken as a company, the king's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing, throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakespeare, the second named in the licence of 1603, was amongst the king's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the king's special letter; and his position in the licence, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him, who, in 1601, had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English Drama.

Epitaph on a Surgeon.

Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,
A hospital Surgeon thorough!
Who *bled* for his *own* and his *country's good*,
At St Thomas's Hospital, Borough!"

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XII.—THE PENAL CODE.

Dagobert was for a moment awed, as he contemplated the dark and secret machinations, that the black robes, as he called them, were directing against those dear to him; and the resolution he had formed of liberating Rose and Blanche was for an instant shaken, but the timely arrival of Marshal Simon's letter, reminding him of his duty, soon banished his indecision; and the temporary dejection that had taken possession of his mind, was succeeded by calm and energetic determination.

"What time is it?" said he to his son.

"It has just struck nine, father."

"You must then," said Dagobert, "immediately set about making a hook of this piece of iron, and let it be strong enough to bear my weight. This stove will serve you for both forge and anvil."

Agricola and his mother looked at each other in surprise, for they were both ignorant of the resolution that Dagobert had formed, and also of the preparations he had made for carrying it into effect.

"You do not understand me, Agricola," said Dagobert, still holding the rod in his hand. "I want a hook made immediately of this."

"For what purpose, father?"

"To scale the walls of the convent, if I should not be able to gain admittance by the door."

"What!" said Agricola, "you are still thinking of that."

"What else can I do?"

"Success is impossible, father. You will not surely persist in so rash an undertaking."

"What is your father going to do, my son?" inquired Madame Baudoin, anxiously.

"He intends gaining admittance tonight to the convent in which the daughters of Marshal Simon are detained, with the view of bringing them away."

"Oh! that would be sacrilege," cried Madame Baudoin, and clasping her hands, she advanced in a supplicating manner towards Dagobert.

The soldier, seeing he was about to be besieged by prayers and entreaties, to which he was resolved not to yield, and wishing to stop at once all useless remon-

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strance, said, in a firm and solemn voice—"Listen, Frances, and you too, Agricola. Men of my years do not lightly resolve on anything. But when they have once done so, neither wife, nor son, can prevent them from carrying it into effect, especially, when that resolution is in connexion with duty. This is what I am resolved to do, therefore further entreaty will be in vain. I know you are only doing your duty in warning me against danger. Let us not pursue the subject further, for I am determined this night to be master in my own house."

Madame Baudoin, not daring to offer further opposition, turned with a supplicating look to her son.

"Father," said the latter, "one word more, and I am done."

"Go on," said Dagobert, impatiently.

"I do not wish to oppose your resolution," replied Agricola. "I only want to show you the danger to which you are exposing yourself."

"I am fully aware of the danger," said the soldier, hastily. "I know that my undertaking is fraught with peril; but it shall never be said that I neglected to do anything—no matter what—that would enable me to perform what I have promised."

"Father, once more I ask you to pause. You do not, I am sure, know the danger you incur."

"Danger! go to," said Dagobert, disdainfully. "Why, even supposing I should be killed in the convent, would you not still be left to your mother? You would not miss me much, for you have done without me these twenty years."

"Ah!" cried Madame Baudoin, "I am the cause of all our misfortunes. Gabriel was right in blaming me."

"Calm yourself, Madame," said the Mayeux, "Agricola will not allow his father to expose himself."

After a few minutes' reflection, Agricola said, addressing his father, "I know you too well to think of deterring you by the fear of death."

"What other danger is there, then?" inquired Dagobert.

"One from which you, brave as you are, will shrink."

"Agricola," said the soldier, sternly, "this is said to frighten me, which I take as a gross insult."

"Father!"

"Yes!" continued the soldier, angrily, "it is mean in the extreme to strive to prevent a man from doing his duty by intimidating him; and it is insulting to believe me capable of being intimidated."

"Pardon me, father, you misunderstand me. I only meant to tell you that, if you are caught at night, scaling the walls of the convent, you will be sent to the galleys."

"The galleys!" exclaimed Dagobert.

"Yes, the galleys," continued Agricola, "the law is explicit in this matter. And there are ten chances to one that you will be arrested if you make the attempt, for the Mayeux has told us that the convent is strictly guarded. Now you are aware of the danger I will abide your decision, and, if you go, I will go with you."

A deep silence, interrupted only by the stifled sobbing of Madame Baudoin, now ensued. Dagobert, in spite of his determined and energetic character, seemed struck with stupor. According to his military notion his nocturnal enterprise was only a stratagem of war, authorised by the necessity of his position. But the fearful intelligence of his son had dispelled this illusion. He saw before him a terrible alternative. He must either betray the confidence reposed in him by Marshal Simon and his wife, or expose himself and his son to the dreadful disgrace of being sent to the galleys, without even the certainty that he would be able to liberate the orphans.

"Ah!" cried Madame Baudoin, suddenly, "perhaps the dear children may yet be released without violence!"

"How, mother?" cried Agricola, eagerly.

"It was," replied she, "the Abbé Dubois that took them to the convent, but Gabriel thinks my confessor acted under the guidance of M. Rodin!"

"Even if that be the case it would be vain to apply to M. Rodin, for nothing would be obtained from him."

"No, not from him. But, perhaps, the powerful abbé who has protected Gabriel ever since he entered the seminary, might aid us."

"What abbé, mother?"

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny.'

"You are right, mother; he was in the army before he entered the church, and, perhaps, he could aid us more than anyone else; and yet—"

"D'Aigrigny!" cried Dagobert, with an expression of rage; "is there mixed up with all this treachery a man bearing the name of D'Aigrigny, who was a soldier before he became a priest?"

"Yes, father, the Marquis d'Aigrigny served in Russia, and in 1815 the Bourbons gave him the command of a regiment."

"It is he," said Dagobert, in a suppressed tone. "In everything concerning the parents of the poor children, he, like an evil genius, is always to be found."

"What do you say, father?"

"Do you know who the Marquis d'Aigrigny is?" cried Dagobert; "before he was a priest he tormented the mother of Rose and Blanche, because she rejected his proffered love with scorn. Before he was a priest he fought against his country. General Simon and he met

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twice. Once at Leipsic, where the general, covered with the wounds he had received, was made prisoner; while the Marquis was triumphing with the enemies of his country. Under the Bourbons the renegade, loaded with honours, again met the soldier of the emperor. This time they fought a duel. The Marquis was wounded, and the General, proscribed, and, condemned to death, became an exile. Now you say the renegade is a priest, and I am certain that it was at his instigation that Rose and Blanche were carried off. He is wreaking on the children the hatred he bore their parents. Now that I know they are in the power of this infamous renegade, I have their lives, as well as their fortunes, to defend."

"But, father, do you think he is capable of—"

"A traitor to his country," interrupted Dagobert, "that winds up his career by turning priest, is capable of anything. Yes, the daughters of General Simon are in the power of the Marquis and his crew;" then added he, with a convulsive laugh, "Shall it be said that I hesitated to save them for fear of the galleys? What care I for the galleys? Do they send dead men there? Can I not, if I am taken, put a pistol to my head? Come, Agricola, put your iron in the fire, and make me a hook. Quick, for we have no time to lose."

"But your son will accompany you!" cried Madame Baudoin, in despair, throwing herself at her husband's feet, "and if you are arrested he cannot escape."

"To save himself from the galleys, he will follow my example. I have two pistols."

"Oh?" replied the wretched mother, "what will become of me if I lose you both?"

"You are right; I was too selfish—I will go alone."

"No, father, you shall not go alone."

"What would become of your mother?"

"Oh, the Mayeux understands our situation; she will go and inform M. Hardy, who is one of the most generous men living, and he will take care of my mother as long as she lives."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Madame Baudoin, wringing her hands in despair, "let thy punishment fall on me. It was I that delivered up the children. Spare my son."

"Agricola," said Dagobert, "I forbid you to accompany me."

"What! do you think that I would shrink from the danger because I have pointed it out? I must go with you, father. Besides, have I not also some one to deliver—the good and generous Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who would have saved me from a prison—is she not now, herself, the inmate of one? I shall follow you, father. It is my right, my duty, and my determination."

Agricola then set about making the hook that his father was so desirous of having. His wretched mother was still on her knees, beseeching heaven to have mercy on them. Dagobert was silent and thoughtful for a few minutes; he then approached his wife, and, taking her by the hand, said:—

"You now know, dear Frances, that it would be impossible to prevent our son from accompanying me. But, do not despair—we shall, I hope, succeed; but, if we should not, if we should be arrested, we will not play the part of cowards. There will be no suicide; father and son will walk arm in arm to prison, with head erect and mind undaunted, like men who are conscious of having done their duty to the last. The day of trial will come, when we will freely acknowledge what we have done; we will say, 'it was not till all hope of receiving aid from the law had vanished, that we had recourse to violence.' The judge will understand the language of honesty, and we will be acquitted. If, however, we should not be understood, honour and a good conscience will enable us to bear our chains without feeling abased; and, in the eyes of honest people, the old soldier and his son will be infinitely more respectable than the lordly renegade who is now pursuing his infamous career in the garb of a priest."

"Now, my dear Mayeux, it is getting late, I have a question to ask you—Did you note, when you were in the garden, if the rooms of the convent were lofty?"

"Not very, sir, especially on the side facing the square pavilion where Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined."

"Capital," cried Agricola, "we will not forget that."

"Did you observe," said Dagobert, "the rooms where the poor children are confined?"

"Yes," replied the Mayeux, "they are in separate chambers, facing the pavilion; one on the ground floor, the other above."

"Thank you, my dear Mayeux, with this instruction we can proceed. Ah! Agricola, you have made the hook I see; when it is cool, we will tie a cord to it, and then we may start."

In a few minutes the clock of St. Mary's struck ten.

"Ten o'clock," said Dagobert, rising, hastily. "Come, Agricola, we have not a moment to lose."

Agricola approached the Mayeux, and whispered, "If we are not here in the morning, you will go to M. Hardy, and tell him what has happened. Remember, I leave you my poor mother to take care of. Now kiss me."

"Come along, old Rabat-joie, you must be our sentinel."

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The soldier then affectionately embraced his wife, and he and his son hastily departed in the midst of the storm, and directed their steps to the Boulevard by the hospital.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ESCALADE.

Eleven o'clock struck as Dagobert and his son arrived at the wall of the convent. The wind was violent, the rain fell fast, and, notwithstanding the bleak clouds, it was light enough to discern the dark trees and white walls of the garden. From time to time the rattling of a carriage was heard, which slowly died away in the distance—then all was silent.

From the moment that Dagobert and Agricola had left the Rue Brise-Miche, they had scarcely exchanged a word. The end that these two resolute men had in view was noble, was praiseworthy; still they stole along in the shade, like bandits when about to commit their nocturnal deeds.

Agricola carried on his shoulder a bag containing a rope, the hook, and a bar of iron. Dagobert was leaning on the arm of his son, and Rabat-joie followed behind his master.

"I think," said Dagobert, "we are near the spot where we met the Mayeux. It is only half-past eleven; we must wait till twelve. Let us sit down a little, and mature our plans." Then, after a few minutes' silence, he added, grasping the hand of his son, "Agricola, my boy, it is still time. I beseech you to return home. I think I could manage this affair as well without you; besides, as the moment approaches, I am afraid that my engaging you in this dangerous expedition might materially affect you."

"And as the time comes, my dear father, I think more and more that I shall be of service to you; but, let come what may, I shall share the danger. Our motive is praiseworthy—it is a debt of gratitude that you owe, and I am going to pay the half of it. Do not, then, think that I shall leave you; let us rather plan our mode of attack. Did you observe the garden gate?"

At that moment Rabat-joie, who was watching at the feet of Dagobert, pricked up his ears.

"The dog seems to hear something," said Agricola. "Let us listen." But nothing was heard except the wind that shook the neighbouring trees.

"When the gate is open, father, will it be judicious to take Rabat-joie with us?"

"Oh, yes; for if there is a watch-dog he will silence it; besides, he will warn us of the approach of the sentinels; and, who knows, he is so intelligent, and so attached to Rose and Blanche, but he may aid us in discovering the place where they are confined. I have seen him find the young girls out in the woods. His instinct is certainly extraordinary."

A solemn and grave sound rose above the whistling of the wind. It was the clock striking twelve. That sound seemed to reverberate in the hearts of Agricola and his father, who started, and by a spontaneous movement, shook each other cordially by the hand.

Dagobert then said, with a firm voice, "It is midnight; embrace me, my son; now let us to work."

"Yes, my father," said Agricola; "and let us act with the cunning and audacity of bandits in their daring deeds."

The father and son approached the wicket, the hinges of which were in so bad a condition that Agricola said that they would easily give way; he put his shoulder to the door, and was about to apply his strength, when Rabat-joie growled.

"Do not stir. Rabat-joie hears some one in the garden."

Both listened for some time, but could hear nothing.

"The dog has been mistaken," said Agricola.

"I am sure he has not," said Dagobert. "Listen."

After waiting a few seconds longer Rabat-joie approached the door, and pushing his muzzle through the crevice at the bottom, sniffed loudly.

"Some one is coming," said the father; "we shall have time to fly when the door is opened. Come here, Rabat-joie."

The dog obeying, left the door, and went up to his master. A few seconds afterwards, heavy steps were heard, and words were exchanged, but neither the soldier nor the blacksmith could hear their purport.

"That is the guard of whom the Mayeux spoke," said Agricola.

"So much the better, there will be an interval before their second round. Our success is certain. Come, let us be quick, Agricola. We must lose no time. First, then, let us try to open this door."

Agricola put his powerful shoulder to the door, and on its not giving way, said, "Malediction! it is barred on the inside! these old boards could not otherwise have resisted the shock. However, I will get upon the wall by means of the cord and hook; then I will descend, and open the door to you."

Saying these words, Agricola took the cord from the bag, and after several attempts, succeeded in fastening the hook to the top of the wall. He then got on his father's back, reached the top, descended, withdrew a huge bar of wood, forced the door open, and Dagobert and Rabat-joie entered.

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Dagobert and Agricola, preceded by Rabat-joie, stole up an avenue, stopped short to consult each other as to the route, then proceeded towards a wicket that separated the principal garden from the convent. On the other side of this gate they perceived, at a short distance from them, a dwelling, and above that a square pavillion.

"There's the place," said Agricola, "where the Mayeux said that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was confined."

"And the place," answered the father, "where the orphans are is in front. Poor dear children, how much they must have suffered."

"Let us walk softly," said Agricola. "Fortunately the gate is unlocked, but I am afraid it will creak on opening it."

"Must it be opened softly or suddenly?" demanded Dagobert.

"Let me first examine it," said Agricola, who raised it a little, then pushed it open.

Agricola and his father remained a moment motionless, for the gate had creaked a little, which sounded indistinctly in the silence of the night. No noise followed; all was silent and tranquil, and Agricola and his father entered the private garden. Here the dog began to make signs of extraordinary joy—he pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and bounded to the spot where Rose Simon had had in the morning her short interview with Mademoiselle de Cardoville; then he stopped an instant, sniffed the air, and ran to the building opposite that which the Mayeux had said was occupied by Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"There is no longer any doubt," said Dagobert; "the orphans are in this building, depend upon it."

"Let us see if the windows are railed," said Agricola.

At this moment the garden gate, which the soldier had unfortunately left open, shut with a noise.

"We are surprised," said Agricola. "They are cutting off our means of retreat."

The father and son gazed at each other, but, on hearing nothing, Agricola said, "Perhaps, the gate has shut of itself. I will run and see, and will open it if I can."

"Go, my son, and while you are away I will examine the windows."

(To be continued).

SEVERE FROSTS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

The severe frost which set in about the middle of the week before last, and continued without intermission down to Sunday last, is, in our climate, unusual so early in the winter. Many years have elapsed since the ground was frost-bound in continuity through the early weeks of December. It has not been unusual to reach Christmas-day without experiencing cold weather. In the great frost of the winter of 1813-14, it was not till the month of February that the river was frozen over, when a fair was held below Blackfriars Bridge; and printing, drinking, and skittle playing were witnessed where boats and barges had eommonly moved. A fair on the Thames an old print perpetuates as held off the Temple Gardens in the time of James II. On more than one occasion an ox has been roasted whole on the ice. The animal was slaughtered as well as cooked there, and a butcher of eminence claimed the honour of knocking down the victim as an hereditary distinction, his father having on a like occasion formerly used the pole axe.

The frost, which has visited us, has been severely felt on the continent, and especially in Paris. This has caused the *Siècle* to comfort its readers by showing them that as yet they have no great cause to complain, which it seeks to effect by telling what has been experienced in former days. The cold lately felt, according to the writer, had not reached more than seven or eight degrees centigrade. The following account will show that this degree of cold is exceedingly moderate. In 358 the emperor Julian, who passed his winters at Lutetia (the old name of Paris), complained that the cold was so severe that the Seine was frozen over. The winters of 763 and 801 were remarkable for their severity. In 822 carts passed freely across the Seine for several months together. In 1067, 1210, 1305, 1354, 1408, and 1420, the Parisians had very severe winters, and in 1408 the soldiers' rations of wine were cut with an axe. In 1433 the frost set in on the last day of the year, and lasted three months. The winters of 1460, 1480, 1493, 1508, and 1522, are recorded as excessively cold. In 1544, wine was cut with an axe throughout France, in the casks. The winters of 1621 and 1622 were felt even in Italy. In 1662 and 1663 the frost continued in Paris from December 5 to March 8. In 1695 there were 21 degrees of cold (centigrade). In 1676 and 1677 the Seine was frozen over for thirty-five days consecutively. It was only about the beginning of the eighteenth century that the thermometical observations were regularly noted down:—

	deg. centigrade.
In 1709 the thm. dscd. to	23 1-10
1716	18 7-10

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1729	the	thm.	dsod.	to 15 3-10 [over
1740	..	..		Seine comp. frozen
1742	..	..	17	Ditto
1744	..	..		Ditto
1747	..	..	13 6-10	
1748	..	..	15 3-10	
1754	..	..	14 1-10	
1755	..	..	15 6-10	[over
1762	..	..	Seine comp.	frozen
1767	..	..	15 3-10	Ditto
1768	..	..	17 1-10	Ditto
1771	..	..	13 6-10	Ditto
1776	..	..	19 1-10	Ditto 25 dy
1783	..	..	19	Ditto 69 dy
1788	..	..	22 3-10	Do. lgh. tim.
1795	..	..	23 5-10	Ditto 4 dy
1798	..	..	17 6-10	Ditto 23 dy
1819	..	..		Do. comp.
1820	..	..	14 3-10	
1825	..	..	14 6-10	
1830	..	..	16 3-10	
1836	..	..	18	
1838	..	..	19	
1840	..	..	17	the degree

of cold on December 15, the day on which the emperor's remains entered Paris. The average cold of a great number of years at Paris is about 10 or 11 degrees centigrade above zero. At 9 degrees centigrade the Seine freezes. The severest cold hitherto known at Paris was in 1795, when the thermometer fell to 23 5-10. The *Siècle* is in error in stating that the thermometer has not yet fallen lower than 7 or 8 degrees centigrade. On Sunday week it was down to 9 4-10ths degrees centigrade below the freezing point (15½ of Fahrenheit above zero). The *Siècle*, in noticing the cold of 1838, omits stating that the Seine was then frozen over, and remained so for a long time. It was in that year that the ice suddenly gave way at Rouen, and a number of persons who were standing on it were nearly drowned, but were saved by the celebrated Louis Brune.

Review.

Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson. With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G. C. H. G. Vol. I. Colburn.

The life of a great man is at all times a subject of deep interest. Every genius is more or less an epitome of the age in which he lives; and though no circumstances can create genius, it is moulded by the necessities of the day, and more peculiarly so in the life of a hero, immortalizing his name by actions, than in that of the philosopher or poet, whose divine power frequently assumes the faculty of foresight, and gives birth to works which require the progression of other ages to be known and valued. Our gallant Nelson was essentially a man of action; his early love for the profession he followed with such glory to himself and his country, and which enabled him to surmount the deep prejudices then attached to the very name of a man of war, was the indication of genius pointing to the field best suited for its developement. From his earliest entrance into the service, his heart was thrown into its duties; and though succeeding years brought ill-health, and, in his own words, "a prejudice at the admiralty evidently against me, which I can neither guess at, nor in the least account for;" and which prejudice kept him unemployed from the December of 1787 to the January of 1793, yet his merits progressively raised him, till from a midshipman he became, at the age of thirty-nine, rear-admiral of the blue. From that time honour succeeded to honour, till he fell in his country's service, leaving behind him a name which has become a watchword in the British navy, a household god in the home of every true Briton. Many histories of this hero have preceded the present work, but as the thoughts and feelings of a man can only be fully known by an insight into them which no public memorials can give, and as the editors of former papers, purporting to be the genuine works of Nelson, took upon themselves to alter and arrange, till some portion, at least, of the old spirit was unchanged for modern proprieties and *soi-disant* improvements, Sir H. Nicolas' labours must be hailed with pleasure and gratitude, as giving us the reality, whose place has been hitherto filled by a shadow. Now we have the *bona fide* letters of the hero, and they show him to have been a large-hearted, as well as noble-minded man. The motives on which the editor has acted, have in them a spirit of honourable impartiality, which has produced the desirable result of gaining the reader's belief in all he puts before them. We cannnot do better than let him speak for himself: —

"The principal questions which an editor of an extensive correspondence has to decide, are—What letters should be published? Whether the letters should be printed entire, or whether certain passages should be omitted? Whether names should be suppressed? Whether the letter should be given literally, or be attired according to his own ideas of accuracy and elegance? Though, in most cases, it is, no doubt, necessary to omit many letters that fall into an editor's hands, on account of their want of importance, this does not always form a reason for withholding them; but it depends upon the interest attached to the writer, the distance of time at which he lived, and the number of such trifling let-

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ters, to determine whether they should be printed. Everything that proceeded from an illustrious man, and especially in the early part of his life, has an interest which belongs not to the article itself, but is reflected upon it by his subsequent glory.

"No letter of Chaucer or Shakespeare, for example, could be uninteresting, however trifling its contents; and it is conceived that the familiar letters of any great character, which describes his situation and feelings in the early stages of his career—his hopes, his disappointments, and the efforts by which he surmounted every obstacle, and eventually chained fortune to his car, yield only in interest, and in value, to letters written after his powers had found adequate occasions for display, when he was in the full splendour of his renown, and when his correspondence, from relating to great events and eminent individuals, not only commands attention, but becomes part of his time. Moreover, where genius exists, and where one great and absorbing feeling occupies the mind, the most insignificant as well as the most studied and important letter, bears more or less of its impress: thus, there is scarcely a note of Nelson's that does not contain some word, or line, or sentence, indicative of his predominant passions—military fame and the service of his country."

For the professional part of this correspondence, we must refer the reader to the book itself; a letter to his brother, the Rev. Mr. Nelson, when on a first journey in France, is written with much humour, and in a true John Bull spirit, savouring somewhat of professional antipathy:—

"On Tuesday morning, the 21st ult., I set off from Salisbury-street, in company with Captain Macnamara, of the navy, an old messmate of mine. I dined with Captain Locker, my old captain, at Malling, in Kent, and spent the night at his house. The next day we slept at Dover, and on Thursday morning we left England with a fine wind. In three hours we were at breakfast in Monsieur Grandsire's, at Calais. The quick transition struck me much. The manners, houses, and eating, is very different to what we have in England. I had thoughts of fixing at Montreuil, about sixty miles from Calais, on the road to Paris. We set off *en poste*, they called it; we did not get on more than four miles an hour. Such *carriages*, such *horses*, such *drivers*, and such *boots*, you would have been ready to burst with laughing at the ridiculous figures they made together. The roads were paved with stones; therefore, by the time we had travelled fifteen miles, we were pretty well shook up, and heartily tired. We stopped at an inn, *they called it*—a clean-pigsty is far preferable. They showed us into a dirty room with two straw beds; they were clean, that was all they could brag on. However, after a good laugh, we went to bed, and slept very soundly till morning. How different to what we had found the day before at Dover."

It must be remembered that this was written in 1783. In another letter to William Locker, Esq., we find still strange evidence of this national antipathy: it is written from St. Omer-en-Artois:—

"Here are two navy captains, Ball and Shepard, at this place, but we do not visit; they are very fine gentlemen with epaulettes. You may suppose I hold them *cheap* for putting on any part of a Frenchman's uniform."

One remarkable feature in Nelson's mere private career is the uniform consideration which he evinced for able seamen, whether of high or low degree. His care for that usually unfortunate race of beings, midshipmen, and whom he styled "his children," is best shown by an account which Lady Hughes gives from her own observation, while a passenger in the Boreas, in a letter to Mr. Matcham, dated Clifton, June 24, 1806:—

"I was too much affected, when we met at Bath, to say every particular in which was always displayed the infinite cleverness and goodness of heart of our dearly beloved hero. As a woman I can only be a judge of those things that I could comprehend—such as his attention to the young gentlemen who have the happiness of being on his quarter-deck. It may reasonably be supposed that, among the number of thirty, there must be timid as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked, but always wished to show them he desired nothing of them that he would not instantly do himself. I have known him say, 'Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there.' No denial could be given to such a wish, the poor fellow instantly began his march. His lordship never took any notice with what alacrity it was done, but when he met in the top instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner, and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable in the attempt. After this excellent example, I have seen the timid youth lead another, and rehearse his captain's words. How wise and kind was such a proceeding! In like manner he every day went into the schoolroom, and saw them do their nautical business, and at twelve o'clock he was the first upon deck with his quadrant. No one there could be behindhand in their business when their captain set them so good an example. One other

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circumstance I must mention, which will close the subject, which was the day we landed at Barbadoes. We were to dine at the Governor's. Our dear captain said—'You must permit me, Lady Hughes, to carry one of my aide-de-camps with me!' and, when he presented him to the governor, he said, 'Your excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen, as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea!' This kindness made the young people adore him; and even his wishes, could they have been known, would have been instantly complied with. It was your wish, sir, to have the above particulars; an abler pen might have described them better, but I hope my simple narration may, in a faint degree, describe his lordship's excellent manner of making his young men fancy the attaining nautical perfection, was much more a play than a task. Who is there but must allow these methods to be dictated by great skill, as well as great goodness of heart, that never caused a fear or disgust to any one? How sincerely is such a loss to be lamented. But we have nothing to say but 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Gatherer.

March of Railway Profits.—The gains of railway proprietors seem likely to prove enormous. In the twenty-one weeks ending November 23, the increase in the receipts of twenty-four railways, as compared with those of the corresponding period of 1843, amounted to no less than £330,029.

A Poet's Errors.—"My understanding works rather by symbols, and thus I waver between idea and perception, between rule and sentiment, between technicality and genius; I was surprised into poetry where I ought to have been philosophical, and into philosophy where I should have poetized. And even now, imagination too often destroys my philosophy, and cold understanding my verse."—*Schiller of himself.*

The Snipe Fish.—This native of the deep, has lately visited, in great numbers, the Scottish coast. There is something curious and inexplicable in the erratic visits of this little fish to our northern bays, as well as in its suicidal propensity of running ashore, and yielding itself an easy prey, rendering unnecessary the fisherman's art of net or bait. Its visits are not periodical, either as regards the seasons or cycles. Twenty-two years have passed since they last appeared in considerable numbers. About sixty years ago they landed in shoals, particularly on the shore betwixt Campbeltown and Fort George, in which locality they are called by the country people Gobbaiche Ardnasoar, or snipe fish.

Importance of France to Europe.—"The central situation of France, her power, the long duration of her monarchy, the supremacy which at two or three different intervals she has acquired over the whole of the West, have so linked her destiny with all the others, that the revolutions of European nations proceed almost always from those of France, so that next to the national history, the history of France is that which each of them ought to study.

Germany.—The Germans first present themselves to our notice as warriors alarming, nay terrifying, the arrogant Romans, and that not in the infancy of their power, when the Samnites or the Volscians were formidable antagonists, but in the very fullness of their strength, in the first vigour of youthful manhood, when Italy, Spain, part of Gaul, the northern coast of Africa, Greece, Syria and Asia Minor were subdued to the republican yoke. Then was it that the Cimbri and Teutones, issuing from the north of Germany (which, the northern coast of Gaul, is the situation where we first find the Teutonic races, the southern division of both countries being occupied by Celtic or Keltic tribes,) invaded and harassed Italy, chilling the mistress of the world with fear. Nor was the fear groundless. They were only to be kept from thundering at the gates of the Capitol by the talents and energies of that mighty plebeian Caius Marius, who, upon this occasion, was allowed by the haughty patricians to hold the consulate year after year.

Irish Landlords and Tenants.

"From one to two pounds they will promise to pay;
But after twelve months the landlords will say—
I'll forgive you the rent if you'll give up the *key*;
He then gets another who acts the same way."

The Jewish writer, Lombroso, who resides at Turin, has just embraced the Christian religion. This is undoubtedly one of the most important conversions that has occurred for many years.

M. Debas, who has been two years in Greece on a scientific mission, has lately written to the Minister of the Interior of France, stating that he has collected about 5000 Greek inscriptions, 2500 of which are nearly new, and the rest corrected and rendered more complete.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 25.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1844. [VOL. 2, 1844.

NAROCKI.

Thirty years ago there lived at Warsaw an aged man of the name of Narocki. His years greatly exceeded those ordinarily assigned to man. In the history of Napoleon we read that when he, in the plenitude of his power, had resolved, like *Bajazet*, that he

"Would rush among the nations like a tempest,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Allah,
His angry vengeance on the affrighted world."

In the tumult of war, while driving the Prussians before him, and threatening Russia with ruin, one amiable and interesting anecdote is recorded of him.

He had reached the capital of Poland, and was resident there, when one day the following remarkable petition was presented to him:—

"Sire—My baptismal certificate dates from the year 1690. I am, therefore, a hundred and seventeen years old. I still bear in mind the battle of Vienna, and the days of John Sobieski. I imagined they would never be reproduced; but assuredly I expected less to have seen the days of Alexander revived.

"My great age has drawn upon me the bounty of all the sovereigns who have been here, and I claim that of the great Napoleon, being, at my advanced age, incapable of work.

"May you live, sire, as long as myself; your glory does not require it, but the happiness of mankind demands it.

"NAROCKI."

It was in 1807 that this appeal was made to him, and it was made by the petitioner

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in person. The man of three centuries stood before him. Napoleon surveyed him with interest. It was a fine theme for solemn meditation, and might well reconcile a beholder to the warrior's destiny. Here he saw, in the supplicant for charity, what might be looked for from lengthened days, and saw that

"Protracted life is but protracted woe."

Pity touched his heart; the old man's suit was eminently successful, for Bonaparte immediately granted him a pension of a hundred napoleons, and caused the first year to be paid in advance. At what period Narocki

"Shuffled off this mortal cast."

we have no account. Doubtless he has long since paid the debt of nature. Were he now living his years would be no fewer than a hundred and forty-five.

THE CELEBRATED BAYARD.

This celebrated Frenchman, whose name appears above, enjoyed a great reputation for courage and superior intelligence. We take the following interesting passages of his life from the new part of that eminently interesting work, "The Historic Gallery:"—

Pierre du Terrail Bayard makes a conspicuous figure in the annals of France, as a great commander, but is more honoured still for the nobleness of his mind and his piety. He was born in the year 1478. At an early age he embraced the profession of arms, and in 1495 marched with a French army into Italy. Bayard shared in the laurels gained by the conquest of Naples. His courage fixed attention on him wherever he moved, but he was especially distinguished at the battle of Fornoue. The services rendered by his sword under Charles VIII, were continued in the wars of Louis XII. In every case his career appears to have been marked by extraordinary generosity, and a contempt for gold. Having assisted at the capture of Milan, he declined receiving a rich present of plate, offered by many of the Milanese towns to win the clemency of the French generals.

Placed in the most perilous situations, the courage and presence of mind of Bayard, never failed him. In a battle fought within the limits of the kingdom of Naples in 1601, his position was likened to that of *Cocles*, and alone, on a narrow bridge, he is said to have bid defiance to the fury of two hundred assailants. When the city of Bresse fell, he received in the course of the operations, a severe wound. His religious impressions, which it will be seen, he retained till his last hour, led him always in such a case, to press the hilt of his sword, as representing the cross of our Saviour, to his lips. Here, however, he performed, besides, an act of heroic virtue, which proved the disinterestedness of his ambition and the purity of his mind. A sum of two thousand pistoles was sent to him by his host, in grateful acknowledgement of his having saved the place from being pillaged by his soldiers; he divided the sum into two parts, and gave them to the two daughters of the syndic, by whose hands it had been presented.

On one occasion it is recorded of him, that the Duke Malvezzo,—who had been in the habit of falling on straggling parties of his men, incautiously advanced with a hundred armed followers, and two hundred well mounted Albanians—fell into a trap which he had prepared for him. Bayard, with his little band of "brave devils who feared naught," cut off their retreat. Broad ditches on each side of the road precluded escape, and all save the duke and twenty or thirty of his men, more desperate than the rest, who leaped the ditches after a fierce conflict, were forced to yield. One hundred and seventy were disarmed, and the Chevalier had the glory of carrying back to the camp a greater number of prisoners than he had men to escort them. At the news of this triumph, one potentate is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the king who has such a subject. Had I a dozen Bayards, Alexander the Great would be a baby to me."

The piety which many of the French officers professed outwardly to reverence, did not prevent them from commonly falling into the most reprehensible excesses. Libertinism was thought to trench but little on the duties imposed by religion. Bayard could not altogether hold himself above the love of pleasure; but in one celebrated instance, he furnished a sublime example of the mastery which reflection and benevolence may gain over passion. Being at Grenoble, a young female of exquisite beauty attracted his attention, and circumstances favoured the views, which at first sight, he was led to entertain. It was made known to him that her mother would not be indisposed to second his advances to an acquaintance with this female, and in fact, moved by poverty or avarice, she was content to sell her daughter's charms. The consent of the latter was thought of no moment, and the depraved parent actually forced her to suffer herself, after the bargain was concluded, to be taken to the abode of Bayard, and the wretched mother contentedly received the price of her child's dishonour.

Left alone with the Chevalier, coldly de-

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sorted by her natural protector, the poor girl in her despair appealed to the honour of the purchaser, and did not appeal in vain. Throwing herself on her knees before him, "You, sir," said she, "I hope, will not degrade yourself by injuring the unfortunate victim of misery. You will not seek to destroy that virtue of which your gallant nature and high character ought to make you the firm defender. I implore you to spare me." The appeal made a powerful impression on his heart. Though in that moment her beauty was more dazzling than ever, Bayard did not hesitate long on the course which it was the duty of a brave man to pursue. Having gazed on her for some moments, he replied in a soothing tone, "Rise, fair one. Dismiss your alarm. In me you will not find a destroyer. You shall leave my house as prudent, as virtuous, as you entered, and happier besides." He then conducted her to an apartment where she might remain for the night unmolested and alone, and on the following morning he sent for her mother, whom he sharply reproved for the unworthy part she had acted. He, however, was not content again to place her in hands so little to be trusted, and secured six hundred francs to the daughter as a marriage portion, having found that she had a lover who was willing to make her his wife. Nor was this all: he added the handsome donation of one hundred crowns to buy her dresses, and cover the expenses of celebrating her union with the man to whom she was attached. "Thus," exclaims his biographer, "did the good Chevalier change vice into virtue."

In 1513, war raged between France and this country. After the victory gained at Guinegate, commonly called "the Battle of Spurs," by the English, Bayard covered the retreat, and greatly served the cause of his king in very difficult circumstances, and against superior numbers. In the end, however, valour proved unavailing, and he with his companions in arms were compelled to surrender. Yet even in this extremity, he showed himself no common man. In becoming a prisoner his conduct was marked by equal courage and policy. At some distance he perceived an English officer, whose costly armour proved him to be a person of consequence, who seeing the enemy routed, cared not further to exert himself to make prisoners, and had, therefore, seated himself on the ground to rest, his arms thrown aside. Riding up to him, Bayard leaped from his horse, and presenting the point of his sword to his throat, called out in a menacing tone, "Surrender instantly, or you are a dead man." In the confusion of the moment the Englishman could only suppose that Bayard was at the head of a reinforcement which had come to the assistance of the French, and, incapable of resistance, he gave up his sword, and desired to know the name of his captor. "Sir," said he, in a softened voice, "I am the Captain de Bayard. Your sword I beg now to return with my own, and make myself your prisoner."

The surprise of the officer was great, as well as the pleasure he experienced when the circumstance was explained. He courteously received the mark of submission tendered by the stranger, and took him to the English camp. Some days afterwards, the Chevalier wished to be allowed to withdraw, that he might return to his countrymen. "But where," inquired the English officer, "is your ransom?" "And where," demanded the Chevalier, "is yours? I made you my prisoner, and I had your word of surrender before you had mine." This reasoning did not satisfy the officer to whom it was addressed, and the case was brought before the emperor and the king of England for adjudication, who, after hearing both sides, decided that neither was bound to give ransom to the other.

In 1514, the chevalier became lieutenant-general of Dauphiny, and in the following year, at the battle of Mariguano, he had the singular honour of conferring knighthood on his sovereign. The day had been marked by tremendous slaughter. Nothing could surpass the fury with which the Swiss fought, but the *Bull of Uri*, and the *Cow of Underwalden*, those martial instruments, whose note has so often led them to victory, were that day sounded but to herald defeat. Overjoyed with the triumph he had won, the young king, Francis I, who had now ascended the throne, desired to be knighted on the field of battle, and by the poor knight Bayard, then distinguished as the warrior *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. Such a distinction he shrunk from, and humbly begged to decline it, but the majesty of France would not be denied, and at length, drawing his sword, "Valiant as Roland or Olivier, or Godfrey Baudouin his brother certainly," the Chevalier exclaimed, "You are the first prince who was ever thus admitted to the honour of knighthood. God grant that in war you may never be seen to fly." Then looking on his sword, he exultingly addressed the weapon in the enthusiasm of the moment, "You, my trusty blade, are most happy since you have this day given to so powerful and virtuous a king the order of chivalry. As surely, my good sword, you shall be preserved as a treasured relic, and honoured above all others; nor shall you ever be drawn but against Saracens, Turks, and Moors." He then leaped for joy, and sheathed his weapon.

To him the defence of Mezieres was subsequently confided. The fortifications were

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not what they ought to have been; but the Chevalier successfully defended it for six weeks, against an enemy 40,000 strong, with 4,000 horse. It had at first been decided to burn the place, as it was not thought sufficiently strong to sustain a siege. Bayard opposed that resolution, telling the king that "no place could be weak, which was defended by men of courage."

Court intrigues had alienated the Constable de Bourbon from the king, and induced him to listen to overtures made to him by the emperor, Charles V., in consequence of which he was soon found in the ranks of the enemies of France. Half Europe, including Austria, Spain and England, combined against her. Prospero Colonna, Pescara, and the Constable de Bourbon, commanded on the opposite host. The storm which threatened France, seemed too great to be resisted. Bonnivet, who had invaded the Milanese territory, was compelled to retreat before the enemy. His rear-guard was defiling over the bridge of Romania, when he was fiercely attacked by De Bourbon, was himself wounded in the arm, and obliged to be carried from the field. The command of the army then devolved upon Bayard, and there he was fated to lose his life, and by that weapon which had always been the subject of his indignant murmurs—the arquebus, which he disliked, as it interfered with the ancient practice of fighting hand to hand which was dear to him as a lover of chivalry. A shot from an arquebus broke his vertebræ. He was soon aware of his inevitable fate, and prepared to meet it with the courage of a soldier, and the meekness of a Christian. He addressed his prayers to heaven, and then being placed at the foot of a tree, he desired that his face might be turned towards the imperialists, "Because," said he, "having never, in the course of my life, turned my back to an enemy, it would not be well that I should do so in my last moments." To the king he sent a message that "The only regret he felt at leaving life was, that it precluded him from longer having the honour to serve his majesty." Then raising his sword before him, and regarding it as a crucifix, he abandoned all earthly cares, and desired but to fix his thoughts on eternity.

The dying Chevalier was thus engaged when the victorious De Bourbon approached the spot where he reclined. For him the Constable had always owned great respect, and he was really grieved to see his old companion in arms bleeding, and on the point of breathing his last. With this feeling he addressed him in a soothing tone, saying, "Bayard, I am deeply affected at seeing you in this hopeless state." "I," said Bayard, "am not to be pitied—as a good man I die on the field of honour, but you are to be pitied; you, a Frenchman, who wear upon your shoulders the livery of Spain, stained by French blood; false to your oath, your honour, and your king." He died a few moments afterwards. With him the courage of the French army seemed to expire, and though they were speedily reinforced, they could not be brought again to face the enemy. He fell in 1523, and in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was deeply regretted by all the army. Many officers and men went to the enemy's camp to look on the remains, and in honour of their devotion for their distinguished captain, they were allowed to do so without being made prisoners. His corpse was embalmed and transported to Grenoble, his native city. Friends and enemies vied with each other to do him honour, that it might be presumed, if contemporary opinions are to be relied upon,

"That ne'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A purer spirit or more gentle shade."

Dr. WOLLF AND THE CAPTIVES IN BOKHARA.

The *Delhi Gazette* of October 8, contains the following remarkable particulars of the account given by the khan of Bokhara himself of the circumstances which led to the execution of Stoddart and Connolly. Ibrahim, who makes the report, is stated by the editor of the above paper to be the person who brought the notes from Dr. Wolff, which were published some time ago:—

"It is reported by Ibraham, who had been sent to Bokhara by Conolly Saheb, magistrate of Bareilly, and who has arrived in Peshawur, that Dr. Wolff Saheb, who had brought a vakeel from the Shah of Iran and letters from the king of Room, or Sultan Abd-ool-Musheed, to the address of the king of Bokhara, had reached that capital. The doctor was accompanied thither by some of his own servants and some suwars and people belonging to the king of Iran. Dr. Wolff presented the letters to the king of Bokhara, and asked him why he had murdered the vakeels of the king of Inglistan without a cause. The king of Bokhara replied that he had never murdered any vakeel belonging to the king of Inglistan. Neither of the Feringhees who had been put to death had any paper or sunnud from their king, showing that they were vakeels. Three years ago a Feringhee, named Stoddart Saheb, had arrived in Bokhara, who did all he could to prevent its being known that he was a Feringhee, and hid himself as long as he could. 'Subsequently, I, the king, learnt that there was a Feringhee hid

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in my town under these circumstances, on hearing which, I immediately sent for him, and inquired of him who he was, and why he had come to Bokhara? Stoddart Saheb told me in reply that he was a traveller wishing to see the country, and did not disguise that he was a Feringhee. I, the king, immediately ordered him to be thrown into prison. After this the Ameers of my court represented it was dangerous to keep a man under such circumstances in the country, but that if Stoddart Saheb would agree to become a Mussulman, the case would be altered; but if he remained as a christian, either in or out of prison, evil would arise. I, the king of Bokhara, therefore, sent for him, and told him that if he would become a convert to the holy faith he should be released, and might live where he pleased in Bokhara, where, no doubt, he would make many friends, and I would be one of them. Stoddart Saheb on this agreed to the proposal, and expressed his readiness to be a Mussulman. Some time after this event, another Feringhee, named Conolly Saheb, arrived in Bokhara, and stated that he was an Elchee of Shah Shujah. But he had no sunnud from the Shah, nor could he prove by other means that he was an Elchee, and being summoned to attend my durbar, which he did, had took up his dwelling with Stoddart Saheb. They then began, both of them, to enter into correspondence with the Ameers of Furung, concerning the affairs of Bokhara. Stoddart Saheb also, when Conally Saheb went to live with him, forsook the Mahomedan religion, and returned to his own faith. On my discovering this, I sent for all the Ulemas and Moulvies of my country, and submitted to them a question to the following effect: supposing a person has been converted to the Mahomedan from the Koofur religion, and the same person some time subsequently renounced the faith of Islam, what punishment is he liable to? The Ulemas replied that, agreeably to the Sheru Shereef, he was deserving of death. After this sentence had been pronounced by the Ulemas I still kept Stoddart Saheb in prison for some time, thinking he might be a Vakeel of the king of England; and instituted strict inquiries to find this out. But all my inquiries proved fruitless, and I was at last obliged to give an order for his execution. When Stoddart Saheb was about being put to death, I asked of Conolly Saheb if he would become a convert to the Mahomedan religion, stating to him, that if he would do this his life should be spared, but on his refusing to renounce his faith, I ordered him also to be put to death.'

"Dr. Wolff Saheb then asked for the bones of both the Feringhees who had been put to death, as he could distinguish them from the bones of other people. The king of Bokhara then directed the Jullads (executioners) who had carried the sentence into execution, to produce the bones of the two Feringhees, and delivered them to the doctor. The Jullads thereupon brought twice or three times the bones of some other people, but the doctor said he knew they were not the right bones. The fourth time the Jullads brought the bones of both the Feringhees. and the doctor immediately said they were the right ones, on which he took them, and deposited them in a box, A gentleman of the name of Hert Saheb, who was in Affghanistan, in the regiment of Sher Bazan, who had come *via* Peshawur and Cabul in the disguise of Moollah, is also at Bokhara. He observed all the customs of the Mahomedans after he quitted Peshawur, and said his prayers regularly five times a day, and always stood as an Iman in the different masques which he visited. He reached Bokhara many days before Dr. Wolff, and openly joined the doctor and the vakeel of the king of Iran when they arrived, and attended them to the durbar, conversing freely with the king. Water used to be brought three times a month to Bokhara from the river Amoo, but since Dr. Wolff and his attendants have arrived, water is brought ten times a month. Dr. Wolff goes to the king in a very independent manner, and has given out that he means to remain a whole year, being provided with the protection of the powerful sovereigns of Room and Iran. He says he will prove before he goes away, that the two Feringhees were vakeels to the king of England, and that they were registered as such in the proper offices. Naib Abdool-Summud Khan was privately very kind to Dr. Wolff and to the vakeel. He is one of the great Ameers, and he was appointed to command the army of Bokhara."

The Wandering Jew.

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguérite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XIII—*continued.*

Dagobert finding that there were four windows, two of which barred with iron, did not know the two rooms occupied by the young girls."

Agricola returned, saying. "It undoubtedly was the wind that shut the gate. I

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have opened it again, and placed a stone against it to prevent its shutting; but we must make haste."

"But how are we to know the windows of the room where these poor children are," said Dagobert. "To knock at the wrong one might spoil all."

"How distressing," said Agricola; "to be under their windows, and not able to do anything."

"I shall call out their names," said the soldier. "It is not likely that they sleep much, and therefore will hear my voice."

"But if the guard hear you, alarm will be given. I have it—I have it," added Agricola, after a moment's silence. "The Mayeux said that Mademoiselle de Cardoville made signs to the young girls from the window under the balcony; she, therefore, knows where they are confined. Give me the pinchers; I shall easily get a couple of boards out of this fence."

Agricola succeeded in withdrawing three of the boards, then, turning to his father, he said, "You must remain, and keep a close watch."

Agricola approached the window, looked in, and saw a light which proceeded from an adjoining room. Thinking that Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not retired to rest, he tapped at the window. At the expiration of a few seconds the young lady appeared, holding a small lamp in her hand, which she placed on the table. Agricola, afraid of frightening her, knocked again gently, at the same time calling out, "It is Agricola Baudoin."

These words reached Adrienne, who, immediately recollecting the conversation that she had had with the Mayeux, and thinking that Dagobert and Agricola had come to the convent to rescue the orphans, ran to the window and recognised the blacksmith.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said Agricola, as soon as the window was opened, "there's no time to lose. Count Mortbron is not in Paris. My father and I have come here to deliver you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Adrienne. "But first of all see to the safety of the daughters of Marshal Simon."

"Yes; we will see to them. I wish to know the rooms in which they are confined."

"The one is on the first story, with the window looking to the left of the garden, and the other is above it."

"They are saved, then," cried the blacksmith.

"Time presses. Only think of delivering those poor children. It is of no importance whether I remain a night or two longer here or not."

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle; it is of the greatest importance that you leave to-night. A fortune depends upon it; there's no longer a doubt."

"What do you say."

"I have no time to enter into particulars, Mademoiselle; but I beseech you to leave this place. I will go for my pincers, then, to wrench two of these bars will be easy."

"The door of the chamber is only locked. You could break it open easier. But go first and secure the orphans, then return for me. I will not forget the danger you have run for my sake."

"Thanks for your information, we are sure to succeed. I shall return in a few minutes."

Scarcely had Agricola left than she thought she perceived a human form gliding up the pathway, and hiding amongst the bushes. She called to Agricola, but he did not hear her.

"All is right," said Agricola, on joining his father, "the girls are on the first and second floors."

"We shall soon see," said Dagobert; "get upon my shoulder, Agricola, tap at the window with this rod, and then I shall call upon them.

"It is your Dagobert," struck upon the ear of Rose Simon, who started to the window; but, before she had lifted it two shots were fired, accompanied with the cries of "the guard—the guard."

The orphan remained petrified and confused. She saw by the faint light of the moon several men struggling together, whilst the furious barking of Rabat-joie was heard above the repeated cries of "Guard—guard—thieves—assassins."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE EVE OF AN EVENTFUL DAY.

About two hours before the preceding events had occurred in the convent of St. Mary, Rodin and the Abbé d'Aigrigny were seated in the apartment, in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins.

The Abbé, at the time of the Revolution of July, fearing that the Jesuits might be driven from the magnificent establishment that had been granted them at the Restoration, had removed the secret correspondence of his Order to this apartment.

Rodin was dressed in his usual mean clothing, and was unassumingly fulfilling the humble duty of a secretary, under which, as has already been seen, was concealed the more important one of keeping a vigilant watch over the conduct of his superior, in all his proceedings, no matter however trivial, and of transmitting an accurate account of them to Rome. Notwithstanding his habitual self-control, he now exhibited signs of uneasiness; and his replies to the questions of his superior, were much more brief than customary.

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"Has anything favourable happened during my absence?" inquired the Abbé.

"Yes," replied Rodin. "But before I inform your reverence, I must first apprise you that Morok arrived here two days ago."

"Indeed!" said the Abbé, quite surprised. "I thought he had received orders to proceed to the south, where he might be of essential service, for the Protestants are rising, and it is feared that a reaction against the Catholics will take place."

"I am not aware," said Rodin, "whether private reasons have induced him to change his course or not; all that I have been able to learn is, that he is going to exhibit here."

"He might," replied the Abbé, "render much greater service amongst the religious and ignorant populace of the south than he can render here."

"He is now below waiting to kiss the hand of your reverence."

"That is impossible! You know how this evening must be spent. Have you sent to the Rue St. Francis?"

"Yes, the notary informed the old Jewish guardian, that at six o'clock to-morrow morning, the masons will pull down the wall that blocks up the entrance to the house, which will, for the first time during one hundred and fifty years, then be opened."

The Abbé remained silent for a minute, then said, "On the eve of so important an event, nothing must be neglected. Read again the copy of the note that was placed in the archives of our Society a century and a half ago."

Rodin then took a paper out of his desk, and read as follows:—"On this day, February the 19th, 1682, the reverend father Bourdoir sent the following notice—'A great secret has been revealed by a dying man, to one of our order. M. Marius de Rennepont, one of the most active and formidable chiefs of the reformed religion, and the bitterest foe of our Society, had, for the sole object of saving this property, which had been confiscated, on account of his religion, re-entered the pale of our holy church. Proofs of this having been furnished by several members of our Society his majesty, Louis XIV, confiscated the property of the said Rennepont, and condemned him to the galleys, which punishment he evaded by committing suicide, and for this abominable crime his body was thrown to the dogs. Having explained this, we now come to a secret that deeply affects the future welfare of our Society. When his majesty confiscated the property of Rennepont, he, in his paternal kindness for the church, and for our Order in particular, granted it to us, as a reward for the assistance we had given in unmasking the apostate. It has, however, just been discovered that a house in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, Paris, and 50,000 crowns have been kept back; from which it follows that our Society has been defrauded. The house, owing to the culpable connivance of one of the friends of Rennepont, who pretended to purchase it before the latter had forfeited his property, has been walled round, and is, according to the will of the reprobate, not to be opened for a century and a half. As to the money it has been placed out at interest, but in whose hands we have not been able to discover, and at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will, by means of the interest, have increased enormously, it is to be divided among the descendants of Rennepont, This apostate has from motives that we are ignorant of, but which he has explained in his will, concealed from his family all knowledge of the money that he has put out at interest; but he has enjoined them to endeavour to transmit to their offspring, from generation to generation, his desire, that at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, his surviving descendants should assemble in the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of January, 1832, and in order that this should not be forgotten, he has commissioned some one whose condition is unknown, but of whom we possess a description, to cast bronze medals with his wish engraven on them, and to cause each member of his family to be supplied with one of them; which precaution is the more necessary as, from some hidden motives, that it is supposed he has explained in his will, he has bound his descendants that may survive to appear in the Rue St. Francis at the appointed hour, under pain of forfeiting all claim to his property. The person appointed to distribute the medals is a tall man about thirty years of age, with black bushy eye-brows, and a countenance expressive of pride and melancholy. His name is Joseph, and he is strongly suspected of being an emissary of the republicans of the seven provinces. It plainly appears therefore, that we have been defrauded, and it is our duty, by every means in our power to compel complete restitution, until which, the curse of Cain will rest on the descendants of the apostate Rennepont."

Rodin stopped reading, and said to the Abbé—

"Now follows the history of this family, from 1682 up to the present, which it would be useless to read to your reverence."

"Yes, quite so," replied the Abbé. "But there is yet one thing that causes me considerable uneasiness."

"What is that?" asked Rodin.

"I was thinking of the information that we have in vain endeavoured to obtain from the guardian of the house in the Rue St.

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Francis. Has another attempt been made?" —"Yes, but with no better success. However, the old Jew is almost childish, and his wife is very little better."

"When I think," said the Abbé, "that the house has been always guarded by the family of the Samuels, I cannot believe but that some of them knew in whose hands the money was placed. Who knows whether it will be given up to-morrow or not? The nearer the decisive moment approaches, the more my anxiety increases, and yet, have I not done everything in my power to insure success?" This question was addressed to Rodin, but he returned no answer.

The Abbé looked at him with surprise, and said, "Don't you think I have done all that it was possible to do?"

Rodin bowed respectfully, but still remained silent.

"If you think," continued the Abbé, "I have omitted anything tell me, there is yet time."

"I dare not offer an opinion on this subject," replied Rodin, humbly.

The Abbé shrugged his shoulders, and reproached himself for having asked counsel of his secretary, whom he considered a mere machine, possessing only three qualities—memory, accuracy, and discretion.

CHAPTER XV.—THE STRANGLER.

After the lapse of a few moments, the Abbé broke silence by saying, "Read the reports of the day concerning each member of this family," which Rodin did as follows: "James Rennepont, surnamed *Couche-tout-Nu*, was seen this evening at eight o'clock in the debtor's gaol."

"He will not trouble us to-morrow. Read on."

"The superior of the Convent of St. Mary, having received some information from the Princess de St. Dizier, caused Rose and Blanche Simon to be locked up in their cells at nine o'clock this evening, and she has placed a strong guard in the convent garden to keep watch all the night."

"Nothing is to be feared either from that quarter. Continue."

"Doctor Baleinier, having also received a warning from the Princess, caused the door of the pavilion in which Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined to be locked and bolted at a quarter to nine this evening."

"Go on."

"As to M. Hardy," continued Rodin, "I have received a letter this morning from M. de Bressac, the intimate friend of Hardy, who aided us so dexterously in sending the manufacturer out of the way for a few days. In this letter is enclosed one from M. Hardy, addressed to a friend, which Bressac has forwarded to us, in the hope that we will, for this service, give up the papers that place him in our power. M. Hardy's letter runs thus:"

"Toulouse, Feb. 10th.

"My dear Sir—I have at last found a few minutes to explain the cause of my sudden departure, and also to ask a favour of you. I have often spoken to you of M. de Bressac, who you are aware was one of the comrades of my youth. A few days ago he sent me a letter from Toulouse, couched in the following terms:

"'If you love me come; I stand in need of your aid. Perhaps your consolation may create in me a desire to live. If you should arrive too late, think of him who to his latest hour was your best friend.'

"You can easily judge of my distress. I immediately ordered horses. The foreman of my factory, an old man whom I highly esteem, who is the father of Marshal Simon, hearing that I was going to the south, asked to go with me, to which I readily acceded. When I arrived at Toulouse, I was told that Bressac had departed the night before, with fire arms in his possession, in a state of the most violent despair. Having, at the end of two days, received tidings of him, I instantly set off in quest of him, and after a good deal of trouble I at length found him at a small village, in the most lamentable state of mind conceivable. I offered all the consolation that friendship could suggest, and thinking that a change of scene might be of use to him, I proposed going to Nice, whither we intend to proceed to-morrow, so that I shall not be in Paris before the end of March. As to the service I have to ask of you, it is conditional. It appears, according to some papers belonging to my mother's family, that I am interested in appearing at Paris, in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, on the 13th of February. As I shall not be able to be present, I have written to my foreman, whom I left in the department of Cremé, desiring him to go there, not as my representative, but only to observe what takes place. But as it is possible that he may be too late, I would be much obliged to you, should he not arrive in time, if you would go in his stead.

"FRANCIS HARDY."

"Although," said the Abbé, "the presence of Marshal Simon's father, to-morrow, at the opening of the house, cannot be of much importance, still it would be better not to have him there. Hardy is however safely removed. We have now only the young Indian. It was wisely done to allow M. Norval to carry the presents of Mademoiselle de Cardoville to this prince. The presence of the doctor, chosen by Baleinier, to accompany M. Norval, will not excite suspicion, therefore we have nothing to fear from the prince."

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"As to Gabriel," said Rodin, "he has again solicited an interview with your reverence."

"I will hear him to-morrow, on our way to the Rue St. Francis, where I hope we shall be triumphant."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and a servant, dressed in black, entered, and informed Rodin that some one below wished to speak with him on urgent business.

"Did he give his name?" inquired the Abbé.

"No, but he says he has been sent by M. Josué, a merchant in the island of Java."

Rodin and the Abbé exchanged a glance of surprise, mixed with alarm. The Abbé then retired by a side door, and in a few minutes after, Faranghea, the chief of the Stranglers entered.

Rodin instantly recognised him as the person he had seen at the Chateau de Cardoville; but, not wishing to let it appear that he did so, he took a slip of paper, and wrote a few words on it.

"Sir," said the servant, "here is the person that inquired for you."

Rodin folded his note, and delivered it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to where it was addressed, and bring him back an answer. He then fixed his basilisk eyes on Faranghea, and courteously said, "To whom have I the honour of addressing myself, Sir?"

CHAPTER XVI.—THE BROTHERS OF THE GOOD WORK.

Faranghea, who was an Indian by birth, had travelled a great deal, spoke English and French fluently, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sagacity.

Instead of directly answering Rodin's question, he fixed upon him a penetrating look. Rodin seemed troubled and embarrassed; but, soon summoning up his accustomed *sang froid*, he demanded, in a firm voice—

"To whom, Sir, have I the honour of speaking?"

"You do not know me, then?"

"I do not know, Sir, that I ever had the honour of seeing you before."

"But I know you," said Faranghea," I saw you at the Chateau de Cordoville the day that two vessels were wrecked. And that day I called you by your name,and you asked me what I wished, and I said nothing now, brother, but much hereafter. The time is come. Do you know the handwriting of M. Josué? Look there," he added, after drawing from his pocket the packet which he had taken from the smuggler.

"That is, indeed, M. Josué's writing," said Rodin, extending his hand for the letter, which Faranghea again placed quietly in his pocket.

"Permit me to tell you, my dear sir, that you fulfil your commission in a strange manner. This letter bears my address, and no doubt it was confided to you by M. Josué."

"It was not confided to me by Josué. A smuggler betrayed me, for which he secured a free passage to Europe. I strangled the smuggler, took his papers, and now behold me."

Faranghea thought that this declaration would frighten Rodin; the latter, however, said, in his usual calmness, "They strangle people in Java, do they?"

"Aye, and elsewhere," said Faranghea, with a bitter smile.

"You seem to be very candid, sir. What is your name?"

"Faranghea."

"Well, M. Faranghea, what is your intention? You acknowledge having committed an atrocious crime; you have stolen a letter addressed to me, and now you refuse to give me it."

"Because I have read the letter, and find that it will serve my purpose. From it I learnt that you, like me, are a son of the Good Work."

"Of what good work do you speak?" demanded Rodin, in astonishment.

"In this letter," said Faranghea, with an expression of bitter irony, Josué says—"Obedience and courage, secrecy and patience, trickery, audacity, and union between us, who have for our country the world, for our family those of our Order, and for our queen, Rome."

"It is possible that M. Josue writes these words; but what conclusions do you draw from them."

"Our work have like yours, brother, the world for country; like yours, for family our associates, and for queen, Bohawnie; so Rome and Bohawnie are sisters,"

"And who is this Bohawnie—what are her sons, and what have they in view."

"Her sons are bold, resolute men, who for the Good Work sacrifice country, father, mother, sister, brother; who look upon all who do not belong to them as enemies, and whose end is like yours—the extinction of life."

"The extinction of life!" exclaimed Rodin.

"Yes, brother; you kill the soul—we destroy the body: you are then like us—hunters of men."

"But I tell you M. Josue speaks of killing man's desires—inclinations."

"And what is the body deprived of the soul, if not a corpse. Come, come, brother, the deaths caused by our cords are not more effective than those made by your dis-

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cipline. Let us then conclude, that Rome and Bohawnie are sisters."

"Without doubt," said Rodin, after a long pause, "the resemblance between Rome and Bohawnie is rather striking. But the result, Sir?"

"I wish to show you, brother, what I am, and what I am capable of doing, in order to convince you that it is better to have my friendship than my enmity."

"On what terms, Sir?" said Rodin, with a disdainful look. "You tell me that you belong to a tribe of murderers. Well, then let me tell you, with due submission, M. Faringhea, that whatever is permitted in India, I assure you that no strangling is allowed here; and that if you take away the life of any one for the love of Bohawnie, your divinity, you will have your head chopped off for the love of another divinity, vulgarly called Justice."

"And what would they do to me if I attempted to poison any one," demanded Faranghea, fixing his keen eye upon Rodin.

"I have no time to go through a whole course of jurisprudence. Only take my advice: neither try to kill nor poison any one. Now give me M. Josue's correspondence, or leave me."

"Ah, brother, in a few minutes you will beseech me to remain,"

"I doubt it, Sir."

"A few words will have the effect. When I spoke to you of poisoning, brother, it was to bring to your recollection that you had sent a doctor to the Château de Cardoville, to poison Djalma."

Rodin, in spite of himself, betrayed signs of inward emotion.

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. "Come in," cried Rodin.

"I delivered the note you gave me, and here is the answer," said the servant, on entering.

"Will you excuse me, Sir?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Faranghea.

"You are very obliging."

Rodin opened the letter, read it, then writing a few words underneath, said to the servant, "Take this to the same party."

(To be continued.)

THE ABORIGINES OF SWAN RIVER.

The habits and peculiarities of uncivilized communities are at all times strikingly curious, and not without considerable interest, as affording a convincing illustration of the cruel and selfish tendency of the human heart, when unaided and uncontrolled by the refinements and usages of civilised society. An undoubted evidence in favour of this position is afforded in some ably drawn "Sketches of the Aborigenes of Australia," by G. F. Moore, which appeared in the *Colonial Magazine* of 1841.

Among many graphic incidents of native customs and prejudices, the author details an incident confirmatory of the cruel and exterminating effects of their belief in the existence of a magical influence called "Boleah," with which they suppose certain members of their community to be possessed. The unfortunate possessors of this mystic charm are supposed to be gifted, not only with curative powers in all diseases, but with the far more dangerous power of inflicting diseases, and even death, should their anger or revenge prompt them to such severities.

The exercise of such fatal influence being supposed to have caused the death of a man in the Murray district, the people of Guildford were at once denounced as the agents in this iniquitous deed, and from the connection of the deceased with the neighbouring tribe of Perth, their aid was solicited to revenge it. Assisted by this reinforcement, the whole body proceeded to the district in question where, meeting with a man named Bogau, an unerring arm drove a spear through his back, wheeling him round with its force, while another immediately reached his breast, and, thus transfixed, the unhappy wretch became the object of their cruel vengeance, which was not satiated until their ill-fated victim, sinking from agony and exhaustion, was supported from falling by the spears which had pierced his body in every part. Enduring these torments with heroic fortitude he exclaimed, "O spirit of my father, see!" "O brothers, avenge my death!" while the weapons on which he was impaled were tearing his flesh. Yielding to the weight of his body he rolled to the ground a lifeless corpse. There his mangled remains were left, while the whole of that night was spent by his friends in bitter lamentations over the grave to which they had consigned his body.

The work of vengeance did not, however, rest here, for, encountering Weenat, the step-son of the deceased Bogau, they immediately prepared to execute their cruel purpose on him. One of the party running forward, pressed him to his breast, while his uplifted hands and heart-rending shouts of grief proclaimed the sad intelligence which was whispered in his ear. Then dragging him to a neighbouring thicket, his life was soon forfeited to their wretched superstition. Their thirst for blood being not yet appeased, nine unfailing weapons were hurled at an unoffending old man named Burragind, whom chance had thrown across their path. His spirit was yielded without a groan; and thus ended the sanguinary work, which, doubt-

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less, ere the last echo of mournful wailings for the dead had passed away, was followed by retribute vengeance from the friends of the departed.

The habits of these savages in obtaining their wives, offer great scope for the humanising effects of civilisation. Betrothed in infancy, inheritance from a deceased relative, gift or purchase, spoil in warfare, or stratagem, are the usual conditions and means resorted to. The following case of purchase from a friend which came under the author's own observation, is so characteristically narrated that any abridgement would considerably diminish its effect:—

"Weenat, though a very young man, was possessed of two wives, Nanieen and Eolegiaue; when, suffering under a long illness from a spear wound in his knee, he purchased the assistance and protection of Derrapwirt, at the price of his younger wife. Polygamy is common among them, and, whether from this cause or from a natural inequality of the sexes, there exists a less equal division in this respect than is considered satisfactory. Hence many troubles arise, and this is the most frequent source of broils, duels, and bloodshed. A mutual attachment sometimes springs up between parties, of so strong and so enduring a nature, as to bid defiance to the most cruel severity, and to survive the most carefully-managed separations both of distance and time. The man seems to devote his life to accomplish the abduction, whilst the woman seems to live but for the purpose of watching for, and taking advantage of the opportunity of elopement. Mauli Dauban crept silently at night along the ground, and twisted a spear in the hair of Garnenion; she recognised the singular warning, and handed over Ghear's weapon to her lover, who then pinned down poor Ghear to the earth by a spear driven though his thigh, and deliberately walked off with the woman as the reward of his treachery. Yet this did not trouble the other natives much. Ghear had obtained this woman in nearly a similar manner upon a former occasion, and the whole affair was looked upon as a mere ordinary matter to be settled between them. But even more serious results sometimes attend these affairs. When the worst passions gain the mastery, who can say how far they will carry their slaves. A violent attachment existed between Tomghin and Yualong, one of the women of Dauban, which had frequently been the occasion of hostilities between the two men. One day, being aroused by an unusual sound of strife, I saw a woman rush towards the house, and take sanctuary in the kitchen. She was closely followed by three men, brandishing their spears, and looking greatly excited. I found Dauban and Weeap bleeding profusely from reciprocal wounds in their thighs. Tomghin was present, but unhurt; in the kitchen the poor mother was moaning over her wounded child: a misdirected spear had pierced the infant on her back, and it was easy to perceive from the glassy fixedness of the eye that it had received a mortal injury. An interesting little girl, about eleven years of age, called Momican, sat cowering in a corner, trembling with evident anxiety and alarm. This poor girl was betrothed to Weban, but his harshness, and the cruelty of his old and ordinary wife, had driven her to seek protection and sympathy from one of her own sex, and to repose a most fatally misplaced confidence on Yualong. Meantime all the party had disappeared but Duaban, who called my attention to his wounds, pointing out that it had gone nearly through his thigh, and wished me to cut it through on the other side; at his urgent intreaty I opened it freely with a lancet, when he forced the blood out, and seemed to gain relief; I then tied a ligature slightly above the wound, and in this state he set out, and compelled the woman to follow him notwithstanding her lamentation and remonstrance; they formed a remarkable group—the weeping mother, the wounded father, the dying infant, the agitated girl. Whilst I was yet looking at them, a figure sprang from behind a tree, and hurled his spears at Duaban, so close at hand, and with such rapidity, that escape seemed impossible. One spear seemed to stand out from his body, as if it had transfixed him through and through; but the man had caught it in passing between his arm and his side, and held it so; seeing then the failure of his weapons, the figure flung his throwing-board at him, and fled, rushing at speed into my own sitting-room. It was Tomghin. Indignant at his cowardly treachery, and ignorant of his motives, I was debating with myself whether to turn him out, or to protect him, when in an instant he re-appeared, armed at all points with a choice collection of native weapons, which I had procured as objects of curiosity. He was greeted with a shout of surprise and alarm, and one of the natives immediately seized him, and locking his arms firmly about his waist, held him, notwithstanding his violent struggles to get free. Not knowing what turn affairs might take, I had also armed myself, when Weeap said, 'Why do you bring your gun, are you angry?' 'No, I bring my gun that you may not injure any white person.' 'Oh, this is all among ourselves only.' I was appealed to by both the principals; Dauban calling upon me to put the woman out of the house, and Tomghin adjuring me not to give her up. I stood in the door-way, and said, 'I do not

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interfere;' when Dauban seizing her not very gently by the hair, and muttering with suppressed anger, once more led her away. Tomghin writhed with fury, and poured out a torrent of abuse and threats after him; and seizing some of the broken spears which he had thrown at him, ran off at full speed in pursuit. Dauban's leg having soon become stiff from the effects of the wound, Tomghin found no great difficulty in retaking the woman during the course of the evening. The wounded infant died in the night, and savage fury seemed to have taken possession of them both, for the poor girl Momican, who had hitherto followed Yualong like a shadow, now became alarmed, and fled from them, and took refuge in a neighbouring barrack, remaining under protection of the house until morning. At dawn of day Tomghin appeared, and ordered her to bring out a fire stick. The poor girl appeared to have some presentiment of her fate—she trembled, but obeyed :—he led her to some distance from the house, when with one blow upon the temples with the fire-stick which she had brought, he felled her to the earth, and then transfixed her with his spear; when Yualong, her friend Yualong, whose protection she had sought, beat and mutilated her with a long heavy pointed stick used for digging roots, and which he actually thrust through her body in several places. Having thus perpetrated this wanton savage deed, they went off together, fit companions for one another, to enjoy their blood-stained bridal."

Coolly as the sacrifice has been, and strenuous and untiring as have been the efforts of our countrymen to spread the blessing of knowledge and Christianity among these benighted beings, yet from all contemporaneous testimony much still remains to be effected. The work from which we have quoted has furnished us with much valuable information relative to the usages of a people considerable for their numbers, who may be ultimately destined to occupy a prominent place in the scale of civilised society.

Modest.—A gentleman advertises in a New York paper for board in a quiet genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society "will be deemed a sufficiency for board, lodging, washing, and other etceteras."

Strasburg Cathedral.—The *Presse* states that the belfry of the Cathedral of Strasburg has deviated considerably from its perpendicular within a short time; and has inclined more than six feet, calculating between the elevation of the summit and the base.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CLEVELAND.

Arms.—Quarterly, first and fourth, az., three sinister gauntlets, or, for Vane; second and third, quarterly; first and fourth, quarterly, France and England second, Scotland third, Ireland, (being the arms of Charles II) charged on the centre point, erm., for Fitzroy.

Crest.—Vane, a dexter gauntlet, ppr., bossed and trimmed, or, brandishing a sword, also ppr. Fitzroy on a chapeau, gu., turned up erm., a lion passant, guardant, or, gorged with a collar, company, of the second and az., and crowned with a five-leafed ducal coronet, of the last.

Supporters.—Dexter, a lion guardant, or, ducally crowned and gorged as the crest; sinister a greyhound urgent, collared as the dexter.

Motto.—*Nec temere nec timide.* "Neither rashly nor timidly."

The Clevelands claim a common ancestor with the noble house of Fane (changed from Vane), earls of Westmoreland. It appears that Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted for his valiant achievements at the battle of Poictiers, left a son, John Vane, whose great grandson, John Vane, esquire, received, in the reign of Henry VI, a grant of the manor of Hadloe, in Kent. He married Isabel, daughter of John Darrell, esquire, and had, with other issue, Richard, ancestor of the earls of Westmoreland. This John Vane, senior, appears the first to have changed his name from Vane to Fane in his will. His grandson, Henry Fane, esquire, of Hadloe, was involved in Sir Thomas Wyatt's Insurrection, and committed to the Tower; but owing to his youth, experienced the royal clemency. He subsequently represented Winchester in parliament, and became an eloquent and distinguished senator. He died in the twenty-second year of the reign of Elizabeth. His grandson, Sir Henry, resumed the original name of his ancestors. This gentleman was a distinguished politician, and high in the favour of James I and Charles I; in the former reign he was appointed cofferer to the prince of Wales; and in the latter, after enjoying many elevated offices, was constituted principal secretary of state for life, and sworn to the privy council. His sub-

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sequent dismissal from office was attributed to his having offended the king, by the active part he took in the prosecution of the earl of Strafford — against whom he was said to be influenced by private pique — from that nobleman's having, when elevated to the peerage, taken the title of Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, which Sir Henry Vane deemed more properly to belong to himself as owner of the castle. The removal of Sir Henry from power formed part of the justification of the parliament for first levying an army. "It is only," says their declaration, "for the defence of the king's person, and the religion, liberties, and laws of the kingdom, &c. That by the instigation of evil councillors, the king had raised an army of Papists, by which he intended to awe and destroy the parliament, &c., and the putting out of the earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry Vane, and others, &c., were ample and sufficient evidence thereof." Sir Henry Vane died in 1654, and was succeeded by his elder son, Sir Henry Vane, knight, whom Clarendon characterises as a person "of great natural parts, a quick conception, and very ready, sharp, and weighty expression." This gentleman was appointed joint treasurer of the navy with Sir William Russell; and outliving his associate, enjoyed the office alone; in which he displayed a rare example of honour and integrity. The fees of office amounted to little less than £39,000 per annum, which Sir Henry, looking upon as too much for a subject, nobly relinquished his patent, which had been granted by Charles I for life, to the then parliament, desiring but £2000 a year for an agent that he had brought up to the business, the remainder to go to the public. Sir Henry took great part in the Civil Wars of the period. In early life he seemed attached to the monarchy; but "when his father (observes Clarendon) received the disobligation from the lord Strafford, by his being created baron of Raby (the house and land of Vane), which title had been promised himself but it was unluckily cast upon the earl, purely out of contempt to Vane; they sucked in all the thoughts of revenge imaginable; and thence the son betook himself to the friendship of Mr. Byron and all other discontented or seditious persons, and communicated all that intelligence that designed the ruin of the earl, and which grafted him in the entire confidence of those who promoted the same, so that nothing was concealed from him, though it is believed he communicated his own thoughts to very few. After the Restoration he was looked upon as a dangerous character; and being arraigned for high treason, was found guilty, and receiving sentence of death, was beheaded on Tower-hill, June 11, 1662. Sir Henry was succeeded by his youngest and only surviving son, Sir Christopher Vane, knight, who was elevated to the peerage as lord Barnard, of Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, by letters patent, dated July 8, 1699. Lord Barnard died in 1723, and was succeeded by his elder son, Gilbert, second baron, whose son, Henry, third baron, married lady Grace Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, 1st duke of Cleveland. His lordship, having filled some high official appointments, was created viscount Barnard, and earl of Darlington, by letters patent, dated April 3, 1754. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, second earl, whose son, William Henry, was created marquis of Cleveland, in 1827, and duke of Cleveland in 1833. The duke died in 1842, and was succeeded by his son Henry, the present peer; married November 16, 1809, Sophia, daughter of John Earl Poulett.

Review.

Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson. With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.H. G. Vol. I. Colburn.

(Concluded from page 410.)

We gather from these letters an interesting account of the progress of an attachment, which ended in making Nelson, as he says, a "Benedict." The interest of these details becomes painful, when we reflect on the lamentable error which this great man fell into in after life; but they open a page in the history of the human heart which cannot be too seriously conned, and show how necessary it is for the best and the greatest among us to set a watch on our conduct, lest, from small beginnings, there should spring giant errors, swallowing up all that we once held sacred and dear. As a lesson and a warning, we should look at the failings of the great; and whilst we do full homage to all that is high and noble in their career, draw good from the evil, and thus disarm it of, at least, one of its poisonous stings—influence. The marriage of Nelson was the result of an attachment, the nature of which, and the promises for future happiness, will be best shown by extracts from his letters. Speaking of Mrs. Nisbet to his uncle, William Suckling, Esq., when applying for pecuniary assistance, we find the following passage:—

"The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after her marriage, and has left her with a son. From her infancy (for her father and mother died when she was only two years of age), she has been brought up by her mother's brother, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis,

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a gentleman whose character and fortune must be well known to all the West India merchants, therefore I shall say nothing upon that head. Her age is twenty-two; and her personal accomplishments you will suppose *I think* equal to any person's I ever saw; but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship. Her son is under her guardianship, but totally independent of her." The sentence in his uncle's reply, "Your application has, in a great degree, deprived me of my free agency," gave rise to the succeeding:—

"Relations are not always the people we are to look up to for doing friendly offices. O, my dear uncle! you can't tell what I feel—indeed, I can hardly write, or know what I am writing: you would pity me did you know what I suffer by that sentence—for, although it does not make your act less generous, yet it embitters my happiness. You must know me, and consequently that I am guided by the strictest rules of honour and integrity; and that, had I not been more ambitious of fame than money, I should not, most probably, have been under the necessity of making the present application to you. No dangers or difficulties shall ever deter me from doing my utmost to provide handsomely for my dearest Fanny, for with the purest and most tender affection do I love her. Her virtue and accomplishments are not more conspicuous than her goodness of heart and gentleness of disposition; and you will esteem her for herself when you know her. Your readiness in giving, my dear friend, will not make me more anxious to receive; for, can I live without your putting yourself to the inconvenience of advancing money. I certainly shall do it, for my disposition is not that of endeavouring to grasp all I can. The greatest felicity I can enjoy is to make her happy; for myself I can care but little when she is considered; and I could lay down my life with pleasure at this moment for her future happiness. After what I have written, you will believe that my love is founded upon that strong basis which must have the appearance of enjoying happiness with her."

Again, in another letter to the same—

"Perhaps you will think it odd if I do not mention Mrs. Nisbet;—I can only answer you, that her heart is equal to her head, which every person knows is filled with good sense. My affection for her is fixed upon that solid basis of esteem and regard, that I trust can only increase by a longer knowledge of her."

We cannot refrain from giving part of a letter, addressed to Mrs. Nisbet, as it gives a further insight into his feelings and expectations:—

"My dearest Fanny—Having seen in this day's newspaper, that a vessel cleared out from St. John to Nevis, a few days ago, I feel vexed not to have had a letter in the office for you: however, if I can well help it, I will not be behind hand again. To write letters to you is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such, as I am sure, are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express, nor, indeed, would I give much for any pen or head that could describe feelings of that kind; they are worth but little when that can happen. My heart yearns to you—it is with you—my mind dwells on nought else but you. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure; it is you, my dearest Fanny, who are everything to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These, you are well convinced, are my present sentiments; God Almighty grant they may never change. Nor do I think they will; indeed, there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty they cannot; for it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest, or compulsion, which makes so many unhappy."

Soon after this they were married, March 12, 1787; and in the succeeding December, his ship being paid off, he was placed on half pay, residing principally at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, till the January of 1973, when he was appointed captain of the Agamemnon, of 64 guns. During the necessary separation, attendant on this appointment, his correspondence with his wife was as frequent as opportunity would allow, and always expressive of affection and admiration. It was during this absence that he first met with Lady Hamilton, and he speaks of her to his wife as "A young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised."

One among many other recommendations to this excellent work, is the care which Sir Harris Nicolas takes to avail himself of extracts from the former lives of Nelson, wherever they can throw any light upon the subject of the letters. In this instance, we find an anecdote of Sir William Hamilton's first impression of Nelson, taken from Harrison's Life of Nelson, and with this we must for the present conclude, awaiting the appearance of the second volume, which is promised in January:—

"Sir William, on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced. I know it from the very few words of con-

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versation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree."

Familiar Introduction to Astronomy.

[Sherwood.]

A minute description of a book which has reached a third edition may be spared. This Introduction is what it professes to be, a familiar treatise. Its utility is obvious, and the wonderful science of which it treats is one that does not soon tire. A little elegant work like this is valuable to refresh and remind those it cannot inform. We give as a sample its notice of the change of the seasons.

"The earth, in revolving around the sun, does not move with its axis perpendicular to its path, but its North Pole is slightly inclined towards the sign Cancer; and it preserves this inclination during the whole of its annual circuit. The consequence of this is, that when the earth passes through the sign Capricornus, its North Pole is inclined towards the sun, which is then seen in Cancer; and on that account the sun's light extends a considerable distance beyond the North Pole of the earth, and falls short of the South Pole; hence, as the earth turns upon its axis, we, in the northern hemisphere, have then long days, and an increase of the solar beams, which, falling more directly upon us than at any other time of the year, produce the sultry heat of summer; while the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere experience a proportionate diminution of the sun's light and heat, causing their winter. When the earth has arrived at the sign Aries, the sun will be seen in the sign Libra, which sign is equidistant from the two points of the heavens to which the North and South Poles of the earth are directed; consequently the sun's rays will then fall perpendicularly upon the equatorial parts of the earth; the half of its surface will therefore be illuminated from pole to pole; and as the earth turns upon its axis, there will then be an equal length of day and night on every part of the globe; this is the situation of the earth in our autumn. When the earth has arrived at the sign Cancer, we see the sun in Capricornus; but the North Pole, as before observed, is still directed towards Cancer, and must therefore incline from the sun, which is in the opposite sign. On this account the solar beams do not reach so far as the North Pole of the earth, which is therefore involved in darkness; and as the earth rotates, we, who dwell in the northern hemisphere, have short days, and feel less of the sun's heat, his rays falling obliquely and sparingly upon us. This is our winter season; but the South Pole of the earth being now inclined towards the sun, the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere have long days, and experience the heat of summer. When the earth has arrived at Libra, the sun will be seen in Aries: his beams again fall perpendicularly on the equator, as in autumn; and as the earth revolves, an equality of day and night, on every part of its surface, again takes place. The season of spring now commences in our hemisphere, but in the southern it is autumn. The earth, advancing in its annual course, arrives again at Capricornus, from whence the sun appears in Cancer, where we first observed him, and, by shining over the North Pole as before, gives us the lengthened days and the increased heat of summer. If the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of its annual orbit, there could be no variation of seasons; neither summer nor winter would be known amongst us; the days and nights would each be twelve hours long, and the sun would throughout the year shine perpendicularly on the equatorial parts of the earth, and shed its light as far as the Poles, but no farther. Thus the different seasons of the year, with all their beneficial consequences, are produced by the axis of the earth being inclined to the plane of its orbit, and its parallelism preserved; that is, the same position of the axis retained with relation to the starry heavens during its annual course; the North Pole of the earth being always directed towards a certain fixed star, called the Pole Star; a contrivance extremely simple, yet truly sublime; pointing out to us the infinite wisdom of the Great Creator, who 'spake the word, and nature moved complete.'"

Marriage. A Poem. By the Rev. Dr. H. Edwards. Whittaker.

This is, also, like the work just noticed, a third edition. It contains some powerful passages, rendered more valuable by the high moral aim which the author has in view. Sometimes he has been rather too disdainful of the shackle of rhyme, which he had imposed upon himself, and suffered inaccuracies to pass, which in another edition it may be as well to correct. The distinction between love and lust is very forcibly marked, and many happy ideas

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are developed in the progress of the poem. Our readers will be pleased with the animation and variety of the extract which follows, relating to unrequited love, and the affecting note appended to it, which will repay perusal:—

"Ah! who can tell the horror, blank dismay,
Caused by the soul that charms but to betray?
Love unrequited and love unrevealed,
Eating the heart in voiceless woe concealed;
And love long cherished, all at once bereaved.
All, all are nought compared with love deceived.
Nature and art alike were all too faint,
A love-lorn, disappointed soul to paint.
The lightning's pallid flash? the thunder's roar;
The whit'ning surge encroaching on the shore;
The deep'ning horrors of the ethereal gloom;
The earthquake's dire unfathomable tomb;
The wild tornado harrowing up the ground;
The frantic whirlwind scatt'ring ruin round;
The adder's venom; the hyæna's moan;
The shriek, the yell; the agonizing groan;
The orphan's sable garb; the widow's grief;
The captive's sigh, who looks not for relief;
The film opaque which fills the orb of light,
The wayward madman's aimless joys and fright;
The woes which wait upon our earliest breath;
The dire unutterable pangs of death;
Vain all—to show the horrors of that heart—
Its phrenzy, fury, when compelled to part,
By treach'ry, from one who long declared
Its every thought, and wish, and feeling shared;
A phantom which the burning fancy reared,
Arrayed in its own graces long endeared;
Which, like the sand, or sky, or ocean gay,
Invited confidence—but to betray."*

* "The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited at the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or to die rather than give way to an attachment in spite of her, she relapsed into a deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her affected mistress intreated her to intrust her with the secret; and, to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in, and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They began to sound the young man upon the subject, and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress); entered into conversation with her: testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her. 'Marry me' cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: 'Marry me?' and throwing her head back she instantly expired."

BURFORD'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF NAPLES

Amongst the most beautiful of Mr. Burford's many beautiful Panoramas, is the one just offered to the public, of the Bay of Naples. It is represented under the charming influence of moonlight, and there is a kind of mist thrown over that portion of the picture which is uninfluenced by the gorgeous light of Vesuvius, peculiarly true to nature. We would notice especially Sorrento, and the island of Caprea, with the adjacent coasts, to which the spectator looks through a mysterious kind of haze, most poetically striking. On the left of the burning mountain, backed by the gloomy range of Appenines, lies a portion of the city, with the light-house, the mole, the castle and convent of St. Elmo, and other buildings and churches lighted by the full blaze of the eruption, forming a fine and gradual contrast to the quiet repose of the rest of the picture. The light of the stars is inimitable.

The Gatherer.

New Voyage of Discovery.—It is in the contemplation of government to send out another expedition to the Arctic Regions, with the view of discovering *the*, or *a* North-west passage, between the Atlantic and Pacific; and the Council of the Royal Society having been solicited to give their opinion as to the desirableness of such an expedition, have stated, that independent of the great object to be attained, the benefits that would accrue to the sciences of geography and terrestial magnetism render such an expedition peculiarly desirable. The Erebus and Terror, which were recently employed at the south pole, under Sir J. Ross, have returned in such good order, as to be ready to be made immediately available for employment on similar service.

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